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JOHN BROWN

BY

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"Kansas Territorial Governors," etc., etc.*

VOLUME I.

Sic itur ad astra.

"From boulevards
O'erlooking both Nyanzas,
The statured bronze shall glitter in the sun,
With rugged lettering:

'JOHN BROWN OF KANSAS:

HE DARED BEGIN;

HE LOST,

BUT, LOSING, WON.'"

—*Eugene F. Ware.*

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*They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,
Yet still their spirits stalk abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.*

—LORD BYRON.

FOR the gowns of learned serjeants are good: parchment records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial Justice, with or without horse-hair, what sane man will not reverence these? And, yet, behold, *the man is not sane, but insane*, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned serjeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuing, three readings, royal assents; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it: Away, Away! Does it take no warning; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery-parks? The more woe is to it, the frightfuler woe. It will continue standing for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while; but it has One enemy who is Almighty: dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

—*Carlyle's "Past and Present."*

PREFACE.

“AWAIT the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that Scotland become, one day, a part of England: but he does hinder that it become, on unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master.”

—*Carlyle*.

EMERSON says that all history resolves itself into the biographies of a few strong characters. This great truth makes it imperative that we study the life of John Brown. For it is rare that a country produces a man who deliberately and joyously lays down his life for a principle—an idea. When such a character appears among men he is at first maligned and misunderstood, and afterwards persecuted and driven. After his death the people come gradually to see and understand the great truths he died for. It becomes apparent that, after all, though in conflict with accredited forms and established conventionalities, he was right. This realization presses upon the people; the cause in their interest which cost human blood becomes vital to their existence, as the martyr insisted; and it is carried to a triumphant issue, not infrequently by much aid from those who demanded the life of the revolutionist.

What message has John Brown for us to-day? Unless his life can touch and quicken in us truth, justice, and patriotism, it were idle to ponder it. But if we can get some correct comprehension of the motives by which his life was ordered, and it turns out that he sacrificed himself for high and noble purposes,—that he only sought the relief of the poor, the weak and the despised, and in so doing only sought to bring us back to accord with laws both human and divine,—then his life has important lessons for us.

Was John Brown, as some are inclined to say, a saint whose every act was just, who was incapable of doing wrong, who alone and unaided saved Kansas to freedom and America to liberty? No. And we must insist that those who seek to sink him to the level of the criminal and malefactor, who distort their country's history with malice and venom to gratify private animosity or exalt a contemporary, are as much in error. The efforts of both are futile. Posterity comes to a right verdict on the actions of all. Every fact will become fully known that will in any way affect the verdict. In such an instance it is as impossible to conceal a wrong or suppress a virtue as to blot out the sun.

John Brown was human, and as such was burdened with human weaknesses. That he often erred, must be admitted. That his faults were grievous, none knew so well as he himself; and his letters are full of confessions. He made no claim to perfection, and who would place him in a position so false would do him great injustice. He strove daily with his own shortcomings, and never

for a moment tried to evade the full responsibility for any act committed by himself or at his instance. Long before he left Kansas for Harper's Ferry he said without evasion or reservation that if the killing at Pottawatomie was murder he was not guiltless, and this was said without any injunction to secrecy.

The strength of John Brown's character lies not in his having been always right. No man has ever been so. But it lies in his doing his duty as he saw it. He might and perhaps did fail in judgment, but never in intention, nor by evasion. In Kansas patriotic men differed from him in the policy to be pursued. They would have been satisfied with a temporary peace and any compromise which would have made Kansas a free State. And, indeed, this would have been a great, and when accomplished was, a wonderful achievement. He believed it his duty and the duty of every man to demand freedom for the whole people. He saw that we might patch a compromise and cry "peace! peace!" but that there would be no peace and no possibility of permanent peace in Kansas or any other State or Territory so long as our government was an absurdity—so long as we proclaimed freedom and practiced slavery. We had been trying compromise and proclaiming peace for half a century, during which slavery had made conquest after conquest,—marched from triumph to triumph,—until those forces of our country resting on justice, humanity, the Declaration, the Constitution, and the Christian religion, said that it was useless to continue longer the deception. Without claiming more than that he was acting in obedience to God's will, John Brown represented these

forces for our preservation. He believed that God commanded him to make war upon the wickedness of slavery. Not only that, he believed this command was to every other man. I find no evidence that John Brown assumed to be the *only* man with a divine commission to fight slavery. John Brown *heeded* this call; therein lies his glory.

John Brown was right. He was a revolutionist and a reformer; he went back to first principles, and having done so, deception and temporizing became impossible to him. He saw the inconsistency of a government founded upon freedom enslaving millions of its people. He very properly concluded it was better that such a government cease to exist altogether if it could not be brought to conform to its expressed and underlying principle. As it then existed it was a living lie. He believed that God called him and every other man to work as in him lay, to the end that our country might rise to the divine heights of enduring truth and become in fact what the fathers designed it—the beacon to lead the world to higher conceptions of liberty. In this world obedience to the call of duty and the defense of humanity are due from every man. How few of us respond! And our universal indifference gives the greater glory to the individual who says in his weakness: Here am I; send me; I will do what I can. John Brown said that. In sickness and in health, through evil and good report, maligned and ridiculed, beset by poverty, surrounded by obstacles none other could have overcome, without any hope, desire or expectation of reward in this life, he toiled onward and upward in the steep and rug-

ged path appointed to him. There is little doubt that he often saw the scaffold, or a file of soldiers in front of himself with a coffin at his feet, at the end of the way. But he turned not aside. And therein lies the grandeur of the character of John Brown. God had given him the cup, and until He let it pass it must be drained to the last drop. When it was plain that this cup contained the bitterness of death, it was given him to see that he was certainly right, and the power to exclaim with Saint Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing."

It took the Civil War to tell us that John Brown was right. On the scaffold he could exclaim with Carlyle: "For men's hearts ought not to be set against one another; but *with* one another, and all against the Evil thing only. Men's souls ought to be left to see clearly; not jaundiced, blinded, twisted all awry, by revenge, mutual abhorrence, and the like. An Insurrection that can announce the disease, and then retire with no such balance-account opened anywhere, has attained the highest success possible for it."

A word personal. The writing of this Life of John Brown was in the beginning assigned to our Editor, William M. Davidson, Esq., Superintendent of the Public Schools of Topeka, than whom no one is better qualified for the work. But Mr. Davidson found it im-

possible to devote the time to it which he believed necessary to attain the highest results. Then he turned the work over to me, together with his results as far as he had gone with the matter. I have had the benefit of his kindly advice and judgment, the use of his private library, one of the finest in the State, and am under such a debt of obligation to him that nothing less than this public acknowledgment can in any degree discharge it, and this I gratefully accord him.

My thanks are due, too, to the State Historical Society. Its library is one of the best in the United States, and is rich in documents relating to John Brown. Mr. George W. Martin, the efficient Secretary, placed them all at my service.

I rest also under obligations to F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts, author of *Life and Letters of John Brown*. During his recent visit to our city we discussed the whole field, and since his return home he has sent me books and papers.

And no less am I bound to Colonel Richard J. Hinton, of Brooklyn, New York. While in attendance upon the sessions of the Annual Meeting of the State Historical Society we had many conferences upon this subject. He has, since his return home, kindly continued to assist me. He was one of John Brown's men, and but one other man now living has such a personal knowledge of the old hero. Colonel Hinton is the author of *John Brown and His Men*.

Hon. D. W. Wilder, of Hiawatha, Kansas, is entitled to the gratitude of anyone who desires a knowledge of Kansas history. His *Annals of Kansas* is the greatest

work ever written of our State, and is an imperishable monument to his genius and industry. And aside from that I have had the benefit of his personal interest in this work, and his vast knowledge of the subject has been at all times at my disposal.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Sara T. D. Robinson, of Lawrence, Kansas. She has furnished me much information which I could not have obtained elsewhere. One of the earliest and best books written on Kansas is her *Kansas: Its Interior and Exterior Life*. It was not the least of the causes that made Kansas free. And in addition to her literary work for "bleeding Kansas," she rendered other services that are a great credit to her head and heart, and of vast benefit to us who enjoy the fruits of them.

The Rev. Thomas C. Richards, pastor of the Congregational Church in West Torrington, Connecticut, to which John Brown's father and mother belonged, has sent me valuable papers, for which I return him my thanks.

The Historical Department of Iowa, Des Moines, sent me books and papers which I found indispensable in this work.

Mrs. E. G. Platt, of Oberlin, Ohio, now in the evening of a noble and beautiful Christian life, forgetting the weight of her many years, has taken her pen in hand to give me information.

Major J. B. Remington, of Osawatimie, Kansas, married the daughter of the Rev. S. L. Adair, who was the brother-in-law of John Brown. He sent me the letters written by the old hero that yet remain in the family.

I have talked with a great number of persons in Kansas who were personally acquainted with John Brown. I mention some of them: John Armstrong, Edward P. Harris, G. W. W. Yates, Harvey D. Rice, and Edwin R. Partridge. I have profited by information imparted by all. I have been inspired and aided by the poetry of my friend Eugene F. Ware, and have had the benefit of his genius and research. His knowledge of Kansas affairs is something wonderful. I am also indebted to my friend, Captain Joseph G. Waters, for many kind and useful suggestions.

I feel, too, that it is due the house of Crane & Company, for whom this work is prepared, that I should acknowledge the deep interest they have taken in the collection of material for the use of the writer. They have ever been the friends of Kansas writers. They left nothing undone to help me make this work all that it should be.

WILLIAM E. CONNELLEY.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, June, 1900.

CHAPTER I.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

The abhorred Form

Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,

Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,

Whose names were many and all blasphemous.

—Coleridge.

The origin of moral law must be sought in the dawn of intelligence and at that point in human progress where man is first conscious of human dignity. In the condition anterior to this, man was a savage with a remote social instinct. He was a hunter, and prowled from the same necessity that impels the wolf. As war is a relation between state and state and not a relation between man and man, his conflicts in this early stage of his development are to be regarded as single combats, duels, and encounters; and in these he could capture prisoners but could not make them slaves. Having no occupation nor industry in which one held by force could be profitably employed, he slew his captives on the field of battle or reserved them for torture or sacrifice. If any escaped these ends, they were adopted, and became competent members of the victorious band or family. But death might not await females, for in this period of social progress (or the want of it) whatever of labor is necessary to life is performed by the women. And in the animal king-

dom the first and chief contention between the males arises for possession of the females; in even the crudest forms of society females may be held by force, but their detention is not slavery as we understand the term, and their lot is not more wretched than that of the women born in the family or band holding them.

In the path of human progress the barbarian follows the savage; the advance is chiefly due to the tending of such animals as may have been domesticated. Men are congregated into rude governments, the distinguishing features of which are patriarchal; men are associated along the lines of consanguinity. Man is here nomadic, but usually the wanderings of a band or community do not extend beyond the bounds of a circumscribed and well-defined district; and such roving is often to find pasturage for herds and flocks. The outlines of a state are discernible and a rude and savage warfare is possible. Captives are reserved for barter to adjoining tribes, and a few are retained to assist in whatever of agriculture may be practiced; some may be even intrusted with the care of animals.

In the third period of human progress society becomes sedentary and man fixes himself to the soil of a particular locality, and in the main he keeps to this. This is the result of several causes; as the nomadic families and clans of the barbarous increase, more dependence is had upon the soil for existence. The warlike characteristics are retained, and as slaves cannot be expected to battle valiantly for their masters, they are forced to cultivate the land, and are also given care of the herds and flocks which the masters have deserted for war and conquest.

The divine decree, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was considered by the ancients a punishment of sufficient magnitude for disobedience to God's specific command. This judgment is founded in the nature of man, for in him there is no inherent love of work. Regular and sustained labor is a characteristic which it has taken man ages to acquire. "Antipathy to regular and sustained labor is deeply rooted in human nature, especially in the earlier stages of the social movement, when insouciance is so common a trait, and irresponsibility is hailed as a welcome relief."

Productive industry has always been the result of slavery, and has become a fixed characteristic in a people only after ages of labor performed by the helpless under the strong hand of force and oppression. Nowhere has a system of economics arisen by voluntary effort. When the decadence of force enabled the lower strata of society to rise and throw off their bonds, the whole community was compelled to work,—to unite in labor to supply the necessities and wants resulting from the labor of a portion, now become indispensable to the existence of all. Slavery is reëstablished by further conquest, or, perhaps, has not been allowed to become altogether obsolete. But as slavery presupposes the existence of a condition or state of war, it becomes now deleterious to the society founded upon the industries its presence developed. For, in the development of these industries human dignity appears and moral law is perceived; this the moral reaction of slavery tends to subvert, and if involuntary servitude is persisted in as an institution, society is thrown back on itself

and industrial and moral development becomes impossible. And the mental powers being different in different individuals, or becoming so by occupations in different industries or by certain conventionalities instituted and imposed by the masters, society divides along the line of mental strength or upon the basis of conventionalities, and this results in the enslavement of a portion of society by caste or custom. The accumulations of ages fall into the hands and under the control of a few. If the inferior classes escape the slavery of caste, slaves are imported, and the free citizens are sent to war. The property of the state, including the land, falls into the hands of the class who rule politically, and who are supported by the labor of the weak and the helpless. They become a class of idlers and cruel oppressors who lead lives of ease, indulgence, and often of excess and wickedness. War is entered upon for conquest and weaker nations are enslaved or destroyed. In this period of human progress slavery becomes a curse to all classes, and must cease, or end in disorder or, even, the destruction of society.

Though the evil effects of slavery always manifest themselves so clearly in this period of progress and are cried out against by the just and the humane, the interests of property are usually paramount to the rights of man, and only the most enlightened nations have abolished slavery.

Only the political effects of slavery and its aid in the development of productive industry have been noticed here. The moral effects of the institution have been scarcely considered in the foregoing. While it must be admitted that politically slavery was indispensable in

the early periods of social progress, in that productive industry is wholly the result of it, it is true that its moral effects have always been debasing and disastrous, and equally so to the master and the slave. It always afforded unusual opportunities for the indulgence of the basest propensities of human nature. Another evil of slavery, more manifest to society than the preceding one, was the development of tyranny. Absolute rule—the exercise of absolute power—is ruinous to man's nature, and the arrogance and intolerance it develops in a class are always subversive of patriotism. It engenders and develops all the brutal tendencies of unrestrained human nature. Flattery is sought and vanity becomes characteristic. True conditions of moral life become obscured, society becomes distorted, and tendencies to decay and demoralization are hailed as signs of social and political progress. The rights of others are wholly disregarded, and this characteristic is carried into all intercourse with institutions and states. Constraint in even its mildest forms is irksome,—not to be endured or even thought of,—and the policy of the slave-owner comes to be expressed in two words—*rule* or *ruin*. Reason is dethroned and tyranny set on the throne in the temple of human liberty. The voice of protest is stifled and the right of free speech denied. In ancient times the sages commented on “the little humanity commonly observed in persons accustomed from their infancy to exercise so great authority over their fellow-creatures and to trample upon human nature. Nor can a more probable reason be assigned for the severe, I might say, barbarous manners of ancient times than the practice of domestic slavery, by which every

man of rank was rendered a petty tyrant, and educated amidst the flattery, submission, and low debasement of his slaves."

Slavery was introduced into the New World by the Spaniards. They enslaved the natives, and in many places exterminated them by this barbarous system. Before the discovery of America (in 1492), the Portuguese had begun to enslave the Africans. One Antam Gonsalves captured some Moors while exploring the Atlantic coast of Africa, and carried them to his own country. Prince Henry the Navigator ordered them returned to their own land; and as a reward for this act of justice the Moors of that country gave Gonsalves ten negroes and some gold dust. Here was discovered by accident an opportunity for enterprise in a new field of commerce, and many Portuguese embraced it. Forts were built and manned along the Atlantic coast of Africa, to serve as bases for the slave trade. From these points many negroes were sent into Portugal and Spain, and their descendants were carried slaves to the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America. Early in the sixteenth century the King of Spain granted a patent to a favorite courtier, giving him the exclusive right to carry negro slaves to the West Indies. This patent allowed the importation of four thousand slaves per annum; it was sold to Genoese navigators, who procured their negroes from the Portuguese. The practice became from this time systematic, and was eagerly entered by many of the nations of Europe. The first Englishman to engage in this odious traffic was Captain John Hawkins, who amassed a great estate, and was knighted by Queen Eliza-

beth. England had no colonies in America at that time, and Sir John's business was with the Spanish settlements. His manner of barter is said to have been somewhat arbitrary. It is recorded of him that he would land with his human chattels at some unfortified town, train the cannon of his ships upon the principal buildings, and then demand that he be instantly paid so much for his human cargo. His conditions were complied with from necessity, and the bluff old Captain sailed away with great satisfaction.

Those portions of our country acquired from Spain, or some of them, contained slaves before the English planted colonies in America. But in 1620 a Dutch ship landed at Jamestown, in the colony of Virginia, with slaves obtained on the coast of Guinea. A part of this cargo was sold to the tobacco-planters of Virginia. The trade here commenced was carried into all the colonies of Great Britain in America; and in 1790 Virginia contained two hundred thousand negro slaves.

The greatest men of England condemned the slave trade in the last half of the seventeenth century, and in 1772 Lord Mansfield defined the legal status of an English slave in his famous decision rendered for the whole bench. He declared that "as soon as a slave set his foot on the soil of the British Islands he was free."

The first action taken in England by an organization or body against the slave trade was had by the Quakers, who declared in their meeting of 1727 that it was a practice "not to be commended or allowed." In 1761 they prohibited their members from engaging in it. They formed an association of their members in 1783 having

for its object "the relief and liberation of the negro slaves in the West Indies, and for the discouragement of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa." The practice was not, however, abolished and prohibited by England until 1811. Denmark was the first country to abolish the loathsome traffic; May 16, 1792, it was decreed that it cease in the Danish possessions at the end of 1802.

The Quakers in Pennsylvania advocated the abolition of the slave-trade before those in England considered the question. Their first opposition to it was formulated in 1696; and they continued to take advanced ground upon the subject until 1776, when they excluded slaveholders from membership in their society. The United States finally prohibited the importation of slaves; the law was passed March 2d, 1807, to become effective January 1st, 1808.

Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, and many others of the founders of the Republic opposed slavery and saw in it the source of evil and trouble to our country. Jefferson was the most active of its eminent adversaries. In 1784 he proposed to the Continental Congress a plan of government for the territory included now in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, in which it was provided that "after the year 1800 there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of said States, otherwise than in punishment for crime." This humane and patriotic measure was lost. The convention which met in Philadelphia in 1787 and formed our Constitution was opposed to slavery. The fathers of the Republic there assembled would have provided for its extinction but for the States of South Carolina and Georgia.

Both of these States, the latter probably at the instance of the former, insisted upon its retention as a condition to their becoming members of the new Union. In the same year slavery had been excluded from the territory northwest of the Ohio river by the last Continental Congress. Slavery was gradually extinguished in the North.

Slavery having survived the establishment of the Republic, it soon became aggressive. Its tenacious depravity was aided by many favorable circumstances. The influences which augmented the increasing power of the slave-owners and slave States are marked in our national growth by (1) The acquisition of Louisiana, although the purchase was not made in the interest of slavery; (2) The Missouri Compromise of 1820; (3) The annexation of Texas, in 1845; (4) The Fugitive Slave Law, slavery legalized in New Mexico, and the other measures of the Compromise of 1850; (5) The Kansas-Nebraska bill, 1854; (6) The Ostend Manifesto, 1854; (7) The attempt to reopen the slave-trade, 1859-60. While the measures of 1854 were in the interest of slavery, they precipitated the conflict which ended in its extinction. There were many subordinate causes for the growth of slavery, not the least of which was the invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney, the profits of which were almost all filched from him by the slave States. The South apostatized from the faith of Jefferson, and chiefly through the efforts of Calhoun. The tariff was made the cause in 1828, when Calhoun declared that the resolutions of '98 inculcated the doctrine of secession as a remedy against obnoxious or unsatisfactory Federal laws. His construction was soon made

applicable to slavery by Southern statesmen, who were determined to make this institution the underlying principle of a league or cabal for the control of the Government.

It is wonderful to realize the completeness of the infatuation of the South with the institution of negro slavery. It is strange and seems almost incredible that the truth of history allows us to say that in this free land, up to 1860, freedom of speech was absolutely prohibited in more than one-half of it. Yet such is the fact. No minister dared to lift up his voice there against slavery or any of its evil consequences. Sermons were always prepared to meet the approval of the slave-owners. Mob law and such punishments as burning at the stake were advocated by the aristocratic press of the South as suitable for those who opposed their institution on its own ground. The non-slaveholding whites were terrorized and brutally hung without trial. Many persons of Northern birth were put to death in the South upon mere suspicion and without even mob trial. The Government mails were rifled and anti-slavery literature seized and publicly burned by the clergy and prominent men in public assembly. The Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was slain in Alton, Illinois, and anti-abolition riots occurred in many Northern cities, including Boston. Never in our history have the arrogance and intolerance of the slave-power been equaled. It was boasted that the masters would again call the rolls of their slaves in the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument. Public moneys were embezzled and purloined to buy newspapers to speak for slavery. It was asserted that could Washington have returned to life he would

have been mobbed in Virginia. A lawyer sent from Massachusetts to South Carolina to perform a mission for the State was forced to depart from Charleston after a mob had been for days warning him to quit the city; he and his daughter were forcibly placed in a carriage, driven to the wharf, placed on a boat and sent away. Slavery was carried into our foreign relations, and we stood in the eyes of the world what we in fact were—a *slave Nation*. At the close of the Missouri struggle in 1820 a Governmental policy was formulated which prevented the North from reaping any advantage accruing from that Compromise. The arable portion of the country north of the Compromise line in the Louisiana Purchase was assigned to emigrant tribes of Indians, to be by them held “as long as grass grows or water runs.” As opposed to this policy for the North, Texas was annexed to afford slavery a field for expansion. Cuba was coveted, and the slave-power committed the Government to its acquisition. The Mexican war brought vast territory to slavery; and as a last resort the Compromise was repealed. The supreme tribunal of the land was made the ally of slavery, and announced that the institution could not be excluded by law from any territory in the United States. Slavery dominated the Government; up to 1860 the South had held the Presidency forty-eight years—more than two-thirds of the time to 1860—eleven of sixteen terms. The South had seventeen of the twenty-eight Justices of the Supreme Court, fourteen of the nineteen Attorneys-General, sixty-one of the seventy-seven Presidents of the Senate, twenty-one of the thirty-three Speakers of the

House, and eighty of the one hundred and thirty-four Foreign Ministers.

Nature never made a fairer country nor a more fertile one than that portion of the United States south of Mason and Dixon's line. No material natural resource is wanting. Gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper, iron, coal, oil, building-stone, timber, natural gas, water-power, fertile soil, beautiful and grand scenery, a healthful and pleasant climate, navigable rivers in great abundance, and an ocean line of remarkable extent,—all these invited for the South an industrial development second to no other equal area on the globe. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution the South was the most populous portion of the Union, and, too, the most prosperous and wealthy. In 1790 Virginia contained 748,308 inhabitants and New York but 340,120. The census for 1850 showed 3,097,394 for New York and 1,421,661 for Virginia. Commerce made a similar transfer of preponderance. In 1791 the exports of Virginia amounted to \$3,130,865, while those of New York were only \$2,505,465. The figures in 1852 were, for New York \$87,484,456, and for Virginia, \$2,724,657, a decrease of \$406,208 from the amount for the year 1791. The comparisons between Massachusetts and North Carolina, Pennsylvania and South Carolina, show even greater paralysis and stagnation in those Southern States and the same vigor and progress in the corresponding Northern States. No manufactures were established in the South; in fact, they were discouraged; by public sentiment, prohibited.

Not alone did slavery blight agriculture and commerce in the South. Where the foot of the slave pressed it the

soil was accursed. In 1850 the value of land in New Jersey was \$28.76 per acre; in South Carolina, considered the queen of the slave States, the value of land in the same year was *one dollar and thirty-two cents per acre*, and almost the same proportion prevailed between the other Northern and Southern States.

The slaveholders were always a great minority of the white population of the South; but they succeeded in overriding and debasing the non-slaveholding whites to that degree that they were eliminated from any participation in public affairs. No schools were provided, and so ignorant and sullen became the "poor whites" that they were held in contempt by even the slaves. This condition existed in all portions of the South, except what may be termed Appalachian America. Here there was a hardy people imbued with the principles of liberty, and who bitterly hated slavery. When the opportunity came they fought for its destruction, and they have never been in sympathy with the slave portion of the South. The Southern planters sold their own children by slave mothers into slavery, and the knowledge of this fact brought no disgrace. Indeed, it secured honor; for Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was elected Vice-President of the United States after it was publicly known that many of his children were slaves. Wendell Phillips said: "Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-block, abolish marriage, condemn half their women to prostitution, and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and blacker Algiers."

It will be asked why slavery was permitted and so fiercely fought for as to lead men to look to a dissolution of the Union in order to perpetuate it, if it was so great an evil. Slavery benefitted the individual slave-owners. Through it they seized all political power where the institution existed; they were the landholders, ministers, merchants, and planters. By their insolent intolerance they moulded the sentiment of the South, and there it was made to favor the institution with a unanimity remarkable, and never before surpassed in any part of any country on any subject. They cared nothing for the general decay of their country so long as they flourished individually. Their white non-slaveholding neighbors increased enormously, but there was nothing for them to follow in the way of honorable calling, and there existed no schools for their children; but this was brutally disregarded, for to their own children would fall slaves to cultivate the soil, and an education in Northern colleges. They utterly ignored and disregarded that axiom of republican governments, that the injury to one is the injury of the whole. In the South violence was done to the rights of a vast majority of the people, and this violence benefitted a class upon which it finally reacted morally, and the reaction destroyed the institution by which the wrong existed.

Every law is the result of some social instinct in the nature of man. What conflicts with his nature and social instinct cannot long remain a law. As man is the only animal endowed with any considerable degree of reason, he is the only animal in which different environment and degrees of progress beget variety and modification in instinct to an appreciable degree. Progress in man modifies

his social instinct, and this modification makes social advancement possible—necessary—imperative. Man will battle in one age to throw off and rise above what cost blood and treasure in a preceding age. There is no stationary ground for man socially, morally, or mentally; he must advance, to avoid retrocession. Institutions suited to one condition of society become the bane and destruction of a higher condition. Governments that do not learn and heed this law perish from the earth. We may see this exemplified in the tendencies of our own country under slavery. We founded a free government—a republican democracy—with slavery as an institution, an institution so alien to our Declaration of Independence and all our avowed principles and recognized tenets, that only the patriotism developed in our people by the War of the Revolution enabled us to survive for even a short time. In the generation succeeding the Revolutionary fathers, the poison manifested itself in symptoms of some violence. Before 1850 the decadence of the Republic was plainly visible; and between 1850 and 1860 the Government was a slave oligarchy. From the time of the beginning of the Administration of Jackson the nationality of the country and the sentiment of the people for the Union fell into a rapid and almost fatal decline. This may be said to have begun with the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. It took civil war to save us; that cleared away falsehoods and gave us a true conception of what our Union means. It righted us about, and from the devious paths through the quagmires of nullification, State-rights, human bondage, and secession, brought us to the solid highway of liberty and nationality. Von Holst finds slavery in a democratic

republic to be such a political inconsistency as could only end in violent revolution.

The opposition to slavery in the early days of the Republic was of the type which tolerated it while recognizing its evils and its dangers to free institutions. The fathers of our country were opposed to it, but they feared to take action looking to its extinction: that step might have prevented the formation of a more perfect Union. They contented themselves with leaving to posterity their recorded convictions, and the hope that time would set right what they could not then with safety undertake. Their action was the choice of the least of two evils.

No direct anti-slavery movement, or even advocate, was anywhere found in our country until about the year 1815. A New Jersey Quaker named Benjamin Lundy organized the "Union Humane Society" in Wheeling, Virginia, in that year. So much engrossed with his work in this field did he become that he spent his life in it. He founded papers for the exposition of his views. He organized anti-slavery societies in the South in 1824, principally among the Quakers there, and visited Hayti in 1825 in the interest of his work. He was followed by William Lloyd Garrison, who was the most radical and impracticable of all the opponents of slavery; many opponents of the institution could not agree with him in either method or sentiment. A "Liberty party" arose, composed of men who believed the Federal Constitution was in spirit anti-slavery. They supported only such men as were in favor of "liberty for all," and were the most practical and effective in their work against slavery, of the Northern "parties." There were many organizations formed in the North having for their purpose agitation against the further extension of

slavery, not so radical as the "Garrisonians" nor so liberal as the "Liberal party." They were never independently nor collectively of sufficient strength to materially influence public sentiment, and served more to indicate the growing discontent with the institution than as a means to its abolition. The agitation commenced in the North by Lundy, and carried forward by those "societies" and "parties," bore fruit in later years. There began to be a conservative and independent element there that grew steadily and took a practical view of the situation; they did not separate themselves from existing parties, but sought the election of such men as they believed would turn every favorable incident to advantage and work consistently against the further extension of slavery. Of this great body such men as Lincoln, Greeley, and Giddings were leaders; their adherents constantly increased in numbers and influence, and finally in the development of events, and, fired by the martyrdom of John Brown, they arose in their might and accomplished the redemption and purification of our country.

By slaveholders everywhere in the South these people, "societies" and "parties" were called "abolitionists" indiscriminately. No distinctions were made; and the people there were taught that these Northern opponents of slavery were in hostility to the Christian religion and the Federal Constitution, and were deserving of death. In the South it was taught that Northern society was founded on free-love principles, and the text-books spoke of Northern "childless wives," "old maids," and "divorced women" as constituting the female part of the population. The men of the North were spoken of as cowardly, hypocritical, mercenary, and meddlesome; it was taught and believed that one

Southern man could easily put six "Yankees" to flight, and that Northern men would never fight the aggressions of slavery if it came to blows. The Democratic party stood as the champion of slavery, and from a national became a sectional party, seeking the supremacy of the "institution," or, in the event of failure in that, a separation from the North by means of secession. The odium which it cast upon the workers for the confinement of slavery to its bounds as fixed by the terms of the Missouri Compromise had its effect and influence in the North, and many persons who really favored freedom were deterred by it from identifying themselves with the advocates of liberty.

Up to 1854 the abolition movement had accomplished little of practical benefit. Public sentiment was being slowly aroused—very slowly; the minister who preached the funeral sermon of John Brown in 1859 was driven from his charge. In the face of all the agitation and theory the slave-power constantly extended its prestige and influence. It had cause to be encouraged, and felt strong enough to undertake the removal of the last barrier which stood between it and the unsettled portion of the United States. In this spirit it triumphantly entered upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and in the accomplishment of this purpose it stood in exultation on the ruins of the temporizing measures devised to prohibit the introduction of slaves into the Territories.

But it has often happened in this world that the exultant cry of victory and defiance was the voice that aroused the latent energies of a nation to a more desperate resistance. It proved so in this case. Theory and agitation had failed. It now came to blows in Kansas.

CHAPTER II.

THE POLITICAL BEGINNINGS OF KANSAS.

We cross the prairies as of old
The fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.
We go to plant the common school
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells.
Upbearing, like the ark of God,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

—Whittier.

The "Platte Country" was so called from some time perhaps as remote as the Missouri Compromise. It stretched from the Indian Territory and the Missouri river to the summit of the Rocky Mountains and to the borders of British America. The name came from the great river crossing it from west to east to add its turbid waters to the yellow flood of the Missouri. It was in 1850 a vast plain covered with Indian tribes and buffalo—the home of wild men and wild animals. White men were prohibited from settling on this portion of the public domain, and the fairest and most fertile land in the West remained a waste. But, although without civilization, the land was well known. Great and ancient highways traveled these boundless plains. One followed the Platte up to that de-

pression in the great mountain-chain known as South Pass; here it divided, and separated into two ways. One of these followed western waters down to the Great Salt Lake Valley, and from thence across the burning sand-wastes, over plains of sage, cactus and grease-wood, up mountain ranges till the clouds were below, and down golden waters to the fair valleys of California. The other branch followed over rocky fastnesses, along and across deep and winding rivers, into wilderness wastes, over ragged and lava-scorched mountains to the green valley of the Willamette, in Oregon, and down the mighty Columbia to the shores of the Pacific ocean. The other "ancient way" was the "Old Santa Fé Trail," famous in romance and song, and leading from the mouth of the Kansas river across the plains and through the mountains to the land of the Montezumas. Along these plains highways rolled a commerce; the migration of the Mormons and the discovery of gold in California sent over them mighty streams of humanity.

By the Missouri Compromise the "Platte Country" was dedicated and set apart to human liberty; it was never to be polluted nor pressed by the foot of the slave. For this reason the Government, in the hands of the slave-owners, had removed it from the roll of lands upon which the people might enter and build homes. This removal was effected with plausibility; the land was assigned to tribes of eastern Indians, who held it by virtue of solemn treaties which guaranteed that neither they nor the tracts by them occupied should ever become part of any State or Territory to be organized by the United States. But so absurd became this policy of prohibition that even the

Indians came to oppose it. In 1852 they began the agitation for the removal of restrictions which resulted in the formation of a provisional government for the country, which they called Nebraska. Clamor for the removal of the restrictions resulted, and the representatives of the provisional government knocked for admission to the halls of Congress. The pressure of home-seekers upon the borders of the beautiful and forbidden land became tremendous. Public sentiment, led by the owners of the soil, was fast coming to demand that the country be opened to settlement. This sentiment was not confined to the free States; the people of some of the slave States, Missouri especially, were eager to have permission to establish themselves on the fair and fertile plains of Nebraska. On this account the provisional government received encouragement from that portion of the Missouri people reposing confidence in the leadership of Senator Benton. But as there was no available tract of country in that portion of the unsettled public domain surrendered to slavery to be opened to settlement to counterbalance the "Platte Country" should the restrictions to its settlement be removed, to allow its organization would be giving an advantage to freedom. By the Missouri Compromise this land rightfully belonged to the principles of freedom, and had been relinquished by the advocates of slavery thirty years before; but it was resolved to now make an effort to regain at least a portion of the domain then lost.

A new tenet had been recognized in the compromise of 1850; it permitted the people of a Territory applying for admission as a State to determine for themselves the nature of their institutions, and to legalize or prohibit slavery as

they might choose. When the Nebraska question came up for discussion the slave-power contended that this principle abrogated the Missouri Compromise. The bills for the organization of Nebraska Territory were cast aside, and a bill providing for the formation of two Territories from the domain of the "Platte Country" was substituted for them. This bill declared the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and affirmed the application of the principle of the compromise of 1850 to the proposed Territories in explicit terms. The struggle was long and bitter, and no less so in Congress than in the country at large. The South was properly charged with bad faith, and the matter was discussed by every newspaper in the land—by citizens in private walks and in public assemblies. Ministers everywhere made it the subject of sermons—often objurgatory and vituperative in the North, always complimentary and commendatory in the South. But in the struggle the South had the advantage; she was perfectly united, and by seizing upon the personal ambitions and demagogical propensities of Northern politicians created and maintained a considerable sentiment in its favor in that part of our country where slavery was abhorred. She had looked forward to this very contingency, and fortified herself in the White House; Pierce was compelled to commit himself without reserve to the policy declared in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in order to attain the Presidency. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that he approved the Kansas-Nebraska bill on the 30th day of May, 1854.

The result of this struggle was despondency in the North and exultation in the South. Slavery regarded the victory won as in fact a compromise on the same lines gov-

erning the admission of States into the Union in the early days of the Government, when equilibrium of Congressional representation was maintained by the admission of one slave and one free State at the same time. On this principle two Territories were formed instead of one, and the South claimed the slave State—Kansas, and conceded the free State—Nebraska. The South was well equipped to enter the contest for the consummation of this design. On the east Kansas joined a slave State—Missouri. The western counties of Missouri contained a large population possessing many slaves, and an intense sentiment and desire for the extension of slavery into Kansas. This condition was largely relied upon in the formulation of the Kansas-Nebraska plan. It was believed that the citizens of Missouri would at once migrate to the new Territory and seize all the choice lands before people from a greater distance could arrive. To facilitate this action the Government concluded secret treaties with the Indian tribes owning the land in the eastern portion of the Territory, wherein the greater part of the best land was to be at once opened to settlement; and the representatives of the slave-power in Missouri were apprised of the conclusion of these treaties long before their public proclamation. And other slave States were expected to contribute largely of their inhabitants with their slaves to form the population of the new Territory organized in the interest of slavery.

But, “the best-laid schemes o’ mice and men gang aft a-gley.” Missouri failed to meet the expectations entertained of her, because there was no pressing demand in her western counties for land. These counties were yet

new, and the people had not more than accomplished the subjection of the forest and prairie; land was cheap, and no great sum could be realized from its sale. When it was known that people from the free States intended to contest for Kansas, the people owning slaves in Missouri became averse to jeopardizing their property by carrying it to a Territory which might in the end destroy its value. The institution proved too clumsy and too much of a weight to be readily removed from States at a greater distance.

The despondency of the North was temporary, and disappeared after a brief period following the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. In New England this reaction was largely sentimental. In the free States of the Ohio Valley it was intensely aggressive and practical. People from Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana were in Kansas before the bill had finally passed. When it was known that it had become a law, people from western New York and Pennsylvania, and from all the States made from the old Northwest Territory, set their faces towards Kansas with the avowed intention of building themselves homes and of making the Territory a free State. The people of Massachusetts turned their sentiment to practical use, and other New England States followed the example. The Emigrant Aid Company was formed to carry out the policy announced by William H. Seward in the debate of the bill in the United States Senate. Eli Thayer was the principal mover in this organization, which became a potent factor in making Kansas a free State. It was largely due to his efforts that the sentimental opposition to the bill in New England was given some practical

direction and form. Societies like that projected by him were formed in other New England States, and, indeed, in other parts of the North. While it must be admitted that they accomplished great good for Kansas and the country, it is true that their organization first alarmed the South, and many of the outrages perpetrated by the border ruffians were inspired by their hostility to Northern emigrant aid societies. Similar organizations were formed in the South in the interest of slavery; in Missouri it was claimed that their organization was for the purpose of counteracting those of the North; they were called "Blue Lodges," "Social Bands," "Friends' Societies," and "The Sons of the South."

The result of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill was to localize for a time, and to transfer to Kansas, the preliminary battle in the final contest between freedom and slavery. The forces on each side were stirred to effort. The resources of each section were drawn upon to advance respective interests and pave the way to ultimate victory, of which the South was sanguine and the North hopeful. In the actual conflict in Kansas, the South, flushed with victory in Congress and animated with impatience of restraint, intolerance, and a fanatical but distorted faith in the justice of her cause, was always the aggressor. The Northern emigrant was proclaimed an abolitionist, whatever his political faith or however tolerant his views. No discriminations were made. Abolitionists were denounced in Kansas, as they had been everywhere in the South, as the enemies of society, religion, humanity, and the Union. Of rights they were supposed not to have any, and they were to be accorded none in Kansas. Their lives

were considered as forfeited here, as in the South, and the Pro-Slavery settlers were urged to destroy them. The partisans of freedom soon came to be called Free-State men; the advocates of slavery were known by various names: Pro-Slavery men, Law and Order men, and National Democrats. But the people of Kansas bestowed upon them the name, Border Ruffian. Many of the more depraved characters among them came to glory in this term, but there were many good people in the slavery ranks, and they were opposed to violence at all times. They were allowed little part in the formulation of the course in Kansas in the interest of slavery. Those in power and the great majority of those who came to Kansas were noisy, violent, aggressive, brutal and murderous from the very first. Some of the outrageous conduct of these slavery partisans is enumerated: ✓

As early as the 6th of October, 1854, Westport sent a large body of men with arms, and banners decorated with strange devices and violent and threatening legends, to break up the Free-State settlement of Lawrence. In the most violent and horrible oaths possible of expression in the English language they ordered the "abolitionists" to strike their tents and leave the Territory. The settlers showed the "eyes and teeth" of courage, and the presumptuous invaders were so astonished at the exhibition of bravery in "Yankees" that they returned home swearing wicked oaths of what they would do when they returned at the end of a week with a larger force.

The first elections were scenes of violence and disorder. Long lines of whisky-sodden ruffians wound their sev-

eral ways about the prairies and along the streams of Kansas, took armed possession of the polls and voting-places, cast thousands of illegal votes, perjured themselves by certifying to fraudulent election returns, and returned in a drunken frenzy to their homes in Missouri. At Leavenworth a Free-State election clerk named Wetherell complained because a youth who said he was but nineteen was allowed to vote, on the qualification of having a claim in Kansas; he said he lived in Missouri. He was allowed to cast nine votes for residents of Missouri who were not present, but who, so the youth said, had claims in the Territory. At this easy manner of exercising the rights of suffrage Wetherell declared that the election was a fraud. Charles Dunn was the chief ruffian present, and hearing the remark of the clerk, seized him by the head, dragged him from the building through the window with great bodily injury, fell upon him, in company with other ruffians, beat and kicked him in a shamefully brutal manner, and left him for dead.

In the same city a vigilance committee was formed at a meeting addressed by the Chief Justice of the Territory on the 30th of April, 1855. The resolutions adopted warned "all persons not to come to our peaceful firesides to slander us, and sow the seeds of discord between the master and the servant"; and the duty of the committee was defined in the following explicit language: "All such persons as shall by the expression of abolition sentiments produce a disturbance to the quiet of the citizens or danger to their domestic relations, shall be notified and made to leave the Territory."

Mr. William Phillips, a lawyer, and by all reports a

brave and good citizen, lived at the time in Leavenworth, and soon became amenable to this power of the committee. A mob seized him and carried him to Weston, Mo. There one-half his head was shaved as were the heads of convicts in the dark ages; he was stripped of his raiment, tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail, had a halter put on his neck by which he was led to the block, and by a negro cried to the highest bidder and sold for one-fourth of one cent. He was allowed to return home, but was soon afterward murdered in his own house by a band of "law and order" men styling themselves "Territorial militia," and commanded by Frederick S. Emory; his sole offense was his refusal to leave the town of Leavenworth at the mob's bidding.

One of the most brutal and wanton murders ever committed in the Territory was that of Rees P. Brown. He was a resident of Leavenworth county, and had been to the polls at the village of Easton to attend the election for State officers under the Topeka Constitution. As he and a number of other Free-State men were returning home they were met by Captain Charles Dunn, one of the most rabid ruffians that ever cursed the border. They were taken back to Easton and confined in a store; all but Brown were allowed to escape. A mob broke into the building in which Brown was confined and struck him several times in the face with a hatchet. The assault was made by one Gibson. He was thrown into a lumber wagon, where he remained for seven hours while his captors were drinking at a doggery, the weather being at the time bitterly cold. He was taken home and dragged from the wagon to the frozen ground; he was cast into

the cabin with the words, "Here is Brown!" He died in about three hours, and the brutality he had suffered made his wife a maniac.

A Pro-Slavery man in Leavenworth made a bet that he could in two hours bring in the scalp of an abolitionist. A young German was just returning to town after having taken his wife to visit her sister in Lawrence. The ruffian shot him, and he fell from his carriage; then the murderer scalped him and triumphantly returned with his reeking trophy to claim his winning, which was a pair of boots, against which he had bet six dollars. He was afterwards tried for murder, and acquitted!

The paper of Stringfellow, published at Atchison, contained a standing notice that abolitionists would be lynched if they dared to "pollute *our* soil."

But the *ne plus ultra* of ruffian outrage and villainy was attained in the enactment of the infamous code known as the Bogus Laws, by the Legislature fraudulently selected by the election at which the outrages before spoken of occurred, and known in history as the Bogus Legislature. One of these statutes provided that any person daring to discuss the question of the establishment of slavery in Kansas, or "whether it exists or does not exist" there, should be imprisoned at hard labor for at least two years—the maximum term not fixed; it might be ninety-nine years. By this code no man could serve on a jury who was opposed to slavery. It contained many laws of the same nature; and that certain indication of tyranny—the appointment of all county and township officers by the Legislature or executive—was fixed upon the people, who were thus divested of the right of local self-government.

Andrew H. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, was appointed the first Governor of the Territory; and his administration was one continuous struggle against the ruffians and minions of the slave-power for some semblance of right and justice for the people. His efforts in this direction were resented at Washington, and he was removed from office. He remained for a time in the Territory, and assisted in the founding of the Free-State party and became its first candidate for Delegate to Congress. He was defeated by fraud, and contested the election; the result was the appointment of a committee to investigate Kansas affairs. This committee was virtually driven from the Territory by the ruffians; but it formulated a report which contains more than a thousand printed pages of the outrages against liberty and the free people of Kansas. Reeder was forced to fly to escape assassination at the hands of the principal ruffian of Leavenworth county acting for the slave-power.

Upon the removal of Reeder, Wilson Shannon was appointed Governor. His weakness and his cringing and obsequious sycophancy resulted in the outrages committed in the Wakarusa war, and, finally, in anarchy. The murder of Free-State men became so common that it ceased even to cause comment. Governor Shannon was himself compelled to seek safety from assassination in flight; he reported that dead bodies lay thickly all along all the Territorial highways.

Thus, chaos, anarchy, confusion and disorder in Kansas resulted from the efforts of the Government to force human bondage upon the people. Nevertheless, emigrants from the free States continued to arrive. The foregoing description will serve to show to some degree the disor-

dered and unsettled condition of society into which they came, and that their lives were forfeited the minute they set foot in Kansas. They were subjected to many indignities while passing through Missouri; and the pirates and ruffians there finally closed the Missouri river in the hope that they would thereby be deterred from attempting to reach the Territory. But these crusaders for freedom were made of sterner stuff. They turned to the north, and came into the Mecca of their faith by the way of Iowa and Nebraska.

There was in those days living in Ohio and New York a most remarkable family—that of John Brown. So important was the work of this family in the emancipation of the slaves of America, that a recent and eminent writer upon the subject assigns it the fourth place in the causes which resulted in their freedom. In the fall of 1854 five of the sons of John Brown determined to remove to Kansas to make themselves homes and assist in making it a free State. They were bred to rugged industry and self-reliance, and were inured to hardship, scant living, high thinking and right conduct before God and man. They came to labor, to till the soil, to erect houses, to plant and tend vineyards and orchards and to rear cattle,—to devote themselves to the peaceful pursuits of the farm. They brought with them their young fruit trees and grapevines, their plows and reaping-hooks, their tents and their cattle. They set out from the Western Reserve, in Ohio, where they then lived and where they had been born, in the fall of 1854, with their cattle, and got as far as Meredosia, Illinois. Here the brothers, Owen, Frederick and Salmon,

remained to care for the cattle through the winter, and when spring came they drove them overland into Kansas. The brothers, Jason and John, jr., came by steamer down the Ohio river and to St. Louis. At this point they and their families took passage on a boat bound for the Territory. It was crowded with people "mostly from the South, as was plainly indicated by their language and dress; while their drinking, profanity, and display of revolvers and bowie-knives—openly worn as a part of their make-up—clearly showed the class to which they belonged, and that their mission was to aid in establishing slavery in Kansas." Cholera appeared on the boat, and a number of passengers died; among them, Austin, the little son of Jason Brown. The brothers and their families went ashore at the panic-stricken town of Waverly, Missouri, at night, in a furious thunder-storm, to commit to the earth the body of their child; and without warning the boat cast off and continued her way without them. They were left to make their way to Kansas City as best they could, and were compelled to complete their journey by stage.

These brothers arrived very early in the spring of 1855. If they were too late to see the ruffians come over from Missouri to carry the election, they arrived while that outrage was fresh in the minds of the people. They all selected claims some ten miles from Osawatimie, near that of their uncle, the Rev. S. L. Adair. Their farms did not adjoin, for claims were then selected with a view to secure some timber; but they were not far apart, and a circuit of two miles would have inclosed them all. They succeeded in raising something, though little, the first year.

But the political turmoil and the merciless persecutions of the Free-State men raged during the summer. The usurpation of the government by the Missourians and their enactment of the bogus laws could not be tamely submitted to by a people loving liberty and coming from a country where the laws were for all and obeyed by all. It was generally agreed by the Free-State settlers that they could not submit to all these laws. It was apparent that it was intended that the laws should make it impossible for Free-State people to remain in Kansas. As the newspapers along the border of Missouri were teeming with threats and inflammatory articles, it was believed that trouble would arise as soon as the crops ceased to engross the attention of the people. The part of prudence demanded that the Free-State men be prepared to protect themselves from assault. The Browns early identified themselves with the movement to organize and make effective the anti-slavery forces in the Territory. On the 8th of June, 1855, some of them attended the Free-State meeting in Lawrence, and John Brown, jr., was a member of the committee on resolutions. He and his brother Frederick were delegates to the Big Springs Convention, and assisted there to form the Free-State party.

Early in the summer John Brown, jr., wrote his father the conditions existing in the Territory, and requested him to procure arms for their defense and send them on to Kansas. John Brown was then living at North Elba, New York. He attended an anti-slavery or abolition convention at Syracuse, in that State, in the latter part of June. Here he made a "very fiery speech, during which

he said he had four sons in Kansas, and had three others who were desirous of going there, to aid in fighting the battles of freedom. He could not consent to go unless armed, and he would like to arm all his sons; but his poverty prevented him from doing so. It had not been his intention to go to Kansas. In a letter to his son John almost a year before he had said: "If you or any of my family are disposed to go to Kansas or Nebraska, with a view to help defeat *Satan* and his legions in that direction, I have not a word to say; *but I feel committed to operate in another part of the field.* If I were not so committed, I would be on my way this fall." His attendance upon the Syracuse convention appears to have changed this determination; perhaps he met there persons with whom he was "committed" to labor in some different part of the field, and after discussion it was agreed that Kansas was as inviting and promising as any field for the time being need be. His appeal to the convention for arms and means to reach the Territory seems to have resulted to his satisfaction, for he wrote his wife: "I have reason to bless God that I came. I met with a most warm reception . . . a most hearty approval of my intention of arming my sons and other friends in Kansas." Something more than sixty dollars was given him; and it is very probable that other and further contributions were sent him before he left New York for the Territory.

He set out for Kansas sometime in August, accompanied by his son-in-law, Henry Thompson. His son Oliver was then at Rockford, Illinois, and he was taken along, and wrote to his mother that he hoped to see them all in Kansas in a year or two. They wrote from Chicago

that they had there purchased "a nice young horse for \$120, but have so much load that we shall have to walk a good deal—enough probably to supply ourselves with game." From a point in Scott county, Iowa, "about twenty miles west of the Mississippi," he wrote his wife that their load was heavy and they walked much. They fared "very well on crackers, herring, boiled eggs, prairie chicken, tea, and sometimes a little milk. Have three chickens now cooking for our breakfast. We shoot enough of them on the wing as we go along to supply us with fresh meat. Oliver succeeds in bringing them down quite as well as any of us." He further says: "We hope our money will not entirely fail us; but we shall not have any of account left when we get through." They expected "to go direct through Missouri." This letter contains the remarkable statement: "*I think, could I hope in any other way to answer the end of my being, I would be quite content to be at North Elba.*" He believed with his whole soul that God had appointed him to make war on slavery, and in no other way could he hope to answer the end of his being. To answer this call he surrendered the comforts of domestic happiness, the ease so much coveted by men of his age, anything like a competency for increasing years, and set forth on a journey long and toilsome, and in which he "walked much," to join a heroic band of freedom-loving men and women engaged then in fighting back the foul institution of human bondage threatening to engulf them on the plains of Kansas. In that sentence is the key and explanation of the character of John Brown.

They arrived at the "Brown settlement" on the 6th of October, and found all "more or less sick or feeble

but Wealthy and Johnny." The entire party had but *sixty cents* when they arrived. And—strange man, this Brown!—while anxious to battle to the death with the powers of slavery and darkness, and determined to shed blood if need be, and fully realizing that his own blood might be required, as well as that of his children, he was as sensitive to the touch of love and sympathy as is a mother to the cry of her babe. No mother ever carried more tenderness in her soul for her children than John Brown bore in his heart for suffering of every kind. His whole being responded to the grief of those who mourned. On this weary journey he remembered that his daughter-in-law had left the light of her life in an unmarked and lonely grave on a hill washed by the yellow tide of the Missouri. He turned aside to seek the lowly grave; he lifted from it the tiny body of his grandson, and carried it with him to the free land of Kansas to gladden the heart of her that wept. All summer she had borne such grief as only a mother who has lost her child can feel. The parents had written: "We fully believe that Austin is happy with his Maker in another existence; and if there is to be a separation of friends after death, we pray God to keep us in the way of truth, and that we may so run our short course as to be able to enjoy his company again. Ellen feels so lonely and discontented here without Austin, that we shall go back to Akron next fall if she does not enjoy herself better."

What manner of people are these Browns, old and young, to whom the world seems a sort of temporary stopping-place; who are continually seeking the sustaining arm of a higher power; who never fail to commend

one another to God; who realize their weakness and ask strength only from Him who is able to give; who struggle in poverty to do the work a nation has neglected? Ah! these are questions which John Brown answered with his life on a scaffold in the beautiful mountains of Virginia!

CHAPTER III.

THE BROWNS—A FAMILY OF PIONEERS.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

—Burns's "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*."

Peter Brown was an Englishman; he was a Puritan, and one of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock, December 22d, 1620. In even that early age he was a crusader for political and religious liberty. He was by trade a carpenter, and of his life we know little more than has been already here told. But that he loved liberty and hated tyranny is fully established by his action in coming to America to brave the forces of the untamed wilderness on the bleak shores of rock-bound New England, when he might have remained in his native land in ease and peace had he chosen to conform outwardly to what his conscience condemned. That the evils under which he lay in his native land might be slowly reformed and finally corrected, was not enough for him. We see in the action of the Pilgrims in their migration to a primeval

land the uncompromising spirit which moved the old prophets to exhort those who had "not bowed the knee to Baal" to "come out of her, O my people."

Peter Brown, the Pilgrim, married; and to him was born in 1632 a son, called, also, Peter Brown. The son married Mary Gillett, in 1658, and died in 1692, leaving four sons. The second son was named John, and he married Elizabeth Loomis in the year of his father's death. His second son was also named John; he married Mary Eggleston, and one of his sons, born November 4, 1728, was named John. This third John Brown married Hannah Owen in 1758; she was the daughter of John Owen, a native of Wales, who had sought broader opportunities and greater freedom in the New World. He was one of the first settlers of Windsor, Connecticut, where he was a good citizen and held as a man of worth and integrity to the end of life. The sons of John and Hannah (Owen) Brown were John, Frederick, Owen, and Abiel. In the war of the Revolution John Brown heeded the call of his country, and, disregarding his personal conveniences and interests, left the peace and quiet of private walks and joined the army of the patriots. He was chosen Captain of the trainband of West Simsbury, Connecticut, and sent to join the American army, then in New York. At the end of two months he was seized with a fatal illness and died in a barn, September 3, 1776, and was buried on the Highlands "near the western bank of East river." He, too, might have remained at home, a defender of accredited and established order, could he have reconciled his conscience to a course so unpatriotic and unjust; he could have been protected, and might have been carried to

England and there made the recipient of royal favors, as others were. But he saw a duty and chose liberty for himself and others and resolved to battle for it as stoutly as he might though hung for a traitor, as he would have been had the cause failed and he had lived. He left a widow and eleven children.

Owen Brown, the son of the Revolutionary hero, married Ruth Mills. She was a teacher, and came of illustrious ancestry, descending from a long line of God-fearing men, ministers of the gospel, and Revolutionary soldiers. The family was founded by Peter Mills, an emigrant from Holland to Connecticut, and was one of the first in that stable, solid, patriotic, and enterprising commonwealth. Owen Brown was a tanner and shoemaker, and lived at different places in Connecticut to the year 1805, when he removed to Hudson, Ohio, in the Western Reserve. This was in fact a New Connecticut, and no equal area of our country has surpassed it in patriotic devotion to liberty or enterprise in productive industry. It has stamped the impress of its high purposes upon the civilization of the entire West. This is the result of the just principles, the upright lives, the rigid morality, and the uncompromising stand for the right and hostility to evil carried here by the sons of old Connecticut to serve as foundations for their institutions to be erected in the Western wilderness.

Owen Brown first came to the Western Reserve in 1804, on a tour of observation, a journey preliminary to his final removal. He made his way with his family, in 1805, through Pennsylvania with an ox team. Hardships incident to pioneer life beset Owen Brown. His wife died

and he was subsequently married, and his second wife dying, he took a third. He had a large family. One of his sons, Salmon, "died in New Orleans with yellow fever. He was a lawyer, and editor of a French and English newspaper called the 'New Orleans Bee.' "

The remarkable things to be observed of Owen Brown are, the pure and exalted Christian life he led, and the principles and purposes he instilled into his children. He "became acquainted with the business people and *ministers* in all parts of the Western Reserve." In his own account of his life he says: "In 1807 (Feb. 13) Frederick, my sixth child, was born. I do not think of anything else to notice but the common blessings of health, peace, and prosperity, *for which I would ever acknowledge the goodness of God with thanksgiving.*" He was a man of strong attachments. Forty years after the death of his wife, Ruth, he writes: "These were days of affliction. The remembrance of this scene makes my heart bleed now." He was a home-lover: "I would say that the care of our families is the pleasantest and most useful business we can be in." The absence of a child caused him to suffer: "About this time my son Salmon was studying law in Pittsburg. I had great anxiety and many fears on his account." With Owen Brown the things of this life were counted as but dross: "I can say the loss or gain of property in a short time appears of but little consequence; they are momentary things, and will look very small in eternity." The justice of God as well as His mercy remained always before him: "January 29, 1832, my son Watson died, making a great breach in my family. He did not give evidence in health of being a Christian, but

was in great anxiety of mind in his sickness; we sometimes hope he died in Christ." At the age of seventy-eight he writes: "I have great reason for thanksgiving." He was a lifelong abolitionist. In 1850 he wrote: "I am an abolitionist. I know we are not loved by many; I have no confession to make for being one." Every act of his life was ordered in the light he drew from the Scriptures and his Christian experience. A few months before his death he wrote his son John: "I feel as though God was very merciful to keep such a great sinner on probation so long. I ask all of you to pray more earnestly for the salvation of my soul than for the life of my body, and that I may give myself and all I have up to Christ, and honor him by a sacrifice of all we have." His family remained unbroken, though widely scattered and often invaded by death. He writes his son: "I consider all my children in Kansas as one family." He was afflicted with stammering or a stoppage in his speech; on this account it was very painful to strangers to hear him talk. But there was one place where this defect disappeared: in the services of the church, in his prayers, he was eloquent from fervency, and "his tongue was loosed" and he "spoke with power." His life is fittingly described in the words, "He walked in the fear and admonition of the Lord."

To this humble and devout man who lived daily in the sight of God and abased himself continually that his Master might not refuse to exalt him, was born a son while he yet lived in his native State of Connecticut. He notes this in the simple annals of his life: "In 1800, May 9, John was born, one hundred years after his great-grandfather."

This son was John Brown, afterwards the liberator of the lowly, despised, oppressed and enslaved, and the martyr for a more perfect Union. Some one has said that the first requisite of greatness is to be born right. Another has said that the first indication of genius in a man is manifested in the selection of his parents. Still another has said that the time to begin to educate a child is a hundred years before it is born. The biographer of a great man has said: "I do not think a great man ever lived who was not born of a strong, naturally intellectual, poetic and emotional mother." As much as John Brown owed to his father, he owed still more to his mother. She was a woman of superior intelligence, deep and profound religious convictions, emotional, and of great strength of character. Her husband wrote of her: "About this time I became acquainted with Ruth Mills (daughter of Rev. Gideon Mills), who was the choice of my affections ever after, though we were not married for more than two years. In March, 1793, we began to keep house; *and here was the beginning of days with me.*" We have seen that she was descended from a Hollander who was early in Connecticut. The solid and enduring qualities of the Teuton were quickened and intensified in America, and enriched the character of the mother of John Brown. She died while he was yet a child, but his recollection of her was clear; and the memory of her justice as well as of her love remained to him a priceless heritage. So complete was her influence over him and his love for her that he never ceased to feel her loss. In his "Life" written for the little son of George L. Stearns, he says: "At eight years old, John was left a motherless boy, which loss was com-

plete and permanent, for notwithstanding his father again married to a sensible, intelligent, and on many accounts a very estimable woman, yet he never *adopted her in feeling*, but continued to pine after his own mother for years." In this brief autobiography he has described his youth and early manhood with a charming simplicity and faithfulness which no other can ever equal; and the reader is exhorted to read and study it.

John Brown was taught from earliest childhood to "fear God and keep His commandments." He received no more education than fell to the lot of the average boy on the frontier, where schools were few and necessarily inferior. He acquired knowledge enough of mathematics to enable him to become a good surveyor of lands, and this vocation he followed at intervals for years. He was of a studious and reflective disposition. The books which he read were few, but the principles they inculcated were deeply pondered and became a part of his character; they were "Æsop's Fables," the "Life of Franklin," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the hymns of Dr. Watts, and above all, the Bible. Upon the teachings of this latter book he meditated both day and night; he was familiar with its every story and principle. He could recite many parts of it, and could readily turn to any portion referred to. He was particularly charmed with the beauties of the Old Testament; the stern old prophets denouncing the wickedness of the times had a peculiar fascination for him.

It has been shown that the Brown family have been pioneers in America for almost three centuries. They have been in the vanguard of advancing civilization in its march across the continent from sea to sea. While

the frontier is always devoid of good schools, it possesses facilities for education in the practical affairs of life superior to those found in the elegant society of older communities. To develop sterling qualities of head and heart, no other place equals the frontier of a progressive and growing people. Here man must always grapple with nature direct. Truth is not veiled with conventionalities, and here shams cannot exist. Men stand before their fellows uncovered and in their true characters. Crime cannot be hidden nor virtue and worth concealed in a frontier settlement. The few conventionalities indulged are the simplest and those rendered most necessary by social custom and the law. Heart touches heart and man knows his fellow in every detail and relation of character; the business and inclinations of one are known to all and are usually the concern of all. All dealing and intercourse between men become direct and personal. The somber face of nature in winter, the lack of crowds and large assemblies of men, and the absence of strangers and strange things, all tend to develop the reflective faculties of the mind and to induce melancholy. Melancholy is the child of solitude, the parent of genius. Add to these influences and agencies a poetic temperament and a fearful sense of responsibility to a personal God "who numbers the hairs of your head" and will demand a strict accounting "at that day," and you have the environment that burned out the dross and sent John Brown forth with a character purged and refined as by fire.

The heroic age of any country is that in which man meets and subdues the wilderness. Here in the subjection of the forest and wild beast, confidence is obtained. Men

from this school expect to succeed; the overcoming of obstacles is the daily experience. Relations between men are exhibited in their true light and are sharply defined. Merit alone brings approval. The frontier is a social democracy where nothing artificial or superfluous can exist. Men are jealous of their rights and the rights of others, and are impatient of delays and restraints. Rude and exact justice is demanded, and the manner of insuring it often shocks the disciples of formal conventionalities. In matters of character only the pure gold passes for anything; the false is not tolerated, and it is usually requested to move on; if it remains it is only by sufferance, and it must skulk and cower and sink to depths of public scorn unknown in more polite and well-ordered society.

In this school was John Brown reared and well learned. Other men of our country coming from this school were Washington, Franklin, Sevier, Shelby, Jefferson, Jackson, Benton, Harrison, Corwin, Clay, Lincoln, and Lane. In the establishment and maintenance of our Government these men have been the friends and bulwarks of human liberty. And our rank in the nations of the world and our phenomenal advancement along all the lines of mental and productive industry may be best accounted for by remembering that we are a nation of pioneers, and yet attacking the primeval forest and plain with blade and saw and share.

John Brown became a tanner, and worked in his father's service as foreman of his establishment. He had not attained his majority when he married, as he says, "a remarkably plain, but neat, industrious and economical girl;

of excellent character, earnest piety, and good practical common-sense; about one year younger than himself." She was indeed all that he described her, and "by her mild, frank, and more than all else, by her very consistent conduct, acquired and ever while she lived maintained a most powerful and good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect; without arousing his haughty obstinate temper." Her name was Dianthe Lusk, and he seems to have regarded her with the same deep affection held by his father for his mother, Ruth Mills Brown. Long after her death he said to his son, John, jr., "I feel sure that your mother is now with me and influeneing me." Seven children were born to them. After her death he married Mary Anne Day, daughter of Charles Day, of Whitehall, New York, but living at that time in Pennsylvania. Thirteen children blessed this marriage, but seven of them died in infancy and childhood. She was the sheet-anchor of his hopes and the object of his anxious solicitude, the inspiration to exertion during the long years of his heroic battle against human bondage. She survived him more than twenty years, and died at the residence of her daughter in San Francisco, Cal.

John Brown was laboring at the vocations of both tanner and surveyor before his marriage. He lived in his own house, having employed a housekeeper, a widow named Lusk, who brought her daughter, Dianthe Lusk, who became his first wife, as we have seen. In 1825 he moved to Pennsylvania, settling near Randolph (now Richmond), where he remained for ten years. He served as postmaster here for some years, and carried on a large tannery. He

took a leading part in the affairs of the community, and the neighborhood school was taught in a part of his huge log dwelling. He removed to Franklin Mills, Portage county, Ohio, in 1835. Here a speculation in village lots ruined him financially; he made an assignment and was discharged as a bankrupt, but afterwards paid much on the debts he was legally free from. Later he was an extensive sheep-farmer; and from this business became a member of the firm of Perkins & Brown, wool merchants, with warehouses at Springfield, Massachusetts, to which city he moved in 1846. He became an expert grader of wool, and might have succeeded in his enterprise but for the attempt to dictate the price of wool to the New England manufacturers; this caused him to take a large cargo of wool to England in August, 1849, which was finally sold for much less than it would have brought in Springfield. He traveled considerably in Europe, and visited for critical inspection and study some of the most famous battlefields. He returned to Springfield in October. His reception by his partner was cordial, and he was urged to remain in business. He might have succeeded as a wool-factor, though he was not fitted by nature for a competitor in trade. And through all the years since 1837 he had another purpose in life than the accumulation of property: he had in that year dedicated his remaining years to an aggressive battle against slavery, and had ordered his life accordingly.

On August 1, 1846, the anniversary of the emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, Gerrit Smith offered to give one thousand acres of wild mountain land in the Adirondack Mountains of New York to such negroes as would

accept, clear and cultivate farms there. The tracts were limited to forty acres in size, and a few families accepted them at once, though the severity of the climate and the hardships of pioneer life made it a discouraging venture for negroes. In April, 1848, John Brown called upon Smith and proposed to take one of the farms, go on it and build a home, and become an example to the few negro families then there and to those who might afterward come. He explained that pioneer life was familiar to him, and that he could be of much use and assistance to the colony in teaching the best means of surmounting difficulties encountered in building homes in the wilderness. There is little doubt that he had other designs in mind, for he had, when a resident in Pennsylvania, proposed to his brother that they found some such colony as this now projected by Smith. The proposition was promptly accepted by Mr. Smith, and Brown secured one or more surveys, and the refusal of others. Before the final settlement of his wool business he removed a portion of his family to North Elba, New York, where his home always remained, and where he is buried.

Like his father, John Brown was a tender and affectionate parent. "Whenever he and I were alone, he never failed to give me the best of advice, just as a true and anxious mother would give a daughter," says Ruth. "He always seemed interested in my work. . . . When I was learning to spin he always praised me, if he saw that I was improving," she writes. And again: "Father used to hold all his children, while they were little, at night, and sing his favorite songs." She recorded the recollections of her baptism: "The first recollection I have of father

was being carried through a piece of woods on Sunday, to attend a meeting held at a neighbor's house. After we had been at the house a little while, father and mother stood up and held us, while the minister put water on our faces. After we sat down, father wiped my face with a brown silk handkerchief with yellow spots on it in diamond shape. It seemed beautiful to me, and I thought how good he was to wipe my face with that pretty handkerchief. He showed a great deal of tenderness in that and other ways. He sometimes seemed very stern and strict with me; yet his tenderness made me forget that he was stern." He even accepted two-thirds of the punishment he felt due his son John, his sense of justice and duty not permitting him to have any of it omitted. Even his daughters did not escape the rod; "He used to whip me quite often for telling lies," one of them writes. His affection for his children was very great; it caused him to think of them constantly, and he was anxious on their account. Ruth received a letter from him when she was eighteen, from which we take the following:

"I will just tell you what questions exercise my mind in regard to an absent daughter, and I will arrange them somewhat in order as I feel most their importance.

"What feelings and motives govern her? In what manner does she spend her time? Who are her associates? How does she conduct in word and action? Is she improving generally? Is she provided with such things as she needs, or is she in want? Does she enjoy herself, or is she lonely and sad? Is she among real friends, or is she disliked and despised?

"Such are some of the questions which arise in the mind of a certain anxious father; and if you have a satisfactory answer to them in your own mind, he can rest satisfied."

She describes the sickness and death of her sister:

“The little babe took a violent cold that ended in quick consumption, and she died at the end of April, 1849. Father showed much tenderness in the care of the little sufferer. He spared no pains in doing all that medical skill could do for her, together with the tenderest care and nursing. The time that he could be at home was mostly spent in caring for her. He sat up nights to keep an even temperature in the room, and to relieve mother from the constant care which she had through the day. He used to walk with the child and sing to her so much that she soon learned his step. When she heard him come up the steps to the door, she would reach out her hands and cry for him to take her. When his business at the wool store crowded him so much that he did not have time to take her, he would steal around through the woodshed into the kitchen to eat his dinner, and not go into the dining-room, where she could see or hear him. I used to be charmed myself with his singing to her. He noticed a change in her one morning, and told us that she would not live through the day, and came home several times to see her. A little before noon he came home, and looked at her and said, ‘She is almost gone.’ She heard him speak, opened her eyes, and put up her little wasted hands with such a pleading look for him to take her that he lifted her from the cradle, with the pillows she was lying on, and carried her until she died. He was very calm, closed her eyes, folded her hands, and laid her in her cradle. When she was buried, father broke down completely, and sobbed like a child. It was very affecting to see him so overcome, when all the time before his great tender heart had tried to comfort our weary, sorrowing mother, and all of us.”

We give the private and domestic life of John Brown at some length that it may be fully known to the reader, on

this account: a man is often best judged by the members of his own household. And if a man is strong with his neighbors or associates it may be taken as reasonably certain that his life is correct and his actions just. The first question asked when a man's character is a matter of inquiry, is, "What do the people of his home, his castle, think and say of him?" If at home he is strong in the affection and esteem of his family, friends, associates and neighbors, it is very sure that he is just.

In addition to the books enumerated as being the favorites of John Brown his daughter adds "Plutarch's Lives," "Life of Oliver Cromwell," and "Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest." She also mentions that greatest of all books, the Bible. He could, she says, repeat whole chapters and books from it. The stern and rigid righteousness of the old prophets was in accord with his own faith. He ordered his life by precepts taken from the Holy Word. It has been said here that he sang well, and in his home he lifted his voice in song in the praise of God. His favorite hymns were, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," "Why should we start, and fear to die," "Ah, lovely appearance of death!" His religion entered into his daily life. When a tanner he was very careful to see that his leather was perfectly dry before being offered for sale. His voice was daily lifted in supplication at the family altar. On the plains of Kansas he cried to God for help and guidance, and no meal was eaten in his camp until the blessing of heaven was invoked upon it.

Another feature of John Brown's life was his intense earnestness. He early selected an object in life, or rather, it was selected by his training and the inherited tenden-

cies of his nature. He swore eternal war against slavery. Following are his own words:

“During the war with England a circumstance occurred that in the end made him a most determined Abolitionist, and led him to declare, or swear, eternal war with Slavery. He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, since a United States Marshal, who held a slave boy near his own age, very active, intelligent, and good feeling, and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John: brought him to table with his first company and friends; called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the negro boy (who was fully if not more than his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before his eyes with iron shovels or any other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children; for such children have neither fathers nor mothers to protect and provide for them. He sometimes would raise the question, *Is God their Father?*”

Eternal war with slavery! This subject was never absent from his mind; it abode with him; it glared in upon him; it became a companion ever present. While he toiled in the tan-yard, when he traced the lines of tortuous surveys, in the care of his cattle, when he tended his sheep in the starlit night, in the counting-house in New England,—always and forever did this thing press upon him for action. “The cry of the poor” he heard ever appealing to him. About 1837 he assembled his household and laid before them this burden of his heart. The time for action had come. In theory and practice

he had always been an abolitionist. But this was not enough. Warfare was henceforth to be waged. His first soldiers were to be members of his own house; if he was strong at home he could not be weak anywhere. His course met the perfect approval of his family. Three of his sons (those old enough) consecrated themselves to this work by prayer. In this service the father was seen by his children to *kneel* for the *first* time, his uniform attitude in prayer having previously been that of "standing with reverence before the throne." In a work so mighty it was meet that it be commenced in humility and in the strength of Him who turns to flight the armies of aliens.

Defamers of John Brown have attempted to show that he was a Garrisonian; nothing could be further from the truth, but it would have been nothing to his discredit had he been so. Garrison was not ten years old when John Brown swore eternal war with slavery. John Brown followed no man; it was his intention and purpose to follow God. He took counsel of no man in marking his line of conduct. His father had become an enemy to slavery when a mere child—in the war of the Revolution, while his father was giving his life for liberty. The Brown family were abolitionists of the Brown school exclusively. If associated with others they were so only because others followed—the Browns led. From the period of the enlistment of his family in his cause, preparation was made against the time when they should be called to the field. Frederick Douglass found the family living in severe plainness at Springfield, although Brown's business was then prospering. Money saved to furnish a parlor was freely

given to purchase clothing for fugitive slaves at North Elba. In Europe the ancient battlefields were examined, and the guerilla warfare of the world was studied to obtain a knowledge of strategy that would aid in this conflict that he had sworn.

Here, then, is a man who believes in himself before other men; who finds strength in his arm only in proportion as he feels that he finds favor with God; who is moved to tears at the unhappiness of his fellow-men in bonds; who, like Luther, could not if he would, turn from the appointed work; who consecrated his home a shrine to liberty; who made this shrine an altar, and like the great patriarch, offered his sons thereon; who asked nothing of any man he was not willing to freely give, no sacrifice he did not himself joyfully make; and who sealed with his blood the heroic faith in which he walked,—who received the crown of the martyr, and whose soul led the Nation as it marched to the higher plane of right, and liberty, and freedom for all.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM BIG SPRINGS TO POTTAWATOMIE.

Slavery, like the great Python
Apollo slew;—bred in the slime
Of earth;—whose birth was the first crime
Against mankind, and that sublime
Iniquity of hell to dethrone

The rights of man, now crawling winds
Herein in slimy, snaky fold:
Or like the dragon great of old,
On Thebes' rich plain in story told,
Great Cadmus slew, and wond'rous finds

That from his teeth sown in the earth,
A race of men comes forth from clods,
For civil strife; and whom the gods
Turned man to man, barring all odds,
Against his equal man by birth.

Python and dragon both, with fierce
And bloody mouth, crawling it came;—
Eyes that shot forth a burning flame
Glared round for prey; and naught could tame
The gloated beast of hell, nor pierce

Its flinty scales, till it had fed
And fattened on the blood and flesh
Of Freedom's sons.

—Joel Moody's "*The Song of Kansas*."

The bogus Legislature defined the issue for the Pro-Slavery people and party of Kansas. This issue was

SLAVERY alone. In Kansas nothing else was to be known; anything which came in conflict with this issue was to be subordinated, no matter what its importance. The Free-State party was organized to meet and combat the issue made by the bogus Legislature. Up to this time there had been no concert of action by the opponents of slavery in Kansas. The Pro-Slavery party had acted in unison and for a single purpose from the beginning, and this gave it a great advantage in the opening conflict. Something of the spirit in which this action was manifested may be seen from the following expressions:

“We learn from a gentleman lately from the Territory of Kansas that a great many Missourians have already set their meg in that country, and are making arrangements to ‘darken the atmosphere’ with their negroes. This is right. Let every man that owns a negro go there and settle, and our Northern brethren will be compelled to hunt further north for a location.”—*Liberty (Mo.) Democratic Platform, June 8, 1854.*

The same paper says, under date of June 27, 1854: “We are in favor of making Kansas a ‘Slave State’ if it should require half the citizens of Missouri, musket in hand, to emigrate there, and even sacrifice their lives in accomplishing so desirable an end.”

And again it says: “Shall we allow such cut-throats and murderers as the people of Massachusetts are to settle in the Territory adjoining our own State? No! If popular opinion will not keep them back, we should see what virtue there is in the force of arms.”

This was the expression all along the border. The advantage of the Pro-Slavery party was the result of it.

The actions of the party up to and including the bogus Legislature plainly indicated that even the "Squatter Sovereignty" feature of the Kansas-Nebraska bill would not be tolerated, nor given any fair trial in Kansas. The penalty for enticing a slave away from his master was death. This Legislature believed that a law to make even the discussion of slavery in ordinary conversation a felony would be in their interest, and its enactment was seriously considered.

To meet the sentiment for slavery in Missouri, and the issue forced upon Kansas by Missourians in the bogus Legislature, became the work of the Free-State men of the Territory. To prepare for this work, the Big Springs convention was called. This convention had its origin in a number of preliminary conventions held in Lawrence and elsewhere. It was well attended, and representatives from all parts of the Territory were present. A platform of principles was drawn up and adopted; it demanded that Kansas be a free State. Here, then, were the issues: Slavery alone, for the Pro-Slavery party; liberty and nothing else, for the Free-State party. These were the issues up to the Civil War—nothing else, in Kansas. All the invasions by Missourians, their election outrages and bogus Legislature and laws, all the campaigns for the enforcement of the bogus Territorial laws, all the murders and robberies by the ruffians, the Lecompton Constitution, and the aid of the Administration at Washington, were incidents in the battle waged by the slave-power for the supremacy of its issue. The "Topeka movement," Lane's Northern Armies, Black Jack, Fort Titus, Fort Saunders, Franklin, Hickory Point, and the Leavenworth Consti-

tution, were incidents in the struggle of the Free-State party to make its issue victorious. It will be well to bear this always in mind; it is the key to Kansas Territorial history, and the fact that it is so has been overlooked by many writers on the subject.

If the Pro-Slavery party could enforce the bogus laws, their victory would be complete without aid of any other of the subordinate incidents. They were so framed that they could be obeyed only by adherents of slavery; and if obeyed by the people of the Territory, advocacy of free principles and a free State would disappear from Kansas. If the Free-State men remained in Kansas they were compelled to resist these tyrannical enactments. Their enforcement was the first step decided upon for the success of their issue by the Pro-Slavery men. Being in possession of the judiciary of the Territory and having all the offices and the coöperation of the Government, it seemed that the laws could not be successfully resisted by the Free-State party. But at the solicitation and instance of ex-Governor Reeder the Big Springs convention resolved to resist these infamous laws "to a bloody issue,"—a very unfortunate declaration for a party at so great a disadvantage as the Free-State party then was. Reeder was angered by the treatment he had received from the bogus Legislature and the President, and acted from a spirit of revenge and retaliation, and in so doing brought indescribable woe to Free-State settlers. That the provocation under which the anti-slavery people lay was sufficient to justify the adoption of this resolution by their representatives, there is no doubt. But the more conservative leaders of the party would have devised some less dangerous way

of evasion. The adoption of this resolution was the cause of war for "extermination, total and complete," by the Missourians a little later. The resolution did the Free-State cause much harm in Congress and in the East. In Kansas and Missouri it was regarded as a challenge to battle by the ruffians, and their supporters in the United States Senate took the same view. Nothing more unfortunate than this action of the convention could have befallen the Free-State party in Kansas, as was afterwards demonstrated by great cost of blood and treasure and untold hardship and suffering.

The Big Springs convention was held precisely one month before John Brown arrived in Kansas. We have seen that two of his sons were delegates to that gathering of patriots. On October 13, 1855, he wrote his family that he had "reached the place where the boys are located one week ago, late at night." He found the condition of his sons deplorable indeed. "No crops of hay or anything raised had been taken care of; with corn wasting by cattle and horses, without fences; and, I may add, without any meat; and Jason's folks without sugar, or any kind of breadstuffs but corn ground with great labor in a hand-mill about two miles off. . . . Some have had the ague, but lightly; but Jason and Oliver have had a hard time of it, and are yet feeble. . . . We have made but little progress; but we have made a little. We have got a shanty three logs high, chinked, and muddled, and roofed over with our tent, and a chimney so far advanced that we can keep a fire in it for Jason. . . . We have got their little crop of beans secured, which, together with johnnycake, mush and milk, pumpkins and

squashes, constitute our fare. Potatoes they have none of any account; milk, beans, pumpkins, and squashes a very moderate supply, just for the present use." Their poor success was largely due to the fact that little can be done upon a prairie farm the first year. The thick, hard sod is held firmly together by the heavy roots of the grass, and is so firm and tenacious that its cultivation is profitless and almost impossible. But by the second year the roots have decayed, and the sod has fallen asunder; the field is a bed of mellow loam, ready to yield immense crops. The experience of the Browns was that of all settlers on prairie farms, and was not a reason for discouragement.

Three weeks after the arrival of John Brown in Kansas, Dow was murdered near the Hickory Point postoffice, in Douglas county. This was the first of a series of events which rapidly followed one another, and were seized upon to serve as a pretext for the invasion of Kansas by the Missourians "to enforce the laws,"—mark the purpose. Thus early did the "bloody issue" resolution of the Big Springs convention begin to bear fruit. This invasion came to be known as the Wakarusa War or Shannon's War. In this war Brown and his sons took part. When the rumors of the invasion spread over the Territory, John Brown left Osawatomie and went to the locality where dwelt his sons, some eight or ten miles distant. He intended to go on to Lawrence to learn the true situation, but afterwards sent his son John. The younger Brown had scarcely left the house when the courier from Lawrence arrived to summon them to the defense of that town at once. No time was lost in obeying this order; the father and four sons set out in the afternoon, and

after a march which continued all night and most of the following forenoon, arrived in the threatened town Friday, December 7, 1855. They found the negotiations between Governor Shannon, and the citizens of Lawrence represented by Doctor Robinson and Colonel Lane, under way. A company of militia was organized immediately after their arrival, of which they were made members; the command of it was given to John Brown, who was at once commissioned Captain by Doctor Robinson. It was composed of other new arrivals and some men who had been for a few days in Lawrence. The neighbors of Thomas W. Barber and those having acted with him in his labor in Lawrence were mustered into Brown's company.

The war ended without any battle between the invaders and the people of Kansas. John Brown was not well pleased with what he first believed to be the terms of the peace, but that he threatened to go out and fight the Missourians against all orders is scarcely probable. He left Lawrence believing that by the terms of the treaty concluding the war the attempt to enforce the laws was abandoned by Governor Shannon, and his account of the matter shows that he was satisfied with what he was given to understand were the conditions secured by the Free-State men. He may have been misinformed or purposely deceived. He says:

"After frequently calling on the leaders of the Free-State men to come and have an interview with him, by Governor Shannon, and after as often getting for an answer that if he had any business to transact with anyone in Lawrence, to come and attend to it, he signified

his wish to come into the town, and an escort was sent to the invaders' camp to conduct him in. When there, the leading Free-State men, finding out his weakness, frailty, and consciousness of the awkward circumstances into which he had really got himself, took advantage of his cowardice and folly, and by means of that and the free use of whisky and some trickery succeeded in getting a written arrangement with him much to their own liking. He stipulated with them to order the Pro-Slavery men of Kansas home, and to proclaim to the Missouri invaders that they must quit the Territory without delay, and also give up General Pomeroy (a prisoner in their camp),—which was all done; he also recognizing the volunteers as the militia of Kansas, and empowering their officers to call them out whenever in their discretion the safety of Lawrence or other portions of the Territory might require it to be done. He (Governor Shannon) gave up all pretension of further attempt to enforce the enactments of the bogus Legislature, and retired, subject to the derision and scoffs of the Free-State men (into whose hands he had committed the welfare and protection of Kansas), and to the pity of some and the curses of others of the invading force.

“So ended this last Kansas invasion,—the Missourians returning with *flying colors*, after incurring heavy expenses, suffering great exposure, hardships, and privations, not having fought any battles, burned or destroyed any infant towns or Abolition presses; leaving the Free-State men organized and armed, and in full possession of the Territory; not having fulfilled any of all their dreadful threatenings, except to murder one *unarmed* man, and to commit some robberies and waste of property upon defenseless families, unfortunately within their power. We learn by their papers that they boast of a great victory over the Abolitionists.”

It will be seen from a careful reading of the treaty that

Brown's understanding of it was incorrect. From whom he obtained his knowledge of it does not appear, for it was not published immediately. That he desired to fight, there is little doubt; that he would have advocated battle before the concession of any vital thing contended for, he evidently made plain. It may have been thought best to conceal for a few days the real terms, and claim more than was actually obtained from Governor Shannon; there were many Free-State men who would have insisted upon battle before yielding any semblance of submission to the bogus laws; especially was this the case after the murder of Barber, when they were restrained with difficulty.

A study of all the accounts of the Wakarusa war makes it very certain that desire to arrest Branson and put him under bonds was only a pretense seized upon by the Pro-Slavery party to enable them to begin a war to force the Free-State people to obey the bogus laws.

John Brown and his sons returned to the Pottawatomic; there he was engaged during the winter in work upon the cabins of his sons, and in the erection of a house for his brother-in-law, Orson Day. He wrote, February 1, 1856, that Lawrence "is again threatened with an attack. Should that take place, we may be soon called upon to 'buckle on our armor,' which by the help of God we will do." He and Salmon made a trip to Missouri to buy corn, from whence they returned February 20th. There they heard that "Frank Pierce means to crush the men of Kansas, but I think he may find his hands full before it is all over." This rumor was not far wrong, as the whole slave-power was then making preparation to enter Kansas and begin a vigorous campaign as soon as spring

opened. Buford was organizing in Alabama and South Carolina. Mississippi was preparing to do her part in the work. Jefferson Davis was committing the Administration to aid in this very purpose. It becomes necessary for us to review these preparations for the invasion of Kansas in the spring of 1856. It has been charged by those who would disparage John Brown, that all the outrages committed upon the Free-State party and people of Kansas after the killing of the Doyles and others by John Brown and his company on the Pottawatomie were the result of that act. Such writers charge that all the trouble in Lawrence, all the troubles in southeastern Kansas, all the troubles at Leavenworth, Buford's march from the South with his army for the subjugation of the Territory, the imprisonment of Doctor Robinson and others for treason, the war of extermination, and finally the Civil War, resulted from the bloody work at Dutch Henry's Crossing. If such were the truth it would be the highest tribute to John Brown's judgment, for it would exalt that event to the dignity of being the direct cause of the abolition of slavery in America. While that killing was one of the great factors in making Kansas free, it cannot be claimed the abolition of slavery grew directly out of it, as one of the detractors from John Brown's fame would have us believe. The campaign of the advocates of slavery in Kansas in the spring and summer of 1856 was the result of elaborate preparation and long premeditation.

Of this period and the attitude of the South toward Kansas after the Wakarusa war, we desire to cite as authority the *History of Lawrence*, by the Rev. Richard Cordley. We have no authority in Kansas better than that work:

“Though the settlers were not molested during this severe weather, they knew the quiet was only temporary. The opening of the spring would bring a renewal of hostilities. The hordes that had left Franklin so sullenly did not propose to drop the controversy. They saw they had made a mistake, and the Free-State men had profited by it. Next time they would plan more wisely. They would not be caught in court again without a case. All over Missouri and the South, preparations were going on to push the controversy to a successful issue for slavery. The shrewdest men in the land were planning together for the summer campaign. The general idea was to make it so uncomfortable for the Free-State men that they would flee the country, and so that others would not come.

“The line of attack was not hard to determine. The Free-State men occupied a position that was difficult to maintain. They knew that the Shawnee Legislature had been elected by Missouri votes. They pronounced its enactments an imposition and a fraud. They determined to ignore them, and as far as possible to nullify them or destroy their effect. The laws were of the most extreme pro-slavery type. They not only protected slave property, but punished all acts and expressions against slavery with great severity. They could not even discuss the subject without becoming liable to criminal prosecution. Their only course was to ignore these laws and practically nullify them. Then nobody would dare to bring any slaves into Kansas. If there were no slaves in Kansas, slavery would not really exist, even though the laws did recognize it. In two years there would be another election, and by that time the Free-State men felt they would be strong enough to take possession of all the machinery of government and shape the laws to suit themselves. If they could only keep things as they were till the next election, immigration from the North would do the rest.

“The Pro-Slavery people, on the other hand, strove to

force an immediate issue. They laid their plans to compel the Free-State men to recognize the bogus laws, or else resist the officials charged with their enforcement. The problem of the Free-State men was to ignore the bogus laws and yet avoid a collision. They might suffer violence, but as far as possible they were to avoid doing violence. Above all, they were to avoid any collision with the authority of the United States.

"Another element entered into the problem, which must be mentioned that the whole situation may be understood. That element grew out of what has been referred to as the 'Topeka movement.' The Free-State policy had its negative side in the rejection of the bogus laws. It had its positive side in the adoption of the Topeka Constitution. During the autumn of 1855 the Free-State people held a constitutional convention at Topeka, which framed a State constitution. They then sent it to Congress and asked to be received into the Union as a State. The House of Representatives passed the bill admitting Kansas as a State, but the Senate rejected it. Thus the movement failed in Congress, but it was kept alive in Kansas as a rallying-point of defense. An election was held in January for State officers, and Dr. Robinson was elected Governor. The Legislature then chosen met in March and organized, and Governor Robinson sent in his message. No attempt was made, however, to put the State Government into operation. But the thought was to do this if the situation became intolerable. The occasion never came, and the Topeka government and constitution never went into effect.

"As spring opened, the policy of the Pro-Slavery men began to manifest itself. It was a deeply laid, shrewd scheme. It went on the assumption that the attitude of the Free-State men toward the bogus laws was rebellion, and that the actors in the Topeka Free-State movement were guilty of treason. They proposed to have the Free-

State leaders indicted for high crimes, and either have them arrested or compelled to flee from the Territory. This will give a general clue to the new line of attack, and will show the animus and purpose of the violent proceedings which followed."

The Constitutional Convention of the Free-State people met at Topeka October 23, 1855. The constitution formed there was adopted on the 15th of December by a vote of the people, which stood: In favor of the Constitution, 1,731; against the Constitution, 46. This action of the Free-State men was taken as an additional act of hostility to the Territorial laws, and the Territorial authorities resented it accordingly. Although the Wakarusa treaty was supposed to be in force, neither side deceived itself with the belief that it had ended the conflict. On the 14th of November the convention at Leavenworth which formed the Law and Order party denounced the Topeka Constitutional Convention as treasonable, and after the constitution was adopted the members of the party were so profuse in threats that the Free-State men of Lawrence believed it necessary to form a secret league for the defense of the interests of the city and the party. This was perfected in December, perhaps about the time of the holding of the convention to nominate State officers under the Topeka Constitution. It was the "Society of Danites"; sometimes called the "Regulators," and sometimes the "Defenders." Lane, Robinson, Legate, and other Free-State leaders were at the head of this society. On the 12th of January a Free-State convention in Lawrence declared in favor of the establishment of the Free-State government at once; and on the 15th of the same

month State officers under the Topeka Constitution were elected. While it is now known that it was never the serious intention to inaugurate a hostile government by the Free-State people, the Territorial authorities believed that an aggressive and conflicting government was to be immediately established. The leaders of the Free-State party designed this "Topeka movement" to hold the anti-slavery forces together on the issue between the ideas contending for the supremacy, but most of the party believed with the Territorial authorities, that the Free-State government was to attempt to gain control of the affairs of the Territory. This was to be accomplished through the admission of the Territory as a State. On January 24th President Pierce sent a special message to Congress in which he indorsed the course of the bogus Legislature, and denounced the adoption of the Topeka Constitution and the election of officers thereunder as an act of revolution and rebellion. February 5, 1856, Governor Chase of Ohio recommended to the Legislature of that State that measures be taken to aid freedom in Kansas and fair play for its advocates. Henry Ward Beecher made his famous address in which he denominated a Sharps' rifle one of the moral agencies of the times. On the 6th of February the result of the Free-State election was proclaimed. This was followed by the proclamation of President Pierce commanding "all persons engaged in unlawful combinations against the constituted authority of the Territory of Kansas, or of the United States, to disperse, and retire peaceably to their respective abodes." Very soon there came the promulgation of an order by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, authorizing Governor Shannon

to use the United States troops to suppress "insurrectionary combinations," and "invasive aggression." This latter term was to enable the Governor to turn back Free-State settlers, but was never construed to apply to the Missourians in favor of forcing slavery on the Territory, nor to Buford's men, who were coming with the avowed purpose of making war. On the 16th of February Secretary Marcy directed Governor Shannon to call on the officers of Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley for troops for "the suppression of insurrectionary combinations, or armed resistance to the execution of the laws."

These acts of the Administration were to counteract the movements of the Free-State men in resolving to resist the bogus laws and setting up the Free-State Government. These were considered treason, and the United States courts for the Territory were not long in making this conclusion the law, in the promulgation of the "constructive-treason" theory. The South took alarm. Buford, of Alabama, proposed to give \$20,000 toward the cost of leading an army into Kansas from the Southern States. The Legislature of his State appropriated \$25,000 for the same purpose. Other Southern States prepared to send men to contest for Southern rights. Virginia would send Colonel Wilkes; South Carolina commissioned Colonel Treadwell; Kentucky sent Captain Hampton; Florida dispatched Colonel Titus. "'We want money and armed men' was the perpetual cry, . . . and it was heard all over the South." The response was all that it was hoped it would be. The forces of the South were gathering to descend upon the plains of Kansas early in the spring of 1856. "The Eastern and

Northern States were continually warned that the war had hardly yet commenced, and that the next act in the drama would assume more terrible aspects than anything yet seen in the Territory." General Atchison had named the day of the meeting of the Free-State Legislature as the date of the attack of the Southern forces under the leadership of Missouri, as that act was held to come under the terms of the proclamations of the Administration as expressed in orders to Governor Shannon. But the Free-State men were not to be frightened from their course by rumors and threats. The Legislature convened, and the course of the Free-State Government was clearly set forth in the message of Governor Robinson, and to this remarkably able paper was due the short respite enjoyed by the people of the Territory. Kansas had engrossed the attention of Congress, and a committee consisting of Congressman John Sherman of Ohio, M. A. Howard of Michigan and M. Oliver of Missouri was appointed to come to the Territory and investigate the outrages perpetrated by the ruffians in the early elections. April 18th this committee commenced its work by a session at Lecompton, and soon aroused the wrath of the Pro-Slavery party, both in Kansas and Missouri. The feeling against the members, against ex-Governor Reeder and against the Free-State people increased until the Republican members were driven from the Territory, and Mr. Reeder was forced to leave in disguise to escape assassination, as we have seen.

Buford's men began to arrive early in the spring. They were quartered at different places in the Territory, supposed to be points from which they could most effect-

ually assist the Missouri invaders when they arrived. They did not pretend to select claims and enter on the work of building homes; they established themselves in military camps, where they were drilled, and were subsisted upon what could be seized from the Free-State settlers. They were severe and often cruel and brutal in their treatment of helpless and defenseless people who opposed slavery. A large camp was established near Osawatomie, and their course there was one of outrage from the first. They established intimate relations with the most rabid Pro-Slavery settlers, and urged them to the commission of horrible atrocities. The life of no Free-State settler was safe in the vicinity of their camp. They had an avowed object, and that was loudly proclaimed: it was to make a slave State of Kansas, and to accomplish this every means was to be utilized, fair or foul.

The hope of Kansas to turn this gathering horde from her doors was in the arrival of settlers from the Northern States as soon as the Missouri river was open to navigation in the spring of 1856. They were expected to come armed with Sharps' rifles and ready to defend themselves from outrage and robbery. But the forces of the South took steps to prevent either men or arms from reaching Kansas over the Missouri river route. The river was blockaded and vessels were searched. Arms were seized, and settlers turned back. Here was an unexpected blow to the Free-State people, and their condition became critical in the extreme. The resources of the South were organizing for invasion. The United States troops were at the disposition of those demanding their extermination. No means of defense could reach them by the usual route,

and a new way into the Territory could not be established by the way of Iowa and Nebraska for some months. It seemed that the Free-State settlers were at last at the mercy of their mortal enemies, and their condition desperate—almost hopeless. To add to their dangers, their leaders were arrested or forced to leave the Territory; and the offense charged against them was treason.

Having effectually isolated the Free-State men from their friends in the North and East and shut out the prospect of assistance from those sections, and having deprived them of their leaders, a cause was sought that would in some degree serve as an excuse for the invasion of the Territory. In this emergency Sheriff Jones was depended upon, and, as events demonstrated, the expectations entertained of him were fully realized. Mr. Jones took it upon himself to declare the Wakarusa treaty at an end, and came to Lawrence on the 19th of April, 1856, to arrest Samuel N. Wood for his complicity in the rescue of Branson. He effected his purpose, but his prisoner was enabled to escape by a diversion created by the citizens who witnessed the arrest. On the following Sunday Jones returned with some aids from Lecompton, and these not being considered sufficient for his object, he summoned several citizens who were on their way to church, to assist him. These were not to be so easily diverted from their then zeal for the cause of religion, very suddenly developed and intensified by the duty and service demanded by the sheriff. They gave no heed to his commands, and he, becoming exasperated, arrested another of the Branson rescuers, but one for whom he had no warrant. His efforts proving fruitless, he applied to Governor Shannon for

troops with which to effect the arrest of persons for whom he had writs. These were furnished, and Jones again appeared in Lawrence, on the 23d of April. With the assistance of the detachment of soldiers he succeeded in arresting those persons who had refused to obey his summons to aid him on the previous Sunday. These were put into a tent and guarded. On the following night Charles Lenhart, acting upon his own responsibility, shot Sheriff Jones, inflicting a painful wound, but one not considered dangerous. It was not known who did this deed, and the people of Lawrence immediately assembled and disavowed the act and condemned it; they also offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the criminal. This was an unfortunate affair for the Free-State people generally and for the city of Lawrence particularly. It was difficult of explanation, and was immediately seized upon as the cause for the invasion of the Territory by the forces organized for months previous for that very purpose. The leaders spread reports of the death of Jones at the hands of a Free-State mob or assassin, and the reports grew as they were passed from ruffian to ruffian along the border. Many Pro-Slavery Missourians were already in the Territory awaiting developments, having been placed there by their leaders, who no doubt had some understanding with Jones that he was to find them an excuse to attack the settlers. In fact, there is little doubt that Jones was having recourse to his old writs to exasperate the Free-State men to some act that would bring on hostilities. While Jones was disabled, his deputy, one Sam Salters, an ignorant ruffian from South Carolina, was scouring the country with United States soldiers at his heels and

arresting people on all kinds of charges. The United States Marshal issued a proclamation May 11th calling on the "law-abiding" citizens of the Territory to assemble at Leecompton "in sufficient numbers for the execution of the laws." This was the authority under which the Missourians came from their hiding in the Delaware Reserve north of Lawrence, and again poured over the border from the western counties of that State. It is quite probable that Lawrence would have been so strongly manned and so well fortified and defended, had the leaders of the Free-State people there determined to battle for their town, that the ruffians would have been beaten off. They would have found some excuse for retiring, as they had in the Wakarusa war. But the policy of non-resistance was adopted, and couriers were sent out to turn back the patriotic men hastening to battle for the cause of right.

On the morning of the 21st of May, 1856, there were several hundred Missourians and ruffians from other Southern States in the vicinity of Lawrence. The Missourians were commanded by Senator Atchison, the Alabama forces were under Buford, and those from Florida under Titus. Atchison had led his army in through the Delaware Reserve, on the north side of the Kansas river; Buford had his camp at Franklin, and Titus was in the vicinity of Leecompton. On the morning of the 21st these forces, together with the troops from the United States army, gathered on the hill south of Lawrence. The people had desired to defend themselves, but had been prevented by their committee of safety; then this committee had been discharged and a new one appointed. But the new was no better than the old. Every Kansan should

read the letter sent to Donaldson by this craven committee; it may be seen in Phillips's "Conquest of Kansas," page 293. They offered to obey the Territorial laws passed by the bogus Legislature if the assembled forces would refrain from attacking the town. This act of the committee brought it into contempt with both the invaders and the citizens of Lawrence; it was designated the "Safety Valve," and was ever after the object of contempt and ridicule. The people did not generally wish a conflict with the United States troops, but some would have fought even them; almost all were in favor of resisting Jones and the "Territorial militia," as the Missourians and other invaders were called. Both the invaders and the troops were in close consultation with Governor Shannon, in whose office they met to discuss and arrange their plans of campaign. They had the approval of the Governor in all that was done. The forces of the United States pretended to be looking for persons upon whom to serve warrants; Jones and the invaders who were acting as his posse held orders from Chief Justice Leconte to destroy the two newspapers of the town and the Free-State hotel, as they had been indicted under his "constructive-treason" doctrine and theory.

The Deputy Marshal first entered the town and made a few arrests. That he needed no troops to effect this was shown on the previous night, when he had been in Lawrence and made some arrests without any assistance and without molestation. When he had enacted his farce he withdrew, and Sheriff Jones entered with his horde of cut-throats. These worthies ran up various flags, and then proceeded with the work for which some of them had

marched a thousand miles. The presses, type, paper-stock and fixtures of the printing-offices were destroyed. The Free-State hotel was first bombarded, and afterwards burned. Other buildings were burned, including the dwelling of Doctor Robinson, and the town was looted. As the shades of night fell the vandals departed by the red glare of the burning city, and weighted down with the booty obtained in its pillage. Some of the Missourians returned home, but by far the greater number remained to assist the men of Buford, Titus and Treadwell in harrying the Free-State settlers and following up the work of the campaign planned the preceding winter, and so auspiciously begun at Lawrence.

The border papers were filled with exultation, and the ruffians were urged to continue the work. One paper said that nothing more would be done to the settlers if the ruffians were not further molested; but this was for effect in the East, where their allies, Davis and other members of the Administration, might need something to quiet the apprehensions of those not fully informed as to the situation in Kansas, and the designs of the slavery propagandists.

Following the sacking of Lawrence all semblance of order disappeared from the camps of the invaders, except that maintained among thieves. No secret was made of the fact that the conquest of the Territory had been decided upon. They were fortified in authority by the proclamations of the President and Jefferson Davis; the Governor had received from the Administration orders to assist in the work, and seemed anxious to do the bidding not only of Davis, but of the bloodiest ruffian on the plains

of Kansas. For the Free-State settlers there was now no protection. Murder, anarchy, rapine—a reign of terror surged around them. It seemed that the boast of the chivalry of the South, that the opponents to slavery in Kansas should be exterminated, was on the point of fulfillment. But for the heroism and unconquerable will of one man, this object of the South might have come to a consummation.

CHAPTER V.

WAR ON THE POTTAWATOMIE—PRELIMINARY.

Then Slavery's champions these words
Proclaim: "Come, direful War, and whet
Thy sword; and let no freeman set
His foot on Kansas soil,—forget
That he is man, ye ruffian hordes!

"Let bogus votes and bogus laws
Stand as the will of God! Drive out
The villain cursed who talks about
The 'Higher Law!' Let him not spout
His treason here! The righteous cause

"Of slavery is recognized
By the first law of man and God;—
Kansas we own, and on her sod
Shall stand no man, unless he nod
To our great *Truth*, and be baptized

"And taken into fellowship
With all the dear, beloved ones
Who are not classed with Freedom's sons.
Give to Northern men solid tons
Of iron hail! and then let slip

"The dogs of War! Let no church ope
The door to him who cannot pray
For Slavery's cause! Let no man stay
On Kansas soil, who casts a ray
Of heavenly light on sinking hope."

Brave Kansas! Now thy bitter hour
Comes like a gale of piercing woe,—
And where fair Freedom stands, the foe
Unsheaths his sword. Her friends bend low
The neck beneath usurping power.
—Joel Moody's "*The Song of Kansas.*"

We come now to consider the most important work of John Brown in Kansas. It is the principal point of attack by those who seek to detract from the fame of the hero and martyr. It has been said by those more interested in exalting names of his contemporaries than in preserving the truth of history, that John Brown, without provocation, deliberately, and with malice aforethought, went to the peaceful vales of the Pottawatomie and there took five peaceable, harmless, Christian men from their peaceful homes and their families, and, carrying them away, hewed them to pieces with broad claymores and remorselessly and fiendishly mutilated their bodies after death. If this were true, it would indeed be a just cause for condemnation. There could be nothing offered in justification; and if I believed that history did in any manner substantiate this charge, I would drop my pen here, or continue its use to execrate the diabolical crime.

But justice demands that any historical character be judged by the times in which he lived. He cannot justly be tried by conditions existing in any other age, nor by those existing in any other part of the country in which he lived than the scene of his acts. A few men have done John Brown the injustice to try him by the conditions existing to-day. Others have tried him by the conditions existing in his own time in New England, where no danger

ever threatened anyone and where the sect of non-resistants has ever been of great influence. Various causes can be justly assigned for this injustice to John Brown's memory and his character. They lie deep in human nature, and are political jealousies and the desire of incompetent persons to exalt their own names at the expense of the fame of any and all persons engaged in the same cause.

In a former chapter we have set out some of the conditions found in Kansas in the year 1856, when the war on the Pottawatomie raged. It will be necessary to be more specific, that the reader may have a clear comprehension of *all* the conditions under which John Brown acted. We have seen Free-State men murdered for pastime and as the result of wagers. We have seen them hacked in the face with hatchets and flung dying into their cabins in a manner so inhuman that their wives were made maniacs. We have seen a town sacked because it would not sanction slavery. We have seen the ruffians of Kansas upheld and assisted by the President of the United States. We have seen the infamous doctrine of "constructive treason" originated for the purpose of forcing Free-State men to forswear themselves and subscribe to the most diabolical code ever devised by tyranny and oppression; and under this doctrine we have seen patriotic men indicted, torn from their families and immured in vermin-infested prisons to be tried for their lives. We have seen Free-State women and children harried and outraged by remorseless ruffians. We have seen all these things, but still the record is not complete. New England people can never comprehend the fact that such things were suffered here by the brave men and women who stood continuously in the presence

of death that liberty might survive. The patriot pioneers have always said to me: We could never make the people in the East comprehend our situation; they believed the most conservative accounts of the revelry in blood indulged by the ruffians overdrawn. Let us look a little deeper into the affairs of Kansas in the year of 1856.

Buford established one of his camps south of the Pottawatomic, and near the settlement in which John Brown and his sons lived. In this settlement there were many Free-State men, but not a majority of them. This settlement was in the western part of what is now Miami county and the eastern part of Franklin county. The streams are clear and deep, and timber along their courses was plentiful; and as claims were selected in the early settlement of the Territory for their timber, this part of Kansas was early seized by the Missourians. The present town of Paola was a stronghold of slavery. For virulence and intolerance the Pro-Slavery settlers of this region were the equals of those in any part of the Territory. Here were the Miami, Wea, Peoria and other fragmentary Indian tribes with just enough of civilization to make suitable allies for the cruel and ignorant ruffians who came to make a slave State of Kansas or assist Davis, Hunter and others to make it a part of the Southern Confederacy. If such a thing were possible, the Pro-Slavery settlers in this part of the Territory were more ignorant and sullen than in any other portion. The present counties of Linn, Bourbon, Anderson, Franklin and Miami were seized by a class of "poor whites" owning few slaves, but more fanatical and unreasonable in support of slavery than the slave-masters themselves. They brought their bloodhounds

with them from Tennessee and Mississippi, and came to do the bidding of the slave-owners as blindly and unquestioningly as they had in the country from whence they came, where they were regarded as so degraded that they were not subject to the laws. What a blessing to those fair counties that freedom prevailed and made it possible for patriotic and civilized people to build them into integral parts of a glorious free State! But it must be remembered that in 1856 these Pro-Slavery "poor whites" were largely in possession of them; and the Free-State settlers were yet weak in numbers.

On the 16th of April John Brown, John Brown, jr., O. V. Dayton, Richard Mendenhall, Charles A. Foster, David Baldwin, and others of the settlement, met and resolved to not pay the taxes levied under the authority of the bogus laws. For this act they were soon afterwards indicted by the United States courts as conspirators, under the constructive-treason theory of Judge Leconte, Chief Justice of the Territory. James F. Legate has preserved a picture of the Grand Jury of that court; he says: "What a sweet-scented jury it was! There were seventeen members, and at least fifteen bottles of whisky in the room all the time." These jurymen were of the class described as committing such acts as "the sacking of Free-State towns—the burning of Free-State houses—the *ravishing* and *branding* of Free-State women, and *turning them and their helpless children naked upon the prairies*—the murders of Free-State men and shocking mutilations of their dead bodies." These acts were common then in the Territory, and were some of those believed in New England as improbable and impossible of execution by

man; and they were impossible in New England—but not in Kansas. The mobbing, tarring and feathering of Rev. Pardee Butler at Atchison and the turning him adrift upon the Missouri river occurred on the 30th of April. Early in May some of Buford's men camped on Washington and Coal creeks, along the Santa Fé Trail, and "were not only committing depredations upon the property of the settlers, but were intercepting, robbing and imprisoning travelers on the public thoroughfares, and threatening to attack the towns." On the 19th of May they murdered a young Free-State man named Jones, at a store near Blanton's Bridge. On the following day another Free-State man, a young gentleman recently from New York, was shot in a cowardly and wanton manner in the public highway about one and one-half miles from Lawrence. The retreat from the sacking of Lawrence was marked by the pillaging of houses, "stealing horses, and violating the persons of defenseless women." "There are hundreds of well-authenticated accounts of the cruelties practiced by this horde of ruffians, some of them too shocking and disgusting to relate, or to be accredited, if told. The tears and shrieks of terrified women, folded in their foul embrace, failed to touch a chord of mercy in their brutal hearts, and the mutilated bodies of murdered men, hanging upon trees, or left to rot upon the prairies or in the deep ravines, or furnish food for vultures and wild beasts, told frightful stories of brutal ferocity from which the wildest savages might have shrunk with horror."

These ruffians were joined in their robberies and murders by the Pro-Slavery settlers, and even by the Territorial officials. Governor Geary describes them as "bands

of armed ruffians and brigands whose sole aim and end is assassination and robbery." "These men," he continues, "have robbed and driven from their homes unoffending citizens; have fired upon and killed others in their own dwellings; and stolen horses and property under the pretense of employing them in the public service. They have seized persons who had committed no offense, and after stripping them of all their valuables, placed them on steamers, and sent them out of the Territory. Some of these bands, who have thus violated their rights and privileges, and shamefully and shockingly misused and abused the oldest inhabitants of the Territory, who had settled here with their wives and children, are strangers from distant States, who have no interest in, nor care for the welfare of Kansas, and contemplate remaining here only so long as opportunities for mischief and plunder exist.

"In isolated or country places, no man's life is safe. The roads are filled with armed robbers, and murders for mere plunder are of daily occurrence. Almost every farmhouse is deserted, and no traveler has the temerity to venture upon the highway without an escort."

The chief centers of these ruffians were Leavenworth and Leecompton—towns sunk by them to the lowest degree of depravity. Dr. Gihon says: "Leecompton is situated on the south side of the Kansas river, about fifty miles from its junction with the Missouri, and forty miles in a southwesterly direction from Leavenworth City, upon as inconvenient and inappropriate a site for a town as any in the Territory; it being on a bend of the river, difficult of access, and several miles beyond any of the principal thoroughfares. It was chosen simply for speculative pur-

poses. 'An Indian 'floating claim' of a section of land was purchased by a company of prominent Pro-Slavery men, who found it easy to induce the Legislative Assembly to adopt it for the location of the capital, by distributing among the members, supreme judges, the governor, secretary of the Territory, and others in authority, a goodly number of town lots, upon the rapid sale of which each expected to realize a handsome income. It contained, at the time of Governor Geary's arrival, some twenty or more houses, the majority of which were employed as grogeries of the lowest description. In fact, its general moral condition was debased to a lamentable degree. It was the residence of the celebrated Sheriff Jones (who is one of the leading members of the town association), and the resort of horse-thieves and ruffians of the most desperate character. Its drinking saloons were infested by these characters, where drunkenness, gambling, fighting, and all sorts of crimes were indulged in with entire impunity. It was and is emphatically a border-ruffian town, in which no man could utter opinions adverse to negro slavery without placing his life in jeopardy."

These brigands and murderers can be well described by repeating the boast of one Robert S. Kelly, one of their leading men in the Territory, who declared that he could never die happy until he had killed an abolitionist. "If," said he, "I can't kill a man, I'll kill a woman; and if I can't kill a woman, I'll kill a child." On the 21st of June, an Indian agent, named Gay, was traveling in the vicinity of Westport, and was stopped by a party of Buford's men, who asked him if he was in favor of making Kansas a free State. He promptly answered in the affirm-

ative, and was instantly shot dead. Such was the only crime for which this soul was hurried into the eternal world."

The foregoing will serve to give some idea of the general condition of the Territory in the spring and early summer of 1856. This condition was the result of the campaign commenced immediately after the Wakarusa war; we have seen the preparations made for this campaign all over the South and in the cabinet of the President. The active operations against the Free-State men began with the arrival of the bands under Buford. We will now see what were the conditions existing on the Pottawatomie.

Henry Sherman had been in the Territory for some years. He was at first a laborer for John T. Jones, or "Ottawa" Jones, as he was called. Jones was an educated Ottawa Indian and a minister; he is universally spoken of as a good man. Sherman finally went into business for himself. He squatted on a claim where the military road crossed the Pottawatomie, and his place soon came to be known as Dutch Henry's Crossing. It was agreed by all that his character was bad; his principal occupation was getting his brand upon the cattle of Indians and others. He was a giant in stature, drunken and quarrelsome, and finally lost his life for the outrageous course he adopted towards the wife of a Free-State settler. He was in favor of slavery only because he saw in its adherents kindred spirits to his own, and the opportunity to carry on his questionable business if slavery should succeed. As a matter of principle he cared no more for slavery than any other institution; he supported it because it gave him the opportunity to gratify the basest of inclinations and pro-

pensities. His brother, William Sherman, was much such a man, but without the ability of Henry; he was younger, just as drunken, a little more reckless because of the confidence he had in the ability of his brother to defend and protect him and his known willingness to do so. Allen Wilkinson found a congenial companion in Henry Sherman, and in the first rush for claims he seized one adjoining that of "Dutch Henry," and a little below the Crossing. In the first election for members of the Legislature he was chosen to the bogus Legislature by fraudulent votes from Missouri and while yet a resident of that State. In this execrable body he was one of the most servile, obsequious, abject and sycophantic tools of the slave-power in the whole assembly. He was made a great *fanfaron*, boaster, and jack-pudding by the service he had rendered slavery there, and seeing that he who became the vilest was given political preferment he aspired to the leadership of his precious constituency. Such men are always the tools of others without knowing it; "Dutch Henry" was the man upon whom the slave leaders relied. Wilkinson supposed it was himself, and to retain the high position he supposed he had won he was ever foremost in the outrages perpetrated upon Free-State settlers. The Doyle family were from Tennessee; they were of that class considered too low in the social and moral scales to be amenable to law. Though detested and despised, and by slavery reduced to a level below the negro, they believed in the vile system and were ready to commit any outrage suggested by its advocates. They had lived in the South by patrolling plantations and spying on the actions of slaves; they brought their bloodhounds to Kansas with

them, and were located in this settlement to hunt down and turn back fugitive and runaway slaves. They were the abject tools of Henry Sherman, and had a miserable and squalid cabin on a branch of Mosquito creek, directly north of that of Wilkinson, and less than a mile away, although on the opposite side of the river. Here with their bloodhounds they spied on the actions of the Free-State settlers and reported to Wilkinson and Sherman, and after the arrival of Buford's men were in constant communication with them. They lost their bloodhounds in trying to capture a Free-State man who had been through their reports notified to leave the Territory. He fled before Buford's Georgians and the Doyles, and when the hounds came up with him he took refuge in the river; the dogs followed him there, but were not so dangerous in the water. He caught them one by one and stabbed and drowned them all, and escaped to Leavenworth, where he had friends who protected him; and he was there when he heard of the death of the Doyles. Man does not descend any lower in the scale of humanity than the point reached by the Doyle family. There are things told of them too vile to write, and long years of inquiry lead me to believe them true.

The nearest camp of Buford's men was that of a company of Georgians, about four miles away. "Dutch Henry" kept liquor, and his place was the congregating point for the Pro-Slavery men and the Georgians. It was the headquarters of this band, the center from which intelligence of the best localities for stealing cattle and horses and other supplies was supplied. The Shermans, Wilkinson and the Doyles spent much time in the camp

of their friends, and kept them informed of the arrival of Free-State families, who came in greater numbers in 1855 and the spring of 1856 than did those of the Pro-Slavery party. In the spring of 1855 Henry Sherman had warned two Germans that they might expect the fate of a Vermont man who had been hanged a short time before, but rescued before death.

The Browns, and the Shermans and their protégés soon came into conflict. Frederick Brown interfered in behalf of a woman against whom one of the Shermans had designs. The Browns did not drink whisky nor steal cattle—and this was enough to turn the ruffians against them. While there had been no public outbreak in the settlement against the Free-State men, the reinforcement of the Pro-Slavery men by the arrival of the Georgians was an event of a nature to create anxiety in the minds of the Browns. Wishing to ascertain what might come from this location of Buford's men in their midst, John Brown took his surveying instruments and ran a line through their camp; he knew that only Pro-Slavery surveyors were employed, and that the ignorant Georgians would believe him one of the Government surveyors without asking questions. He found that the death or expulsion of himself and sons and other Free-State people had been decided upon, and evidently through the information supplied by the Shermans, Wilkinson, and the Doyles. One of Brown's neighbors said in 1885: "The Browns were hunted as we hunt wolves to-day; and because they undertook to protect themselves they are called cold-blooded murderers,—merely because they 'had the dare,' and were contented to live and die as God intended them to. Brown

was a Bible-man,—he believed it all; and though I am not, I give him credit for being honest, and the most consistent so-called Christian I have ever met. Brown and his sons had claims, and worked them, as I did mine, when these devils were not prowling about, killing a man now and then, stealing our stock and running them off to Missouri.”

When Sheriff Jones stirred the caldron of border-ruffianism to find a pretext for the attack so elaborately prepared for by the South, the Free-State men of Kansas determined to again assist the people of Lawrence to beat back the invaders. John Brown, jr., was Captain of the “Pottawatomie Rifles,” and these were held in readiness to march on very short notice. The Browns were summoned to the defense of Lawrence on the 22d of May, “and every man (eight in all) except Orson, turned out; he staying with the women and children to take care of the cattle.” They went in two companies, John Brown, jr., going with his company, which was joined by two other companies on the road; he was elected to command the combined force, but probably this was a temporary consolidation, intended to remain effective during the campaign then being entered upon. In the second company of the Brown family were John Brown, his sons Owen, Frederick, Salmon, Oliver, and Henry Thompson, his son-in-law. He speaks of these as “the other six,” saying, “the other six were a little company by ourselves.” On the way to Lawrence they learned that it had been destroyed on the 21st, the day before they had received orders to march to its defense. The forces halted, and it was decided not to proceed to Lawrence, but to await

further orders before either advancing or returning home. The camp was pitched on Ottawa creek, on the claim of Captain Shore. John Brown favored continuing the march to Lawrence; this might have been done had not a courier arrived to say that the town was short of food, and that the people had submitted to the sacking of the town without any attempt at resistance. The halt was made on the evening of the day upon which the march began—May 22d.

On the following day, in the forenoon, a messenger arrived in the camp with intelligence which caused John Brown to return to the Pottawatomie with his company.

When the Free-State men on the Pottawatomie heard that Lawrence was threatened, and before they had received any formal notice that their services might be needed, they had made preparations to render what assistance they could to their neighbors and fellow-sufferers. All the lead that could be procured was cast into bullets, and the guns were put in as good condition as possible. The only store at which lead could be obtained in the settlement was at the little establishment near Dutch Henry's Crossing, kept by an old gentleman from Michigan, a Free-State man named Morse. He seems to have been a widower with a family of little children. He was a harmless and inoffensive old gentleman, very timid, and too old to take part in the protective arrangements made by the settlers. He had engaged in the vocation of tradesman for the purpose of procuring a living for his motherless children, the oldest of whom was about twelve. He supposed his age and his expressed intention to devote himself to his business exclusively would afford him pro-

tection. He dealt in such things as the condition of the settlers rendered most profitable—groceries, and lead and gunpowder. Frederick Brown had bought some thirty pounds of lead of him, and this had been used in getting ready to go to Lawrence, should it become necessary. He was questioned about the use to which the lead was to be put, as he carried it by the home of the Shermans, where the Doyles and others were congregated; he made no secret of the purpose of its purchase.

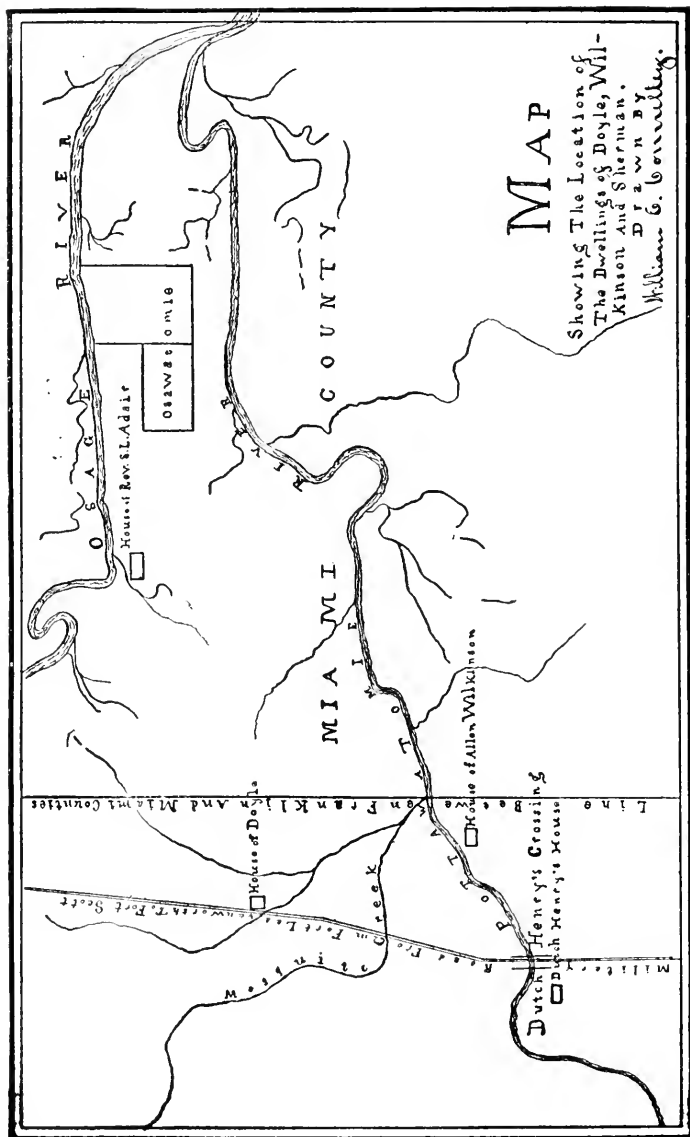
A company from Missouri was expected to come into the Free-State settlement on the Pottawatomie and attack the settlers there; this was a part of the general plan to move against the Free-State settlers and enforce obedience to the bogus laws and subdue the spirit of resistance manifest. When the Free-State companies went to the aid of Lawrence the Pottawatomie settlement was left without any means of self-protection. Such a time would naturally be seized upon in which to strike the contemplated blow, by the Missourians and their ruffian allies, the Shermans, Doyles, the Georgians and the other companies of Buford then in the doomed settlement or hanging on its outskirts. And the invaders were to do much more than make an attack upon the Pottawatomie; they were to do for this part of the Territory what Sheriff Jones and Donaldson were to accomplish at and about Lawrence. The blow was to be a little later, and to be coöperated in by the invaders from about Lawrence, if found necessary; many of these invading bands did march to the vicinity of the Pottawatomie settlements after Lawrence was sacked. The active work of the campaign was commenced as soon as the "Pottawatomie Rifles" marched out to aid Lawrence. The Pro-Slavery men, under the lead of William

Sherman,—Henry Sherman being in Missouri at the time, and probably to bring in invaders,—took a rope and repaired to the store of Mr. Morse to hang him. They told him to leave by eleven o'clock, after being persuaded to spare his life. At eleven o'clock they returned, much under the influence of whisky, and attempted to kill the old gentleman with an axe. He was saved by the pleadings and tears of his children, but was warned to be gone by sundown, and that there would be no further trifling with him; if found he would be killed at once. Notices were prepared and delivered to Free-State settlers warning them to leave in three days, and threatening them with death if found there after that time. These notices were written with red ink and had a skull-and-crossbones rudely drawn upon them. They went to the families of the Browns and threatened to burn their cabins over their heads, and when prevailed upon to spare their lives ordered them to leave, and after the women had found a yoke of cattle and hitched them to the cart, they were allowed to put into this rude conveyance their children and a few valuables and go to the home of the Rev. S. L. Adair. The ruffians went to the houses of two German settlers who favored the Free-State cause, warned them to leave, and burned their houses. One of these, that of Theodore Weiner, contained a considerable stock of goods. Weiner fled to the company of men who had gone to the assistance of Lawrence.

This is a brief statement of the actual conditions which confronted the Free-State settlers on the Pottawatomie immediately after the departure of the militia to fight for Lawrence. We have not enumerated all the outrages committed, as it is not necessary to go into greater detail. Other actions of the ruffians were as rabid and reprehensi-

ble as those set down here. Some wives fled to overtake their husbands in the companies marching to the relief of Lawrence. The country was terrorized by the Pro-Slavery men under orders from the Shermans. The notices given the Free-State families made it plain that they were to be murdered if they were found there on the night of the day mentioned in them. The ruffians were moving upon them from Missouri and from their camps in the vicinity; Cooke arrived from Bates county, Missouri, on Tuesday, the 27th, with a considerable force. Their defenders were away to battle for liberty in another part of the Territory. The only thing to be done was to send word for them to return. The settlers put a young man on a horse, and directed him to overtake the forces marching away and urge that some help be sent back to protect their own homes. All this is clear and undisputed.

This, then, was the condition on the Pottawatomie on the night of May 22d. Helpless women and children had been turned out of their own houses under threats of death, and their houses burned to ashes; they had sought what refuge they could find. They and those of whom they asked shelter and protection bore red notices that their lives were forfeited if they were found there three days later. The sacred calling of the ministry of the gospel afforded no protection. The people could almost see the camps of the ruffians by the light of their burning cabins. If help could not be had they must depart from their homes and carry with them what they could. But where could they go? Missouri was on the east and the desert of raw prairies on the west. To them it seemed that they were in the power of the ruffians, and that there was little hope of escape.



CHAPTER VI.

WAR ON THE POTTAWATOMIE—*COUP DE MAÎTRE.*

The raven croaks!

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams—he rides on its bosom.
Scream not, gray rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla,
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmèd head.
Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Governor Robinson thus defines Eli Thayer's theory of freedom in Kansas:

“Eli Thayer, as he has often said, looked upon the struggle in Kansas as the entering-wedge in the conflict for the overthrow of slavery in the nation. Freedom once planted in Kansas would spread east and south in accordance with the popular sovereignty of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, till not a slave should be found in any State. This

was the view of the agents of the Aid Company and many others who came to Kansas from the North and East."

This theory, as stated by Mr. Thayer's most devoted friend and closest confidant, was: Make Kansas a free State without any regard to the slave question as it affects the country at large,—without any regard to the *right* or *wrong* of slavery,—then the beauties of freedom and its advantages, as exemplified in Kansas under the squatter features of the Douglas bill, will so impress and appeal to the slave States that they will voluntarily abolish the slave system and give freedom to the slaves. As freedom was to "spread east and south," it is supposed that Missouri was counted upon as the first convert to this "epidemic" theory of freedom, and, no doubt, Arkansas was to become the second. This theory was to "spread" until not a slave was left in "any State."

It may be well affirmed that if a whimsical, impracticable, and foolish vagary was ever promulgated on earth it was this. This squatter feature had always remained to the Southern States. Mr. Thayer would have us believe that no State was empowered to free the slaves it contained until the Douglas bill became a law. But the truth is, any State could have liberated its slaves at any time, if it had desired to do so. Slavery rested upon the sentiment of the people of the South quite as much as it rested upon legal enactments; in fact, there could have been no enactments without the existence first of the sentiment. And the whole South had seen the rapid progress of the North under freedom, and the decadence of the South under slavery; but public sentiment there had increased for slavery until its aggressions had upset the solemn compact of the

nation and created the conditions existing at the very time of the promulgation of Thayer's ridiculous "epidemic" theory. He seemed to forget that Missouri, the first State into which his theory was to "spread," bordered on two free States, Illinois and Iowa: Illinois had been a free State and Missouri a slave State for more than thirty years. The Free-State men who encountered these same Missourians on the plains of Kansas could discover no sentiment in them in favor of Mr. Thayer's theory. Their favorite theory was the extermination of Free-State men!—the nationalization of slavery! But Governor Robinson very properly and correctly says that there existed an element in Kansas who held to this preposterous theory.

It was very fortunate for the settlers on the Pottawatomie, and in fact for all the Free-State men of Kansas, that there were no men in the camp on Middle Ottawa creek on the 23d of May who were believers in so transparent an absurdity. These men had guns in their hands. They were practical, common-sense men. They had not gotten beyond the impression that when their country was invaded by whisky-sodden ruffians, armed, loudly proclaiming their intention to exterminate Free-State people,—in this extremity these men had somehow gotten the idea that they were in duty bound to defend their families and homes as best they could. They may have been mistaken, and in fact we are often told by the non-resistants that they *were wrong*; but they had their wives and children on an exposed and dangerous frontier, and they were threatened with death by as relentless and brutal foes as ever carried desolation and rapine into a border-land. These Free-State men in camp on the Middle Ottawa creek were mistaken to

that degree that they imagined they were justified in trying to defend their homes and make some effort to turn back the hordes of invasion! Actual occurrences and experiences made impressions upon them, strange as it may seem! If a man burned a house, they were foolish enough to believe he meant mischief! If he came with a blood-red notice to warn a family to move away by a certain day on pain of death, they mistrusted that he might mean harm! And when he went to cabins where were wives and children of men on the road to defend Lawrence and threatened murder, driving mothers and children to seek safety in flight after terrorizing them with the avowed intention of burning the cabins over their heads, and even outrage, these men felt that there was danger which called upon them to take some steps to defend their families! But they were only plain men, intent upon having some share of their rights if they had to fight for them; and having, also, some idea, mistaken or otherwise, that duty demanded that they defend their families with their lives, and if in doing so they killed some ruffian they might be justified in the eyes of all right-thinking men!

The message carried by Mr. Williams to the camp on Middle Ottawa creek was not sent to any particular person or commander; it was a statement of conditions and an appeal for help. John Brown heard the message delivered. He immediately declared: "I will attend to those fellows." He called for volunteers to return with him to the Pottawatomie. His son, John Brown, jr., objected to the separation of the men at that time, but as many as were required to make an investigation were readily secured. It has often been asked why the whole company did not

return, if there was danger to the Pottawatomie settlements. There was but a portion of the company from that particular settlement. And Judge Hanway says that it had been determined to proceed, and rescue Doctor Robinson, as it was expected that he would be brought by a certain route to Leecompton. It was learned later that he was taken over a different road. Then, it was not known just what would be necessary in the settlement when John Brown left the camp. And the camp was but a few hours' ride from the Pottawatomie, and from it reinforcements could be speedily obtained. Again, as they were not to go on to Lawrence, they would perhaps all return to their homes in a day or two, and arrive in time to prevent the expulsion of the Free-State settlers on the following Wednesday. Whatever the reason, it is nowhere set down that they remained away because they supposed no danger threatened.

The party which left the camp on Middle Ottawa creek to return to the Pottawatomie consisted of John Brown and his sons Frederick, Owen, Watson and Oliver, and his son-in-law Henry Thompson, Theodore Weiner, and James Townsley,—eight. It was soon known in the camp that Brown had raised a company to return to the Pottawatomie in response to the appeal for protection, and to take such action as might be required by the conditions found existing there when the company arrived. Some were requested to go, and told what would be done should necessity require it, who declined to go. Indeed no secret was made of the intentions of the company, nor of the purpose for which it was to return in advance of the company of enlisted "Rifles." The men who remained in camp helped to grind

the swords of those who returned. When the little party moved out to go in the defense of home and family, three cheers were given by the men who remained, and the commander of the company says all knew that a blow of retaliation was to be struck. The departure was open, public, amid the cheers of companions in arms, in nowise secret, with no intention that it should be so. All the party except Theodore Weiner rode in the wagon of James Townsley. Weiner rode his own gray pony. It seems that he was not a member of the Pottawatomie Rifles, but that he had fled to the camp the previous day, after having received his notice to quit the Territory. It is claimed by some that his store had been burned by the Doyles and others, and that he had been obliged to fly for his life, but the preponderance of the evidence says that Captain Pate burned his store a few days later. The Doyles only delivered the notice, and accompanied it with dire threats of what would follow its disregard.

The only evidence we have of the party's having been seen on the road is contained in a letter written by Colonel James Blood, twenty-three years after the occurrence. He was a very timid man, and was slipping into Lawrence by a roundabout way to escape the ruffians. He says he met the party a few miles north of Dutch Henry's Crossing. The letter contains many curious and strange statements, contradictory of what is now known to be true, and insisting upon what is known to be false. A mile north of Dutch Henry's Crossing the party went into camp in the woods between deep ravines. What happened in this camp for the next twenty-four hours is set out in Townsley's statement. If he had not made several statements, no two

alike—all different—our knowledge of the actions of the party at this point might be easily gained, and be very satisfactory after we had obtained it. In his later statements Townsley maintains that the party remained inactive here all the night and following day, trying to induce him to point out *all* the Pro-Slavery men in the settlements on the Pottawatomie, so that they might “sweep the creek,” and destroy them indiscriminately. He remained obdurate, and the expedition could do nothing until the following night, when he agreed to point out only a stipulated number of the ruffians; and then the work was done,—the Pro-Slavery men killed. This is preposterous, when it is remembered that John Brown knew the location of the Pro-Slavery settlers quite as well as Townsley. And it is disproved by what actually occurred. Brown had no intention of “sweeping the creek.” He only sought the guilty; and two Pro-Slavery men who were captured were returned to their homes unharmed, because they satisfied Brown that they had no part in the outrages inflicted, and no intention to join in those contemplated. If Brown had desired or intended to kill indiscriminately, he would never have spared these men who were found so near the house of Henry Sherman and where he found William Sherman. In one of his statements Townsley says he did not point out other persons to be killed, because it was too near daylight when those who were killed had been disposed of. Other men of the party have left statements of what occurred in the camp and in the settlement on the 24th of May. They are entitled to as much credit as Townsley, especially since his stories do not always agree. The many contradictory statements make it difficult to

reach a satisfactory determination. The most that can be said is, that what did actually take place in the camp of Brown and his party on the night of the 23d and the following day must for the present remain a matter of conjecture, with the absolute certainty that it was not spent as Townsley says in his last statements that it was occupied. All that Townsley was invited to join the party for was to carry them in his wagon—nothing else. Every member of the party knew the settlement as well as Townsley knew it. Let us endeavor to account for the day—May 24th—from what reliable evidence we have.

It is maintained by almost all the early writers on Kansas history—those who were here at the time and should have known—that these men had a trial. The known circumstances tend to confirm their statements. That some inquiry or investigation was conducted by Brown during the day of the 24th of May, is quite possible, even probable. Brown told Governor George A. Crawford, “that the death of those Pro-Slavery men had been determined upon at a meeting of the Free-State settlers the day before; that he was present at the meeting, and, I think, presided, and that the executioners were then and there appointed.” Governor Crawford was a man of remarkably clear comprehension and vivid recollection, and there is no doubt that John Brown told him precisely what he has recorded. Gihon, the private secretary of Governor Geary, says: “These five men were seized and disarmed, a sort of trial was had, and in conformity with the sentence passed, were shot in cold blood. This was doubtless an act of retaliation for the work done but a few days before at Lawrence.” Holloway, in his history, says:

“Pro-Slavery men in the region of Osawatomie had for some time been very impudent, bold and threatening. The spirit of extermination which incited the destroyers of Lawrence and which had been breathing its threats along the border all spring, at once seized the Pro-Slavery men of that section. . . . When the men about Osawatomie were absent at Lawrence, their Pro-Slavery neighbors visited their defenseless families, insulted and notified them to leave the country, and threatened, in case they did not observe this order, to kill them all. . . . On the return of Captain John Brown, junior, and his company, and learning of the deep-laid plots of assassination, a council was held near Osawatomie, at which the question of taking the field and engaging in actual hostilities was discussed, of which Captain John Brown, senior, warmly advocated the affirmative. The majority of the company, on its being put to a vote, deciding against him, he stepped out from the ranks, and with sword upraised, called upon all who were willing to begin the ‘war in earnest’ to follow him. About eight responded, and with them he left the camp of his son, to begin his memorable career. Proceeding up the Marais des Cygnes a short distance, he halted his men, and there, in the still and deep-tangled woods, held a council. Exactly what was said is not known. But Brown soon infused in his followers his own spirit of determination and hostility to slavery. At this council it was determined whenever any demonstration towards executing the plot to massacre Free-State men should be made, that certain parties should be killed on the spot.”

Redpath says:

“A meeting of the intended victims was held; and it was determined that on the first indication of the massacre, the Doyles,—a father and two sons,—Wilkinson, and Sherman should be seized, tried by lynch law, and

summarily killed. . . . On the night of the 24th of May, the Doyles, Wilkinson, and Sherman were seized, tried, and slain. This act was precipitated by a brutal assault committed during the forenoon on a Free-State man at the store of Sherman, in which the Doyles were the principal and most ruffianly participators. These wretches, on the same day, called at the house of the Browns; and, both in words and by acts, offered the grossest indignities to a daughter and daughter-in-law of the old man. As they went away, they said, 'Tell your men that if they don't leave right off, we'll come back to-morrow and kill them.' They added, in language too vile for publication, that the women would then suffer the worst brutalities."

Tuttle's History of Kansas thus portrays this feature of the event:

"In addition to this instance of wanton cruelty, the Missouri settlers about Osawatimie availed themselves of the absence of the free-soil fighting men, to visit and insult their wives and families, giving them orders to quit the Territory on pain of death. There may have been no deliberate intention back of all these threats, but there is abundant reason to be found in the tactics of the party elsewhere for the assumption that every Free-State settler would have been compelled to vacate his lot, if he could not defend it with his own right arm. . . . The belief was common that the whole settlement, and the Browns more particularly, would be destroyed by an act of simultaneous assassination, and there were very few that wished to sit calmly down and wait for the consummation. A council of war was held, and 'Old John' advocated war on the instant. The majority inclined to bide the course of events, waiting for reinforcements and watching the enemy closely, but a small minority of nine, including the leader, declared for the arbitrament of the sword. It is not easy for us to determine which policy was the best.

The younger Browns were not among those who followed the more impetuous leader, but the men who had chosen the more eventful career were soon heard from. The little army of observation determined, upon mature consultation, that certain men who were the leading spirits of the Pro-Slavery section, and had made themselves peculiarly conspicuous by their evil deeds during the Lawrence invasion, should be held responsible for the actions of their party, and if any indication appeared that the scheme of murder was to be prosecuted, they should be destroyed *instantly*, as a precautionary measure."

The other early writers almost all declare that the men had a trial. There are mistakes in the works of the writers, and some of their errors are contained in the quotations given; they appear when the statements are compared with what we now know to be the truth. The writers were not in possession of all the facts. But there is unanimity on the point that the men had a sort of trial. All the circumstances that have come to light in later years confirm this view. It is not contended that this was any regular trial by a competent legal tribunal. It was only a sort of inquiry into the danger the families were in; the evidence was believed to be sufficient to warrant the killing of those afterward slain, and they were killed accordingly.

Brown told Mr. E. A. Coleman: "I had heard these men were coming to the cabin that my son and I were staying in" (I think he said the next Wednesday night) "to set fire to it and shoot us as we ran out. Now that was not proof enough for me." He then described to Coleman and his wife how he disguised himself, took his surveying implements and ran lines by the houses of each of these men, recording in a book what each man said of the con-

templated course towards the Free-State settlers. He found that the death of the Browns "next Wednesday night" had been fully determined upon. And no doubt he found true all that he had heard at the camp on Middle Ottawa creek. Anyone reading Mr. Coleman's statement of the surveying expedition and the statements of others concerning the running of the lines through the camp of Buford's men, must conclude that there were two surveying parties engaged in by John Brown. In that to the camp he depended for his safety upon the fact that he was a surveyor. In the one Mr. Coleman describes he *disguised himself*, probably because he was to meet and talk to men who knew him well. That John Brown, and perhaps the others of his party, were engaged upon that day in finding out for themselves the exact conditions then and there existing, it is most reasonable to believe. The mere message to the camp by the settlers was not "proof enough" for him; he must be convinced by his own investigations that they "had committed murder in their hearts." Having informed himself thoroughly of the intention of the Shermans and their tools, he reported to a meeting of the settlers assembled for the purpose of determining what should be done. At this meeting the situation was reviewed, the execution of the guilty parties determined upon, and the executioners appointed. This is what the statements of Governor Crawford and Mr. Coleman establish. These statements are founded upon what Brown himself said, and in each instance he avowed the killing and his own participation in it, and assumed his full share of the guilt, if guilt there was; and as Governor Robinson says he did not base his reasons for this act on

self-defense, he could have no object in making any misstatement of these preliminary and minor affairs. All the circumstances point to a day spent in investigation into affairs; John Brown said it was; he said the sentence of death was passed in the meeting of settlers. It is true that he was an interested party, testifying in his own behalf. But his testimony should be as good as that of Townsley, who told at least three different stories of the expedition, and was also an interested party, speaking in his own interest. And this view is still further confirmed by what Brown told Colonel Samuel Walker, of Lawrence. They went to the Nebraska line to escort into Kansas Lane's Army of the North. We give Mr. Walker's statement at length as recorded in Sanborn's *Life of Brown*:

"Then Walker said he would take him back under escort, with Brown's help; and they started so, with twenty or thirty men, and Brown among them. When they camped for the night, Brown, according to his custom, went away to sleep by himself; and Walker describes him as sitting bolt upright on his saddle, with his back against a tree, his horse 'lariated' to the saddle-peak, and Brown asleep with his rifle across his knees. At early dawn Walker went up to waken Brown, and as he touched him on the shoulder Brown sprang up 'quick as a cat,' leveled, cocked, and discharged his piece, which Walker threw up with his hand in time to escape death; but the bullet grazed his shoulder. 'That shows how quick he was; but he was frightened afterward, when he saw it was I he had fired at. Then,' said Walker, 'as we rode along together, Brown was in a sort of study; and I said to him, "Captain Brown, I would n't have your thoughts for anything in the world." Brown said, "I suppose you are thinking about the Pottawatomie affair." Said I, "Yes." Then he stopped and looked at me and said, "Captain Walker, I saw that whole

thing, but I did not strike a blow. *I take the responsibility of it; but there were men who advised doing it, and afterwards failed to justify it.*” meaning, as Walker supposed, Lane and Robinson. Walker now believes Brown, and cannot think that Townsley’s statement about Brown’s shooting Doyle through the head is correct; ‘for Brown would never tell me what was not true, and would not deny to me anything he had really done.’ ”

Brown may have meant that Lane and Robinson advised and failed to justify the Pottawatomie killings, but we believe he meant to say here that some of the settlers in the vicinity advised the action and afterwards failed to justify it. But we recur to our former conclusion, that what did actually take place in the Pottawatomie settlement on the 24th day of May is not clear—is not established beyond doubt, and is a matter of conjecture. That the day was not spent in idle and fruitless argument with Townsley to overcome his scruples as to the *number* of men to be killed, we may well believe. John Brown, as Governor Robinson has well said, did not rely entirely upon self-defense for his justification. But that he might well have rested his cause upon this ground, we now know. He also knew it. But in meting out justice to these guilty parties he looked beyond the matter of self-defense. It was a blow for Kansas, then prostrate and bleeding. And above all, it was a thrust at slavery, and time proved that it was one of a very serious nature to that institution.

As to the number slain and the manner in which the men were killed, we are not left in doubt. Those who were released by the party, as well as the widows of Doyle and Wilkinson, made affidavits in which their recollections are preserved; and the statements of Townsley confirm

much they said, and they are evidently in the main true. The Doyles were the first to meet death. Mrs. Doyle testified that Brown's party arrived at her house about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, the 24th day of May. The name of her husband was James P. Doyle; those of her slain sons were William and Drury. William was "about" twenty-two years of age, and Drury was "about" twenty, she said. The Doyles were of that class of poor whites that never know the precise and exact ages of their children. They determine the dates by some event that occurred about the time of their births, such as being more brutally intoxicated than usual, or shooting a neighbor or his ox or his dog, or the "high water," or "the overflow," or being chased from a community for petty thieving. So, the sons were "about" twenty-two and twenty respectively, as Mrs. Doyle said.

John Brown and his sons Owen, Watson and Oliver, and his son-in-law, went to the house and brought out Doyle and his two sons. They were taken a short distance down the road towards the Crossing and there killed with swords. The son, William, attempted to escape by running away, but was soon overtaken and cut down. Townsley says that John Brown shot "the old man" Doyle in the forehead with his pistol; this has always been denied by the other members of the company. John Brown said to Captain Walker, "I saw the whole thing, but I did not strike a blow." He commanded the company, and the ruffians were all executed by his direction; there was absolutely no reason why he should deny killing anyone if he had "struck a blow." Mrs. Doyle says she heard two shots here, and also a "wild whoop." There is much contradiction in the

evidence concerning the number of shots fired by the party during the killing. Townsley says one was fired here by Brown. This does not agree with what Mrs. Doyle said. Townsley keeps in the background any work he may have done, and says he was always one of those left on guard. By his own statement, he was not where he could see who did the killing. Others of the party say they heard a shot below them while they were at Harris's house, and that they did not know what the shot meant. Those in the house say they heard a cap burst; they evidently heard no shot, and believe that the cap was exploded as a signal for the others to leave the house where they had been left as guards and return to their leader.

It was past midnight when the party arrived at the house of Allen Wilkinson. His wife was sick with measles. He seems to have been suspicious, and to have manifested a strong disposition to not come out when summoned. The party forced him to open the door. His wife entreated for him, but he was marched away and swiftly and silently slain with swords. His body was dragged from the road and left. Brown and his party of swift and terrible vengeance went noiselessly in search of the Shermans.

In his statement Townsley says that the party went from the house of Wilkinson to that of the Shermans. Here, according to him, two persons were brought out and questioned; afterwards they were taken back to the house and not molested further. He says that when they were returned, William Sherman ("Dutch Bill") was brought out, taken to the river, and slain with swords. A Mr. James Harris made an affidavit for Mr. Oliver, of the Congres-

sional Committee of Investigation, in which he says that William Sherman was taken from his house. He was living near the house of "Dutch Henry." William Sherman and two others were staying overnight with him. He says William Sherman was taken out, after the others had been taken out and brought back by Brown and his men, and did not return; and that at about ten o'clock the following morning he found Sherman lying in the creek, dead, his skull having been split with some weapon. There are many other discrepancies in the statement of Townsley, and they become apparent when it is examined with the affidavits of the Doyles, Mrs. Wilkinson and Mr. Harris. There are still more to be found, and many of them irreconcilable, when examined with the statements of the other members of the body of men who did the killing on the Pottawatomic. The Pro-Slavery affidavits agree in saying that the party represented themselves as a portion of the "Northern Army," and searched for and carried away arms and ammunition, as well as saddles. One of the party took a pony and other horses belonging to Henry Sherman.

The fact that Townsley believed William Sherman was taken from the house of "Dutch Henry," when in fact he was not, goes far to disprove his statement that he was to "point out the Pro-Slavery settlers" so that the creek might be "swept." It might be said that he was to do this "pointing out" in the vicinity of his own home, but he gives us the impression that John Brown originally depended upon him to do the guiding that was to "sweep the creek." Townsley doubtless tells much truth, but it is plain, that from some motive, he did not tell all the truth.

In his first statement, or one of the first, he says the party were going from house to house in his wagon when the killing was done, or at least leaves us to infer that. "They then wanted Mr. T. to drive them to another place, but it was now late at night, and he declined to take them any farther." This is the only statement in the first of Townsley's "confessions" about any refusal to obey orders, and completely disposes of the statement in his last "confession" that this refusal was made on the first night when he would not consent to kill *all* the Pro-Slavery settlers, but did afterwards consent to kill *some* of them. The facetious Mr. Spring remarks that "his theological education had evidently been neglected."

In one of his statements, the one upon which most reliance is placed, Townsley says that from the house of Henry Sherman the party returned to the camp, where he had left his team. They remained here in camp until the afternoon of the following day, when they set out to return to the camp of the military company on Middle Ottawa creek, arriving there about midnight. All the evidence is agreed that no prisoner was carried to their camp by the party who did the killing. Harris says that the two men taken first from his house were brought back and remained with him, leaving the next morning. In 1880 one James Christian wrote a sensational letter in which he made a bid for notoriety. It will perhaps result in all the distinction he hoped to gain, but of a dishonorable, disreputable, and infamous variety. He says one of these young men was taken from the house of Mr. Harris; that he was detained until the next morning in the camp of Brown, and that when John Brown raised his hands to

ask a blessing upon their breakfast they were stained with the dried blood of his victims. This statement is improbable in itself. It is disproved by all the evidence on both sides. It bears all the marks of being manufactured out of whole cloth. It is made by a man who says another man gave him the information from which he writes, a short time before he was killed by the Browns, twenty-four years before the letter was written. The statement made in this letter is wholly disproved by the affidavit of Harris and by all of Townsley's statements.

There has been much controversy as to whether John Brown himself killed any one of these men on the Pottawatomie or not. Townsley says he shot the "old man" Doyle with his pistol. The affidavits of the Doyles say that the elder Doyle had the mark of a pistol-ball on his forehead. John Brown told many persons that he killed no man at Pottawatomie, but never denied his full measure of responsibility for the killing of them all. It is a matter of little importance, for he commanded the party which did the killing, and if the killing was a crime he was guilty of the blood of each and every one of the slain.

The charge has been persistently made that John Brown and his men wantonly and fiendishly mutilated the dead bodies of the persons killed. This charge has been made by the bitter personal enemies of Brown. It will be remembered that the men were killed with short heavy swords at night. The victims evidently tried to ward off the blows with their hands and arms, and as they were wholly unprotected the swords severed fingers, hands, and possibly arms. No blow was struck after death came to the misguided men. This is expressly stated by Towns-

ley. In some of the works prepared for the purpose of defaming the memory of John Brown the last statement of Townsley is published at length, but that portion of it which says the bodies were not intentionally mutilated and were not struck after death, is omitted, as is also that portion saying that the killing was a benefit to the Free-State cause. After this omission is made concerning the mutilation, the works in question go on and insist that the bodies were mutilated after death.

When John Brown turned from the settlement toward his camp on Sunday morning, five men lay prone and stark on the Pottawatomie. They had whetted a sword for the Free-State settlers. John Brown turned this red blade against those who had taken it in hand. It was a new departure in the warfare in Kansas—a startling revelation at which the Pro-Slavery forces stood aghast. Champions of freedom could no longer be murdered with impunity by ruffian hordes. Henceforth men were to defend their families and their homes; here was notice of it; let him who dared to do so violate or disregard it,—he did it at his peril. It was notice to the Pro-Slavery men who had roamed bloody-handed through the Free-State settlements that “he who takes up the sword must die by the sword.” These five dead men lay there, a warning to the advocates of the issue made in the bogus Legislature, that a new factor had entered the contest in opposition to their barbarous dogma. This new factor was on the side of those who stood for the other issue in Kansas Territory. It was an assertion that the Free-State men were entitled to life, liberty, freedom of conscience, the protection of the Constitution, and equality before the law—FREEDOM.

Could these dead men have spoken on that Sunday morning in May on the Pottawatomie, they would have plainly said to their misguided brethren and fellow-ruffians: "You invoked the sword; the people of Kansas submitted long and patiently while we mercilessly wielded it. The bones of her people whiten on the prairies; we have given their flesh as a prey to the fowls of the air, to the wolf and her whelps. The wild winds chant their requiem. Widows and orphans wail in cabin homes. Outraged maidens implore death and entreat the grave to hide their shame. Their Christian forbearance and their fortitude have been our marvel; we believed them weak and courageless. In the dawn of this Sabbath, with fixed and glassy eyes that see not we look up to the pure stars, and with tongues that are forever stilled and speak not we proclaim to you that we have stood for a lie. We have devoted our energies to the establishment of a crime against humanity. We forfeited our lives in the interest of a barbarous cause—one that is reactionary and against all law, human and divine, and opposed to human nature itself. The winter storm, the gentle rain of spring, the summer sunshine, and the glorious colorings of autumn will pass over us, and battles rage around us, but we shall heed them not. But to us it is now given to say to you that liberty and freedom must reign in all this land, after having been baptized in blood and consecrated anew on the plains of Kansas."

CHAPTER VII.

WAR ON THE POTTAWATOMIE—DETERMINATION.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well."*

From the very day after the men were killed on the Pottawatomie there was never any doubt in the vicinity as to who had killed them. The members of the party never made a secret of the matter, nor of their participation in the killing. John Brown always declared that they were killed by his order, but said he had not killed any of them himself. It remains for us to inquire into the effects of this act upon—(1) the settlers of the Pottawatomie; (2) upon the Free-State cause in Kansas; (3) upon the cause of general abolition.

The party left the vicinity of Dutch Henry's Crossing on the afternoon of Sunday, and arrived at the camp of the company under the command of John Brown, jr., near the house of Ottawa Jones, about midnight. The company had come to this point on the return to their homes. John Brown, jr., had been to Lawrence in the meantime, taking with him a number of his company. Upon his return he had seized two slaves belonging to a Missourian living near Palmyra. These slaves he carried to the camp of his men, to be disposed of as they might decide. The

company were in favor of returning them to their master, who had fled to Missouri. The slaves were given to a courier, who was ordered to overtake the master and deliver them to him; this he did, and was rewarded for so doing, the master giving him a sidesaddle. This incident caused some opposition to John Brown, jr., and the opposition increasing, he resigned his command on Monday morning, May 26th. The company voted for a new commander; the candidates were H. H. Williams and James Townsley, Williams being elected. The company then broke camp and returned to their homes.

G. W. Brown says that John Brown, jr., remained insane much of the following summer on account of the action of his father on the Pottawatomie. There are many of his letters in existence, some of them written at that time, and they do not reveal insanity. He was, soon after his return home, arrested upon an indictment charging conspiracy to resist the bogus laws, and upon this charge was imprisoned at Leecompton. He was made insane by being driven before a body of armed Pro-Slavery men a whole day in June while bound with chains.

On the 27th of May, Tuesday following the Saturday upon which the men were killed, a meeting of the settlers on the Pottawatomie condemned the killing. Their first resolution declared, "That we will from this time lay aside all sectional and political feelings and act together as men of reason and common-sense, determined to oppose all men who are so ultra in their views as to denounce men of opposite opinions." In their second resolution they expressed their intention "to stay at home during these exciting times and protect, and, if possible, restore the peace

and harmony of the neighborhood." The last resolution said, "That we pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to prevent a recurrence of a similar tragedy, and to ferret out and hand over to the criminal authorities the perpetrators for punishment."

This meeting seems to have been more in the nature of a precautionary measure than of a determined effort to apprehend John Brown and his men. In fact, neither party regarded it as affording any guaranty of protection. For a short time there were armed incursions into the neighborhood from Missouri and other parts of the Territory. The headquarters of these were at Paola, and they ranged the country in search of those against whom the courts had found indictments for resistance to the bogus laws—a continuation of the campaign so recently concluded against Lawrence. There is little doubt that the killing of Wilkinson and others directed the attention of the Pro-Slavery men to the Pottawatomie settlements, and that they overran them for a short time. But this did not continue long; the "law and order" settlers left in great numbers, and returned to Missouri and other slave States. In order to make the Pottawatomie killings the cause for all the woes which afterwards fell upon Kansas, some writers of Kansas Territorial history assert that the sacking of Lawrence was a great victory for the Free-State party, and the end of the Territorial troubles; and that these troubles would not have again revived if the Pottawatomie affair had not occurred. I have searched diligently for some confirmation of this strange conclusion, but can find none. I find no evidence that Buford was withdrawn from the Territory, and none that it was con-

templated that he should withdraw. None of his camps were abandoned, but all of them were strengthened. Some of the Missourians returned home, but remained only long enough to replenish their supply of whisky and dispose of the plunder carried from their defeat (?) at Lawrence! I have failed to find any order for the release of Governor Robinson and other Free-State treason prisoners! On the contrary, I find that the work of increasing their number went persistently on. Officers scoured the Territory, not to apprehend the men who had killed the ruffians on the Pottawatomie, but to capture men for whom they had warrants for resistance to the bogus laws. The campaign for which such elaborate preparations had been made in the previous winter, and which had threatened to break over the border since March, continued, and continued all summer, and would have continued all summer if the men on the Pottawatomie had never been killed. There is some evidence that the Pro-Slavery forces used the incident in Missouri to inflame the people and get them to rally to the work determined upon, but this seems not to have been very successful. War extras of newspapers were thrown into steamboats, but the people of Missouri needed nothing of this kind to whet them for the campaign; they had made preparation for it for months, and they intended to prosecute it until the bogus laws were triumphant or the last Free-State man was driven from the Territory or exterminated. And they were too well acquainted with the characters killed to shed any false and sentimental tears over their fate. They regarded the matter in its true light, and as an incident of the war, and would have respected the Free-State men more and have departed to

their homes much sooner if this resistance had manifested itself earlier and over larger areas. They were waging war, and expected that others would wage war against them.

Let us examine the record to some extent for the results of the Pottawatomie killings. We will first introduce Mr. Townsley, who continued to live in that locality for more than thirty years. Mr. Clark, in writing down Townsley's first statement or "confession," says: "On May 24, 1855, William Sherman called at the house of John T. Grant, a Free-State man from New York, and there, in anger and in liquor, told the Grant family that they (the Pro-Slavery men) intended to drive out the Free-State men from Pottawatomie creek and other parts of Kansas. This alarmed Grant, and he sent his son George to the camp of John Brown, who was at that time on Ottawa creek, some twenty-five miles northwest. Upon arriving in camp, young Grant told John Brown the condition of things in his neighborhood, and the trouble anticipated if help was not had immediately. And here it is proper to state that news had come from Kansas City that Buford had organized and armed a large force of Georgia immigrants, and was about to march upon Kansas. The news had also arrived that Lawrence was in ashes, and that our Free-State Governor, Robinson, was a prisoner in the hands of Pro-Slavery 'border ruffians,' at Leavenworth. *In brief, it was a time of terror so appalling that it was felt that the destiny of Kansas was trembling in the balance, and its fate about to be decided.*" This is the testimony of Mr. Clark, put as a preface to the statement of Townsley.

In Townsley's second extensive statement he says: "I

did not then approve of the killing of those men. . . . In after-years my opinion changed as to the wisdom of the massacre. *I became, and am, satisfied that it resulted in good to the Free-State cause, and was especially beneficial to the Free-State settlers on Pottawatomie creek. The Pro-Slavery men were dreadfully terrified, and large numbers of them soon left the Territory.* It was afterwards said that one Free-State man could scare a company of them." In his last statement he uses exactly the same language.

Colonel Samuel F. Tappan says:

"In the summer of 1856 I was at Leavenworth as clerk of the Congressional Committee investigating Free-State affairs. A reign of terror prevailed. Free-State men, women and children were forcibly driven from their homes, put upon steamers, and sent down the river. Free-State men were arrested by a mob of Buford men, and imprisoned in the basement of a warehouse. Miles Moore, M. J. Parrott, Charles Robinson, Judge Wakefield, and others, were also held as prisoners in the city. This continued until one afternoon the *Herald* (General Eastin, editor) published an extra about six inches long—giving an account of the horrible murder by John Brown, of Wilkinson and six [four] others, on Pottawatomie creek, southeastern Kansas. This put a stop to further demands upon Free-State men, and they were all soon after released. The Buford men remained quiet, no longer appearing in the street under arms. In a few days I took passage in [a] mail-coach for Lawrence, with S. C. Smith. Mr. Weibling, who had been a prisoner, drove the team. Judge Wakefield, having been released, was also on the coach, and we drove to Lawrence without further trouble."

We give the statement of John B. Manes: "I came to Kansas in 1854. I worked for the Shermans in the sum-

mer of 1855. Have often heard them say that the d—d Yankees on the Pottawatomie ought to have and would have their d—d throats cut.

“While Weiner was absent at the defense of Lawrence, Mr. Benjamin, who was Weiner’s partner in a store on Mosquito Branch, was warned to leave in five days, or have his store, himself and his family burned. The old man Doyle and William Sherman were the men who warned him to leave. The Grant family was warned to leave in the same limit of time, and on pain of murder and destruction of property if they refused to heed the warning. At the time of the warning William Sherman flourished a bowie-knife, and threatened to cut the d—d Yankee heart out of Mary Grant, the daughter of the Grant referred to in Townsley’s testimony. Other Free-State people were warned to leave on penalty of death if they remained, and the time was about up, these men being killed before the expiration of the ‘five days.’

“I was but a boy of 13 or 14 at this time, but know what there occurred as well as anyone could know who didn’t see all that was done and hear all that was said, as indeed no one person could. Being a boy, I was often sent on errands when it was thought older people could not go without being murdered by ‘border ruffians’; and at this time of dread, when even my nearest kindred dared not move abroad without danger of being assaulted or killed, I would not be likely to forget what was generally believed to be the danger surrounding those who were in favor of a free State.

“I know that my father was knocked down for having a *New York Tribune* in his pocket. I know that my father’s house and brother-in-law’s store were burned to ashes. I know there was a reign of terror, of which those men who were killed were the authors; and I am surprised that anyone should believe that the killing of those men was without excuse. Were the Free-State men to abandon Kansas? Were they to fold their arms in mar-

tyrdom at the end of five days? Or were they to slay their would-be murderers before the fifth day arrived? Which of these?"

It has often been said that these settlers who stood in the shadow of death on the Pottawatomie should have appealed to courts. This was the cry of the impracticables and non-resistants in John Brown's day, and was later heard in New England, chiefly through the efforts of Eli Thayer, and in the Administrative circles of the Government, and wherever the enemies of Kansas as a free State did then congregate. This was so manifestly absurd and ridiculous that Emerson gave it his attention: "In this country for the last few years the Government has been the chief obstruction to the common weal. Who doubts that Kansas would have been very well settled if the United States had let it alone? The Government armed and led the ruffians against the poor farmers. . . . In the free States we give a sniveling support to slavery. The judges give cowardly interpretations to the law, in direct opposition to the known foundation of all law,—that every immoral statute is void. And here, of Kansas, the President says, 'Let the complainants go to the courts'; though he knows that when the poor plundered farmer comes to the court, *he finds the ringleader who has robbed him dismounting from his own horse, and unbuckling his knife to sit as his judge.*"

Charles Robinson was the Free-State Governor of Kansas at the time these men were killed by John Brown on the Pottawatomie. Having the interests of the Free-State men of Kansas in his charge, and it being his business to know the conditions everywhere prevailing, he bestowed

upon John Brown the highest praise and most flattering panegyrics. In 1878 he said: "I never had much doubt that Captain Brown was the author of the blow at Pottawatomie, *for the reason that he was the only man who comprehended the situation and saw the absolute necessity of some such blow, and had the nerve to strike it.*"

Sanborn quotes Colonel Samuel Walker:

"Colonel Walker, of Lawrence, in quoting to me Brown's saying in August, 1882,—'the Pottawatomie execution was a just act, and did good,'—added: 'I must say he told the truth. It did a great deal of good by terrifying the Missourians. I heard Governor Robinson say this himself in his speech at Osawatomie in 1877; he said he rejoiced in it then, though it put his own life in danger,—for he [Robinson] was a prisoner at Lecompton [Leavenworth] when Brown killed the men at Pottawatomie."

We again quote from Sanborn:

"At a public meeting held in Lawrence, Dec. 19, 1859, (according to the newspaper reports at the time,) the citizens passed resolutions concerning the Pottawatomie executions, declaring 'that according to the ordinary rules of war said transaction was not unjustifiable, but that it was performed from the sad necessity which existed at that time to defend the lives and liberties of the settlers in that region.' This resolution was supported by Charles Robinson, who said that he had always believed that John Brown was connected with that movement. Indeed, he believed Brown had told him so, or to that effect; and when he first heard of the massacre, he thought it was about right. A war of extermination was in prospect, and it was as well for Free-State men to kill Pro-Slavery men, as for Pro-Slavery men to kill Free-State men."

In 1877 the people of the Pottawatomie settlements, being proud of the part their ancestors took in the battle which made Kansas free, and desiring to commemorate their heroic deeds, joined with the survivors of those battles in the erection of a monument to those who fell in the great cause. This monument was built at Osawatomie, where it now stands, and was dedicated August 30, 1877. It was fitting that the old Free-State Governor, the Hon. Charles Robinson, under whose direction the struggle was carried on, should preside over the ceremonies of dedication, and he did. He delivered two addresses upon the occasion, one at the monument and one to an audience of citizens who came to pay him honor at the residence where he was a guest, in Paola, the county seat of the county in which the monument was erected. He said:

“This is an occasion of no ordinary merit, being for no less an object than to honor and keep fresh the memory of those who freely offered their lives for their fellow-men. We are told that ‘scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would dare to die’; but the men whose death we commemorate this day, cheerfully offered themselves a sacrifice for strangers and a despised race. They were men of convictions, though death stared them in the face. They were cordial haters of oppression, and would fight injustice wherever found; if framed into law, then they would fight the law; if upheld and enforced by government, then government must be resisted. They were of Revolutionary stock, and held that when a long train of abuses had put the people under absolute despotism, it was right and duty to throw off such government and provide guards for future security. The soul of John Brown was the inspiration of the Union armies in the emancipation war, and will be the inspiration of all men in the present and distant future who may re-

volt against tyranny and oppression; because he dared to be a traitor to the government that he might be loyal to humanity. To the superficial observer, John Brown was a failure. So was Jesus of Nazareth. Both suffered ignominious death as traitors to the government, yet one is now hailed as the savior of the world from sin, and the other of a race from bondage."

August Bondi was a resident of the "Dutch settlement" on the Pottawatomie at the time. This settlement had incurred the enmity of the Shermans, Wilkinson, and the Doyles, because it was composed of men who desired that Kansas should be a free State. In this settlement was the store of Weiner and Benjamin, which the ruffians burned. Mr. Bondi says: "At 9 o'clock that evening (22d) a messenger from Pottawatomie creek arrived and reported that the Pro-Slavery men there (Wilkinson, Doyle and sons, William and Dutch Henry Sherman) had gone from house to house of Free-State men and threatened that shortly the Missourians would be there and make a clean sweep of them, and at many places where the men were absent grossly insulted their wives and daughters."

General Jo. O. Shelby, of Missouri, was a great admirer of John Brown, and often referred to his brave acts in the border wars in Kansas and to his heroic death in Virginia. He delighted to tell "how Captain Pate captured John Brown at Black Jack," and this he could tell in an inimitable manner that would "set the table in a roar." General Shelby was one of the bravest and most chivalrous of soldiers, and could appreciate bravery in another, even though an enemy. He said of John Brown:

"I knew him well. I freighted with him in Kansas, and I fought him in Kansas. I knew him thoroughly, and I tell you a braver or more gallant man never breathed. It is all a mistake to say John Brown was a coward."

"Do you think he murdered people as charged?"

"Why, of course he did, but it was simply a measure of retaliation. He didn't have any the best of us. We killed and John Brown killed; there was no difference on that score."

Hon. James F. Legate was one of the first settlers in Kansas. He had settled in Douglas county before Lawrence was founded. No man in Kansas ever knew the conditions existing here in the Territorial days better than Mr. Legate knows them. He wrote the following in December, 1879:

"Out of the history being written by George W. Brown, a trial is made to make of John Brown a murderer rather than a martyr.

"Hatred must have its full share in the promptings of such a history. We believe old John Brown planned the killing of Wilkinson, Sherman and the Doyles, and perhaps was one of the actors in the drama. But if that be true, he was not a murderer, for it was the sacrificing of human life for the advancement of a great cause.

"Wilkinson was especially a bad man, and the leader of the Doyles and others in raids against the Free-State men. The Georgia company had built a fort just below or south of there, and murder and robbery and arson was their daily avocation. Wilkinson, Sherman and the Doyles were parties to all their crimes. These men were scouts and spies of the Georgians. The Georgians were planning to murder the whole Free-State settlement in the neighborhood of Osawatomie, and would have executed their plans but for this interposition. Brown knew it,

and the Free-State men throughout the Territory knew it. But it was hard to explain to the Eastern, moral people why it was necessary to take such steps, and it never was explained, denounced or justified.

"But the result of that deed was peace in the Territory. Before this time, the Pro-Slavery settlers were active participants in the Pro-Slavery raids in the Territory; they justified the deeds of the Pro-Slavery ruffians, but after that, even the Pro-Slavery men were active in their opposition to the atrocities of the border ruffians, and did their full share in stopping them. It made those Southerners, who were committing all manner of depredations, feel that their lives were not secure and that they must measure their conduct by the exigencies of the times, and they were less offensive. It emboldened the Free-State men to assert their rights, and in asserting their rights they won a victory for freedom.

"John Brown planned the taking of the lives of these men in the interest of peace and freedom, and if he executed the plan himself he was a *hero*, not a *murderer*."

In relation to the part played by the Blue Lodges of Missouri in the preparation of the campaign to be waged against Kansas in the spring of 1856, we quote S. N. Wood, one of the first settlers in Douglas county. He was a member of an anti-slavery organization there early in June. He was a prominent actor in the stirring times of Territorial days, and the object of much hatred by Missourians. He says:

"The Blue Lodges of Missouri and Kansas were secret organizations, whose members swore, on peril of their lives, to make a slave State of Kansas. In the fall of 1855 they became very active and strong; and one of the members, whose conscience revolted against murder even in the interest of slavery, revealed the fact that a new policy had

been agreed upon: Free-State men were to be killed privately—struck down, one to-day in one place, one to-morrow in another, until no Free-State man would feel safe. This put every man on his guard.”

Judge James Hanway was a resident in the settlement on the Pottawatomie. He was a member of the company called the “Pottawatomie Rifles,” of which John Brown, jr., was captain. He was a man of good mind, and did much for the intellectual development of Kansas. He was a just man and a good citizen. He was a member of the convention which formed the present State Constitution. His ability and integrity were everywhere recognized, and his attainments were great. He was one of the men invited to go with the party under John Brown to the Pottawatomie. He refused, and tried to induce the company to wait until all could return together. He knew that the company left the camp with the avowed purpose of killing some of the ruffians on the Pottawatomie, should conditions there be found as represented. He often declared that James Harris told him that when John Brown and his men came into his house in search of the ruffians, his wife supposed they were the men from Missouri come to expel or murder the Free-State settlers. It is also said that she arose and commenced to prepare something for them to eat, under the impression that they were the expected Missouri ruffians. Judge Hanway always said that the account that Harris gave of the affair to his neighbors was very different from that contained in his affidavit. Judge Hanway says, further:

“I was informed by one of the party of eight who left our camp on Ottawa creek, May 22, 1856, to visit the

Pottawatomie, what their object and purposes were. I protested, and begged them to desist. Of course my plea availed nothing. After the dreadful affair had taken place, and after a full investigation of the whole matter, I, like many others, modified my opinion. Good men and kind-hearted women in 1856 differed in regard to this affair, in which John Brown and his party were the leading actors. John Brown justified it, and thought it a necessity; others differed from him then, as they do now. I have had an excellent opportunity to investigate the matter, and, like others of the early settlers, was finally forced to the conclusion that the Pottawatomie 'massacre,' as it is called, prevented the ruffian hordes from carrying out their programme of expelling the Free-State men from this portion of the Territory of Kansas. It was this view of the case which reconciled the minds of the settlers on the Pottawatomie. They would whisper to one another: 'It was fortunate for us; for God only knows what our fate and condition would have been, if old John Brown had not driven terror and consternation into the ranks of the Pro-Slavery party.'"

In a communication to Judge Adams, Secretary of the State Historical Society, February 1, 1878, Judge Hanway says:

"So far as public opinion in the neighborhood where the affair took place is concerned, I believe I may state that the *first* news of the event produced such a shock that public opinion was considerable divided; but after the whole circumstances became better known, there was a reaction of public opinion; and the Free-State settlers who had claims on the creek considered that Capt. Brown and his party of eight had performed a justifiable act, which saved their homes and dwellings from threatened raids of the Pro-Slavery party."

We have seen that Mrs. Harris was aware that ruffians from Missouri were expected to arrive to aid the Pro-Slavery settlers in their work of expelling the Free-State families on the Pottawatomic. There is no doubt that Mrs. Wilkinson had been apprised also that such was the plan being matured for the ejection of the Free-State neighbors around her. Sanborn says:

“Mrs. Wilkinson, an unfortunate woman who had tried in vain to keep her husband from engaging in the outrages against their Free-State neighbors, was visited early in the morning after the executions, by Dr. Gillpatrick and Mr. Grant, two Free-State men, who went to her house (which was the postoffice) to get their mail. They found the poor woman weeping, and saying that a party of men had been to the house during the night and taken her husband out; she had heard that morning that Mr. Doyle had been killed within the night, and she was afraid that her husband had been killed also. Among other reasons she gave for fearing this, he had said to her the night before that there was going to be an attack made upon the Free-State men, and that by the next Saturday night there would not be a Free-State settler left on the creek. These, she said, were his last words to her the night before as they were going to sleep.”

Professor Spring was particularly unjust to Brown in his history of Kansas. But later, he made a modification of his views, and says:

“The Dutch Henry’s Crossing of 1882 is a paradise of rural peace and happiness. Here quiet and security seem to have reached their utmost limit. The Pottawatomic—half limpid, with slighter mixtures of discoloring mud than any Kansas stream that I have seen—winds languidly between beautifully shaded banks towards the *Marais des*

Cygnés. The vast fields of corn and wheat, with their picturesque borders of orange hedge, lie mapped upon the rolling prairie in every direction,—

“‘As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.’

“The Dutch Henry’s Crossing of 1856 stands in antithesis to all this Arcadian repose. Then there was no law but force, no rule but violence, in the Territory of Kansas. A veritable reign of terror was inaugurated. Marauders were prowling about, in whose eyes nothing was sacred that stood in the way of their passions. The opposing factions into whose hands the question of slavery or no slavery for Kansas had fallen, hunted each other like wolves. Pistol-shots and sword-slits were the prevailing style of argument.”

We shall see later that he finally gained a correct estimate of the results of the descent of John Brown upon the ruffians of the Pottawatomie.

The outrages on the Grant family have been spoken of, but a more specific statement will be given:

“My father, John T. Grant, came from Oneida county, N. Y., and settled on Pottawatomie creek, in 1854. We were near neighbors of the Shermans, of the Doyles, and of Wilkinson, who were afterwards killed. There was a company of Georgia Border Ruffians encamped on the Marais des Cygnés, about four miles away from us, who had been committing outrages upon the Free-State people; and these Pro-Slavery men were in constant communication with them. They had a courier who went backward and forward carrying messages. When we heard on the Pottawatomie that the Border Ruffians were threatening Lawrence, and the Free-State wanted help, we immediately began to prepare to go their assistance. Frederick Brown, son of John Brown, went to a store at Dutch Henry’s Crossing, kept by a Mr. Morse, from Michigan, known as old Squire

Morse, a quiet, inoffensive old Free-State man, living there with his two boys, and bought some bars of lead,—say twenty or thirty pounds. He brought the lead to my father's house on Sunday morning, and my brother Henry C. Grant and my sister Mary spent the whole day in running Sharps' and other rifle bullets for the company. As Frederick Brown was bringing this lead to our house, he passed Henry Sherman's house, and several Pro-Slavery men, among them Doyle and his two sons, William Sherman, and others, were sitting on a fence, and inquired what he was going to do with it. He told them he was going to run it into bullets for Free-State guns. They were apparently much incensed at his reply, as they knew that the Free-State company was then preparing to go to Lawrence. The next morning, after the company had started to go to Lawrence, a number of Pro-Slavery men—Wilkinson, Doyle, and his two sons, and William Sherman, known as 'Dutch Bill'—took a rope and went to old Squire Morse's house, and said they were going to hang him for selling the lead to the Free-State men. They frightened the old man terribly; but told him he must leave the country before eleven o'clock, or they would hang him. They then left and went to the Shermans' and went to drinking. About eleven o'clock a portion of them, half drunk, went back to Mr. Morse's, and were going to kill him with an axe. His little boys—one was only nine years old—set up a violent crying, and begged for their father's life. They finally gave him until sundown to leave. He left everything, and came at once to our house. He was nearly frightened to death. He came to our house carrying a blanket and leading his little boy by the hand. When night came he was so afraid that he would not stay in the house, but went outdoors and slept on the prairie in the grass. For a few days he lay about in the brush, most of the time getting his meals at our house. He was then taken violently ill and died in a very short time. Dr. Gillpat-

rick attended him during his brief illness, and said his death was directly caused by the fright and excitement of that terrible day when he was driven from his store. The only thing they had against Mr. Morse was his selling the lead, and this he had previously bought of Henry Sherman, who had brought it from Kansas City. While the Free-State company was gone to Lawrence, Henry Sherman came to my father's house and said: 'We have ordered old Morse out of the country, and he has got to go, and a good many others of the Free-State families have got to go.' The general feeling among the Free-State people was one of terror while the company was gone, as we did not know at what moment the Georgia ruffians might come in and drive us all out."

As tending to show that Brown was justifiable, I give additional instances—among them some further quotations from the writings of Judge Hanway and Governor Robinson:

"It was thought that the effect of the Pottawatomie affair would be disastrous to the settlers who had taken up their quarters in this locality. For a few weeks it looked ominous. I spent most of my time in the brush. The settlement was overrun by the 'law and order men,' who took every man prisoner whom they came across, 'jay-hawked' horses and saddles, and even, in several cases, work-cattle; but after these raids ceased, the Pro-Slavery element became willing to bury the hatchet and live in peace. The most ultra of those who had been leaders left the Territory, only to return at periods to burn the house of some obnoxious Free-State man. The Pottawatomie affair sent a terror into the Pro-Slavery ranks, and those who remained on the creek were as desirous of peace as any class of the community."

As a note to the foregoing, Mr. Sanborn has the following:

“As to the wisdom of John Brown’s general policy of brave resistance and stern retaliation, the sagacious Judge Hanway says: ‘In the early Kansas troubles I considered the extreme measures which he adopted as not the best under the circumstances. We were weak, and cut off, as it were, from our friends. Our most bitter enemies received their support from an adjoining State. We were not in a condition to resist by force the power of the Border Ruffians, backed and supported as they were by the Administration at Washington. Events afterwards proved that the most desperate remedies, as in the Pottawatomie affair, were best. In place of being the forerunner of additional strife and turmoil, the result proved it was a peace measure.’ Charles Robinson, in an article written for the ‘Kansas Magazine’ many years ago, said of the executions by Brown: ‘They had the effect of a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The slave men stood aghast. The officials were frightened at this new move on the part of the supposed subdued free men. This was a warfare they were not prepared to wage, as of the *bona fide* settlers there were four free men to one slave man.’”

The Pottawatomie executions were the work of John Brown. No meeting of outraged citizens to condemn murderers to death would have been held on the Pottawatomie had not John Brown left the camp of the Free-State company on Middle Ottawa creek and returned to the settlements at Dutch Henry’s Crossing. Whether he killed any with his own hand is of no consequence so far as responsibility is concerned. Each one of the eight, whatever his part in the actual work, stood upon precisely the same ground. John Brown never denied his participation in this foray, and he always avowed his responsibility for it. The utmost of his denial was that he had not killed anyone with his own hand. “Captain Brown, did you

kill those five men on the Pottawatomie, or did you not?" asked Mrs. Coleman. "I did not; but I do not pretend to say they were not killed by my order; and in doing so I believe I was doing God's service," he replied without hesitation. So he always said. This avowal was in the summer of 1856, and but a short time after the killing. This was always known in Kansas to be the position of John Brown; that he killed those men with his company there was never the slightest doubt. The denials attributed to him are the work of Mr. Redpath, principally, and always did Brown an injustice; they were made without his knowledge or consent.

Had not John Brown killed the ruffians on the Pottawatomie, the campaign against the Free-State men for the enforcement of the bogus laws would have been successful. The Free-State men held for treason would have been killed or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in Federal prisons. Liberty would have been trampled down by ruthless barbarians and washed into the earth by the blood of martyrs for her cause. Slavery, with legal mien and hypocritical face, "but ending foul, in many a scaly fold," would have encircled Kansas in fatal coils. If freedom's cause had failed in Kansas, the conflict would have been delayed and a future generation would have been compelled to battle with greater difficulties. Who sees no more in this raid on the Pottawatomie than the mere protection of a few families, (though as a matter of justification, that was for it a sufficient cause,) has read the history of his country in vain. While it was indeed that, it was primarily much more than that: it was a blow against slavery in America. It was the opportunity long

sought by John Brown. For this purpose he came to Kansas. Compromise with crime was, in his eyes, a crime. If slavery was a curse, it was the duty of men everywhere to attack it. Many of the leaders of Kansas were in favor of dissimulation. Their opposition must be carried forward while they rendered a passive submission to the powers they were battling against. Attacks must be covertly made, so that if need be they could be effectively disavowed. This double-dealing was scorned by John Brown. He saw evil standing as a menace to humanity. His duty was clear to him; his resolution was, Let others do as they may; in God's name I will battle against it as best I can; I should be joined by all men, but if I must fight alone, then be it so. The old truism, that a man should be true to duty though he stand alone, was exemplified by John Brown on the Pottawatomie. He came from that field confirmed in his own belief that he was chosen of God to battle against the foul institution that threatened his country and oppressed humanity. His fame spread abroad, and for a season the campaign against freedom in Kansas was diverted from its purpose and turned against John Brown; and at this he rejoiced.

The following is a quotation from Professor Spring:

"It may be that this modern Mr. Valiant for Truth was a fanatic. I am not disturbed by that word. Every great cause has so fascinated some men—so taken possession of their souls, subduing, inspiring, harnessing them to its service, so bounding their visions by its horizon—that they have been indifferent to other questions and interests. The passion of liberty enslaved John Brown. In his judgment, violence alone could save the day; violence was the charmed weapon for the impending contest; and the

bloody instrument which he seized did not break in his hand. I recall a sentence in Oliver Cromwell's dispatch announcing the storming and massacre of Drogheda, which is at once a declaration of Brown's motive and prophecy of his hope when he lifted his hand against the cabins on the Pottawatomie: 'Truly, I believe this *bitterness* will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God!'

"Was the fanatic's expectation realized? Did the event approve his sagacity? I think there is but one answer to questions like these. After all, the fanatic was wiser than the philosopher. The effect of his retaliatory policy, in checking outrages, in bringing to a pause the depredations of bandits, in staying the proposed execution of Free-State prisoners, was marvelous. The raid upon Dutch Henry's Crossing is not least among the deeds that saved Kansas to liberty."

In the February, 1884, *North American Review*, Senator John J. Ingalls said:

"Judge Hanway, before quoted, says:

"'I did not know of a settler of '56 but what regarded it as amongst the most fortunate events in the history of Kansas. It saved the lives of the Free-State men on the Creek, and those who did the act were looked upon as deliverers.'

"One of the most eminent of the Free-State leaders, who is still living, writes:

"'He was the only man who comprehended the situation, and saw the absolute necessity for some such blow, and had the nerve to strike it.'

"Another prominent actor writes:

"'I wish to say right here about the Pottawatomie Creek massacre, which has been the theme of so much magazine literature, that at the time it occurred it was approved by myself and hundreds of others, including the most prominent of the leaders amongst the Free-State

men. It was one of the stern, merciless necessities of the times. The night it was done I was but a few miles away on guard, to protect from destruction the homes of Free-State men and their families, who had been notified by these men and their allies to leave within a limited time or forfeit their lives and property. The women and children dared not sleep in the houses, and were hid away in the thickets. Something had to be done, and the avenger appeared, and the doomed men perished,—they who had doomed others.’

“It was the ‘blood and iron’ prescription of Bismarck. The pro-slavery butchers of Kansas and their Missouri confederates learned that it was no longer safe to kill. They discovered, at last, that nothing is so unprofitable as injustice. They started from the guilty dream to find before them, silent and tardy, but inexorable and relentless, with uplifted blade, the awful apparition of vengeance and retribution.”

I cannot close this chapter in any more suitable manner than by adding the testimony of the most eminent historian who has ever written of Kansas, D. W. Wilder, author of the “Annals of Kansas”:

“MAY 24–25.—James P. Doyle and his two sons, and William Sherman and Allen Wilkinson (a member of the Bogus Legislature), all Pro-Slavery, taken from their homes at night and murdered. They lived on the Pottawatomie, in Franklin county. Capt. John Brown led the party that did the deed. No other act spread such consternation among the ruffians, or contributed so powerfully to make Kansas free. Hitherto, murder had been an exclusive Southern privilege. The Yankee could ‘argue’ and make speeches; he did not dare to kill anybody. Blood sprinkles all the pages of history.”

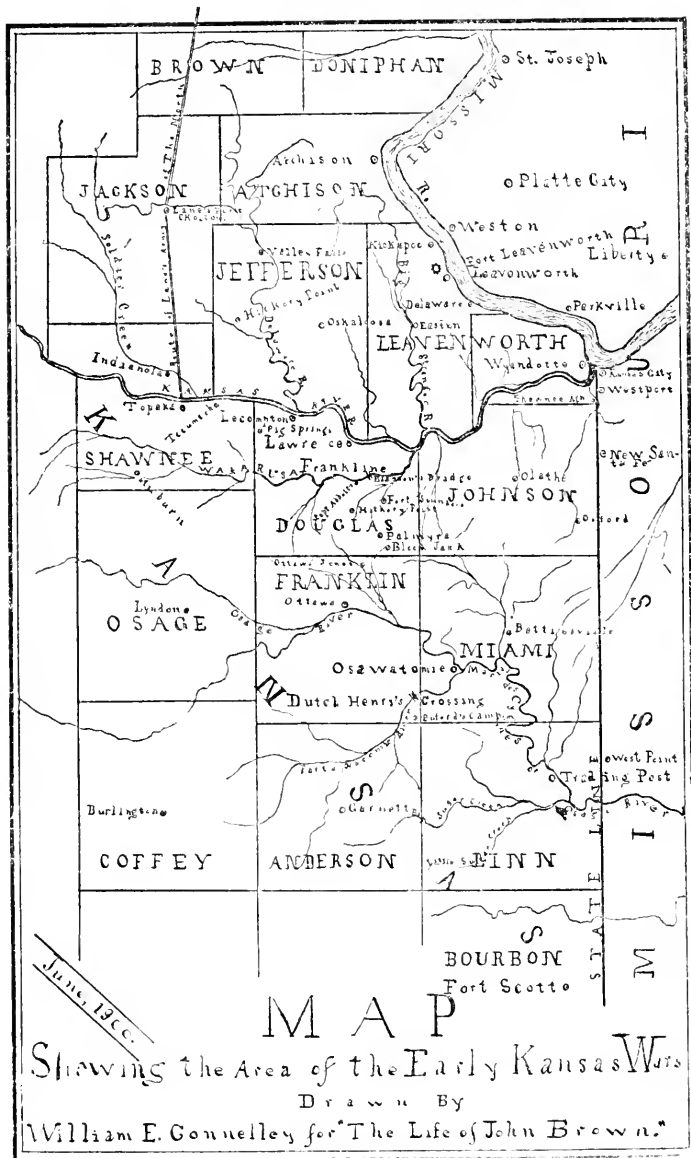
*THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSICS
AND SCHOOL READINGS*

UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERVISION OF

W. M. DAVIDSON

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF TOPEKA, KANSAS

JOHN BROWN



“What judgment soever political loyalty, social ethics, or military strategy may pronounce upon his expedition into Virginia, Old John Brown has a grasp on the moral world.”

—*R. H. Dana, Jr.*

“Whatever may be thought of John Brown’s acts, John Brown himself was right.”

—*John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts.*

“But the three men of this era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time, as the pyramids above the voiceless desert, or mountain-peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and Old John Brown of Osawatomie.”

—*John J. Ingalls.*

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN BROWN.

*Against this crime of crimes he fought and fell;
He freed a race and found a prison-cell;
In mid-air hung upon the gibbet's tree,
But lived and died, thank God, to make men free.
And dusky men the ages down will tell,
For what he fought, and how he bravely fell;
And dim the jewels in each earthly crown,
Beside the luster of thy name, John Brown.*

—JOSEPH G. WATERS.

JOHN BROWN

BY

WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY,

*Author of "The Provisional Government of Nebraska Territory," "James Henry Lane, the Grim Chieftain of Kansas," "Wyandot Folk-Lore,"
"Kansas Territorial Governors," etc., etc.*

VOLUME II.

For true words are things,
And dying men's are things which long outlive,
And oftentimes avenge them.

—Byron.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought
did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast
gathered and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt
transmit it to the whole Future.

—Carlyle.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF BLACK JACK.

Thankless, too, for peace,
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the warwhoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows,)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed. —Coleridge.

John Brown and the company who were with him on the Pottawatomie returned with the "Pottawatomie Rifles" after they had disbanded in the camp at the house of Ottawa Jones. The eight men remained together, and at the crossing of Middle creek they separated from the main body of returning soldiers and went to the cabin of John Brown, jr., which was deserted and solitary, the family having been driven away by the Doyles and others. They remained here one night, and with guard set; the following night they went to the cabin of Jason Brown, which was also deserted and lonely. Here they remained a few days, and maintained a guard all the time; and were joined by August Bondi and another, believed by Townsley to have been Benjamin L. Cochran. They were ready to go to the assistance of any Free-State family or community. They were poorly armed; Captain Brown had a sword and a heavy revolver. His sons were armed with

revolvers, the heavy swords that had done such fearful execution on the Pottawatomie, and old obsolete rifles of small bore. Townsley bore an old musket, Weiner a "double-barreled" gun, and Bondi an old-fashioned flint-lock musket.

John Brown, jr., and Jason Brown went to the residence of their uncle, the Rev. S. L. Adair, where they found their families, on their return from the expedition to aid Lawrence. But as they did not want to subject Mr. Adair to danger on their account, they determined to go to some camp of United States troops and surrender themselves. This conclusion was reached after they were informed that a posse was seeking them with warrants for conspiracy against the bogus laws or for treason. There was a command of United States troops at the house of Ottawa Jones, and Jason set out to reach it and deliver himself up. He was on foot, and in crossing the prairies he met a company of Pro-Slavery men under command of Rev. Martin White; here he expected to be killed. He marched backward in the road for some distance, all the time with his bosom bared and avowing that he was an abolitionist. The ruffians were slowly advancing upon him, and finally told him that he would not then be killed. He was carried to Paola, where Judge Cato had been located for some time, intending to hold a term of court. The charge against him was conspiracy, and he narrowly escaped lynching. He was imprisoned and well guarded, but as the town was full of Buford's men and Pro-Slavery Missourians, he expected to be killed, and had been driven by their brutality to the verge of despair, and cared little whether he was murdered or not. John Brown, jr., was taken by Captain Pate and

the United States Marshal, at the house of his uncle, on the 28th of May, and was also taken to Paola.

John Brown, hearing that his sons were captured and in Paola, sent his relative, Horace Day, a mere boy, with a note to the people of Paola, which said simply that he was aware that two of his sons were held there as prisoners. This brief note threw the town into consternation. Midnight alarms were frequent thereafter, and the prisoners were shifted about from place to place in order that they might not be rescued; and in these uneasy and troubled perambulations the prisoners were left sometimes to care for themselves while the invincible guards betook themselves to the brush until the danger from "Old Brown" was past. There were times, too, when the ruffians crowded about with uplifted knives to slay them. John Brown, jr., had been spending the nights in the woods, deeply anxious for the safety of his family. His uncle says he was suffering from a temporary insanity while at his house. When it was determined to remove the prisoners to Leecompton, Captain Walker bound the arms of John Brown, jr., so tightly that he was in great pain; he was made to trot before the horses in the hot sun for nine miles. The bonds were not removed for twenty-seven hours; all circulation of the blood was stopped and his arms were fearfully swollen; when the chains were taken off the skin clung to them, and the marks so made remained with him to the grave. He was a maniac for some days; he was seized with a dangerous illness and his life was despaired of for a time, but he finally recovered.

The settlers of Prairie City were threatened by the ruffians in that vicinity. They sent O. A. Carpenter to

search out John Brown and request him to come to their protection; and such a message was never sent to John Brown in vain. He agreed to go, and at dusk set out for the troubled district, which he reached on the morning of May 27th; he went into camp in a deep wood, where he could be reached with great difficulty by an enemy and with considerable trouble by his friends. He devoted his time to searching for the marauders, but they were wary and not easily found. A large camp of Buford's men were stationed at the house of one La Hay, on the Wakarusa, and spent their time between their camp and the house of Colonel Titus and a Mr. Clark; they were preying upon the Free-State settlers, and it was evident that they would join any band of Missourians who might invade the settlement. The settlers kept a close watch upon these precious rogues, and more than once came into collision with them as they were prowling about for plunder and bent on murder in the interest of slavery.

H. Clay Pate was a Virginian. He seems to have been a man of some education; he was a graduate of some college, and, like many wiser men, supposed that the world was breathlessly waiting for his graduation in expectation that he would at once give it a thorough overhauling, and remedy all its ills, and especially the ills that slavery was falling into from the scoundrels in the North who called themselves abolitionists. In his peregrinations toward the setting sun he stopped a season in Cincinnati. Here he published a book of reminiscences, which the world treated with much indifference; he also entered journalism, where he had some pecuniary success. But as slavery cried out for champions beyond Missouri he chafed under restraint,

and finally breaking through hindrances and subordinate alliances he continued his perambulations, and halted on the border of Kansas Territory. He seized upon Westport, and there devoted himself to journalism and war. He raised a company of ruffians, almost all Missourians, and had himself elected Captain. This company was mustered in as "Shannon's Sharp-Shooters." As they were poor marksmen, it is supposed that the word "sharp" in their official designation was meant to indicate that they were "men of intelligence who could shoot," or that it might indicate that "they could shoot men of intelligence"; but on this point there is much doubt, and we are left altogether to the resources of conjecture.* This company was made a part of the Kansas militia, under some authority of the bogus laws. Pate had it at the sacking of Lawrence, where he distinguished himself by riding rapidly about upon a horse decked in trappings such as might delight an Indian warrior; there were ribbons attached to mane and tail, and the wind carried them out as gay streamers. He was jealous of the unsavory reputation of the Kickapoo Rangers, and strove to do some service to the cause dear to the ruffian heart which would place him upon the same footing enjoyed by that band of cut-throats. After the town of Lawrence was sacked he tarried in the Territory, and was in no hurry to return to Missouri. His headquarters were at Leecompton, but he remained here but a short time. Phillips says he burned the house and store of Weiner, in the Pottawatomie settlements. If this be true he must have gone directly from Lawrence to the vicinity of Dutch Henry's Crossing. Sanborn says that he re-

* This is General Jo. O. Shelby's characterization of this band.

mained at Leocompton until the 25th, when, hearing of the killing of the Doyles and others, he resolved to capture John Brown. The fact that the *Leocompton Union* announced his departure, but made no reference to his desire to capture Brown, but gave as his mission that explanation furnished by his lieutenant, one Brockett, "We are going down to the southern part of the Territory expecting to see rattlesnakes and abolitionists, and shall take our guns along," makes it probable that Pate departed before the 25th, and before the raid on the Pottawatomie by John Brown. He pretended to be a deputy United States Marshal, and may have been one in fact. He was at Paola when the sons of John Brown arrived as prisoners, and indeed captured John Brown, jr., at the house of Mr. Adair. He took to the prairies, declaring that he would capture Old John Brown, and the robberies he committed upon Free-State men in this mission caused the men of the Prairie City region to seek the aid of Brown.

Pate and his company left the United States troops on Middle Ottawa creek on Saturday, the 31st day of May, and marched to the Santa Fé road, near Hickory Point, in Douglas county. That night he camped on the prairie near the ravines which formed a small stream called Black Jack, from the abundance of scrub-oak of that name which grew about it. He was much discouraged that he had not found John Brown, and began to fear that he might not be able to find him at all. But not to entirely fail in their objects, they went, as soon as it was dark, to Palmyra, which town they attacked and plundered. They took some Free-State men prisoners, and one of these being a preacher, he was outrageously treated.

A funnel was placed in his mouth and through it a bountiful supply of ruffian whisky was poured down his throat. The predatory expedition to Palmyra on Saturday night was not satisfactory, and it was renewed on Sunday morning. They brought a wagon, which they filled with the goods of the village storekeeper, after destroying much that they could not carry away. This only whetted their appetites. In the afternoon they expressed their intention to go to the little town of Prairie City and pillage it. It is said that Pate tried to dissuade them, but was unsuccessful; six of them rode away to accomplish this object. The people had gathered to hear the Gospel preached, among them some twenty men; and in true Western-frontier fashion, they had carried with them their guns, for the minister had been captured the previous night and released. They mistrusted that it might devolve upon them to do battle against the visible as well as the invisible powers of darkness and allies of the devil, and their guns were always in ready reach. Services were almost closed when the guard rushed in and cried:

“The Missourians—the Missonrians are coming!”

The congregation immediately dispersed and surrounded the four ruffians who came in first; the two who were following at a little distance in the rear, seeing how the matter was likely to turn out, wheeled their horses and galloped away and escaped, though they were fired at.

As soon as Captain Shore was informed of the presence of the enemy he began to collect his men. Captain Brown was notified that the invaders were in the vicinity in force; he and Captain Shore spent Sunday looking for their camp, which was concealed in the clumps of bushes grow-

ing in the ravines. They returned to Prairie City at daylight on Monday morning, and there met two scouts who had just returned from the head of Black Jack, and who gave them information which enabled them to find Pate's camp. Captain Shore had collected nineteen of his company, and Captain Brown had nine men. The Free-State forces numbered thirty men. Captains Shore and Brown led these forces against the camp of Pate. It was well chosen for defense, and had a breastwork of wagons in front; in the rear it was protected by a deep ravine in which grew timber, and beyond this was a quagmire filled with high grass and swamp-bushes. Captain Brown led his men up to the head of the ravine, and directed Captain Shore to get into the lower part of the ravine where his men would have protection, and from which both parties could fire at Pate while they were out of range of the guns of each other. Captain Brown gained his position, but Captain Shore was not so successful. Being challenged by Pate, he formed his men on the prairie and delivered a volley, which was returned at once by the Missourians. The fight continued some ten minutes, when Pate retreated from his breastwork of wagons to the ravine. He was here protected from the fire of Captain Shore, whose position became untenable. His men retreated some distance up the hill, where they were out of range. Captain Shore then went to the line of Brown, where he remained through much of the action, and some of his men went with him. Brown's position was a good one, and several of the Missourians were wounded. Ammunition was low in the Free-State ranks, and some men were sent away to secure more. Runners were sent, among

them Captain Shore, to Captain J. B. Abbott, to request him to bring his men and help in the work of defeating Pate.

After the firing had continued about three hours, Captain Brown directed some of his men to shoot at the horses belonging to Pate's forces. He went to Shore's men and had them do the same. The Missourians began to slip down the ravine until they were out of range, and then make a dash for their horses; they would mount, one by one, and gallop away. Frederick Brown mounted his horse and galloped around the camp, shouting to imaginary reinforcements to hurry up. Captain Pate saw no hope of being able to escape, and sent out a flag of truce. Captain Brown inquired of the bearer if he was the Captain of the company, and when assured that he was not, ordered a Mr. Lymer, a Free-State prisoner who had been sent with the flag of truce, to return and call the commander.

It is said that a Mr. James carried the flag of truce; and some claim that it was Lieutenant Brockett. Whoever the man, he remained with Captain Brown while Mr. Lymer returned for Captain Pate, who, now that his flag of truce served no better purpose than to summon him to face a grim and relentless foe in conference, reluctantly and with misgivings as to the result, came forth. Upon being asked whether he had a proposition to make, he hesitated, and said he believed he had not. Captain Brown cut into his explanation that he was a Deputy United States Marshal, and said he wanted to hear no more about that. "I know *exactly* what you are, sir. I have a proposition to make to you—that is, *your unconditional surrender.*"

As Captain Brown held a large revolver in close proximity to Pate's head, there was little to be expected from duplicity. Brown ordered his men to go to the mouth of the ravine to prevent the escape of the Missourians, while he went to their camp with their Captain. Brockett objected to surrender, and talked defiantly, but Brown demanded of Pate that he order Brockett and his men to lay down their arms and surrender, and as the large revolver was thrust a little nearer, Pate ordered them to comply. This they did. Twenty-two Pro-Slavery men surrendered to nine Free-State men. The losses of Captain Pate were as follows: twenty-one surrendered; wounded and escaped, twenty-seven. Perhaps others escaped before the battle closed; all the wounded except two escaped. The Free-State men captured a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and recovered much property the marauders had stolen from the settlers; some of the plunder taken from Lawrence when it was sacked was recovered. The four wagons were fairly well loaded with provisions. In his account of the battle, written for the *Missouri Republican*, Pate said: "I was taken prisoner under a flag of truce. I had no alternative but to submit or to run and be shot. I went to take old Brown and old Brown took me."

The arms of the Missourians were taken from them, and they were marched to John Brown's camp. Just as the file of captives were starting under guard, Captain Abbott came up with reinforcements, some fifty men. So Captain Pate could not have escaped had he even known that John Brown and his men had remaining but one round of ammunition when the demand for the surrender was

made. Pate and his command were marched to Brown's camp on Middle Ottawa creek, where they were kept as prisoners. An agreement was here made between Captains Brown and Shore and Pate and Brockett that prisoners should be exchanged. John Brown, jr., and Jason Brown, who were yet in the camp of the United States dragoons near the house of Ottawa Jones, were to be given up for the release of Pate and Brockett; and other prisoners were to be exchanged on equal terms.

In the Territorial days of Kansas it was always the duty of the Governor to aid the ruffian forces in every conceivable way, and this duty was generally cheerfully performed. No sooner had Governor Shannon been informed that Pate had not only failed to capture John Brown but had been himself captured, than he issued a proclamation ordering all armed bands to disperse and retire to their homes. Colonel Sumner was directed to go to the vicinity of the late battle and release the "Shannon Sharp-Shooters" from the iron grip of Old John Brown. It was well known that had Pate been successful in his enterprise, no proclamation would have been issued. This proclamation was not issued until after the Pro-Slavery men had been attacked at Franklin, on the night of June 4th, although it was dated the same day. Colonel Sumner was ordered to defend Franklin and the house of a Pro-Slavery man who sheltered a company of Buford's men. But the attack frightened the ruffians and Franklin was not continued as one of their bases, and not so used for some time.

When the news of the capture of Pate reached Missouri, Whitfield left Westport in haste, on the evening of the 2d of June, to succor and relieve that worthy. He had three

companies of Missourians under him, each numbering seventy men, all well equipped and armed. He was accompanied by "General" Reid, who was a candidate for Congress in some Missouri district. They went into camp on Bull creek, some twelve miles east of Palmyra. Other Pro-Slavery parties gathered, and some of them camped on the same field made gory by the heroism of Captain Pate! On the 5th of June Colonel Sumner went to John Brown's camp and released Pate and his men, and restored to them their arms and horses. He prevailed upon Captain Brown and Captain Shore to disband their forces; this he accomplished by assuring them that the forces under Whitfield and Reid should return to Missouri at once. This they agreed to do, and a part of their force did so return; but by far the larger portion of the men had not had any opportunity to steal from Free-State men, and as plunder was always one of the strong inducements for the invasion of Kansas, these men could not be so easily turned back. They had murdered only one Free-State man, and this was another reason why they could not be induced to return; some town must be pillaged and more than one "abolitionist" killed before they would feel warranted in returning from an expedition of which so much was expected. Pate agreed to return to Missouri, but failed to do so; and it is said that he and his men participated in the trial of Jacob Cantrel for "treason to Missouri," of which he was convicted and for which he was shot. In all the orders to the Free-State men to disperse, the United States troops warned them that they must obey the bogus laws or leave the Territory. Indeed, this was the cause of the invasions; resistance to the bogus

laws was the foundation upon which all the outrages committed upon the Free-State men by the Pro-Slavery Missourians in the summer of 1856 were built.

On the 6th of June Whitfield set out on his return to Missouri, but not until he had seen Pate, Reid, Jenigan and Bell start to Osawatomie with one hundred and seventy men. The Free-State forces having been disbanded, there could be no effective resistance at Osawatomie. The ruffians were led to the town by a spy who had been sent in the day before, and who pretended to be sick and had received good treatment. They pillaged dwellings and business houses alike. Trunks, drawers, boxes, desks and wardrobes were broken and ransacked. Rings were torn from the fingers of the women, as well as from their ears; clothing and even furniture were loaded on their horses to be carried away to Missouri. Whisky was seized and swallowed while the crusaders for slavery raged and threatened. Some of them tore the clothing from women and children, and an eminent writer of that time says that "they ought to have had a petticoat apiece as trophies." I close this chapter with a quotation from this writer:

"Having got all the plunder they wanted, they were anxious to be off.

" 'Hurry, hurry!' they said to each other. 'These d—d abolitionists are somewhere not far off, and will be down on us the first thing we know.' They accordingly retreated from the ill-fated town as rapidly and unmolested as they had entered it, carrying their booty with them.

"When they got to their camp the company divided. Half of them started immediately back for Westport, and the remainder moved off and camped on the lower part of Bull creek, some eight miles from Osawatomie. There they had an adventure.

"As might be expected, they kept a sharp lookout for abolitionists. Two days after sacking the city of Osawatomie, a couple of their own number had been on a scout, and on their return to camp, while near it, fired off their guns. The guard in that direction gave the alarm, fired his gun in the direction of the two men, and cried at the top of his lungs, 'The abolitionists are coming!—the abolitionists are coming!' Whereupon the whole camp got into a panic, and, without taking time to pack up their effects, started off at the run. There were some horses harnessed to wagons; these were hurriedly taken out, and off the whole party went in a helter-skelter race, outrivalling John Gilpin's. Once or twice one of their number would discharge a pistol or a gun behind him, as a warning to abolitionists to keep off, which had the effect of keeping up the fear of the retreating party.

"They never stopped till they got to Battiesville [Paola], an Indian station among the Weas. The Indian storekeeper, seeing a band of wild-looking fellows galloping up, with arms in their hands, and looking very terrible from fear and excitement, closed his door, and, in spite of all their entreaties, would not let them in.

"'The abolitionists are coming!—we want to come in and defend the place!'

"The Indian happened to be a Pro-Slavery Indian, but he was moderately suspicious of the appearance of these 'law and order' men; so he grunted,

"'Abolitionists, heap bad!—no come!'

"'Yes, they *are* coming!' yelled a score of anxious voices. 'G—d blast ye! let us in! They'll be here in a minute!'

"'Come in to-morrow, maybe,' was the cautious answer.

"Time was pressing. There were two or three unoccupied log houses close at hand; so they made a virtue of necessity and got into them. The chinking was driven out for portholes, and the doors barricaded; meanwhile two of the best-mounted were dispatched in hot haste to

Missouri,—one to Jackson, and the other to Cass county,—telling their friends to come up quick, for the abolitionists with great force were besieging them in Battiesville, and that they would endeavor to *hold out till they could come*.

“A party of men did start to the rescue, and more would have gone if these had not returned and reported it a hoax. This masterly retreat was a standing joke amongst the border ruffians in that quarter, who taunted their comrades about their ‘holding out against the abolitionists.’ ”

CHAPTER IX.

WOODSON'S WAR OF EXTERMINATION—1856.

Bethink thee, Gordon,
Our death-feud was not like the household fire,
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem,
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguished,
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters;
But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd forever;
And spring shall hide the track of devastation,
With foliage and with flowers.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Some of the emigrant aid societies were founded upon the old colonization principle, that money should be made in the settlement of a new country. This was not the only object of those corporations, but was one of the paramount considerations. Not a few New England people refused to come to Kansas under their auspices when the plans to obtain town lots and other property were made known; they chose rather to endure greater sacrifices, and carry to Kansas the true spirit of liberty, which required no hope of pecuniary reward, but was moved by right conscience. These people came to fight for the liberties they enjoyed at home; with them property interests were subordinated. If Kansas could not be a free State, property in her bounds would be to them of little value, for they could not re-

main to foster and to care for it. These people believed in defending their lives with weapons; they supposed that all law sanctioned defense of wives and babes when the blood-stained fangs of wolfish barbarians gnashed at the doors of their dwellings. They were not moved to compromises and subterfuges in the interest of property. They expected no dividends except those paid by an approving conscience; they believed that when Kansas was once free, with slavery blotted from the books of all America, industrial and intellectual development such as the world had not before witnessed would follow. They did not want Kansas a free State with the South, or even what is now Colorado and all the West and Northwest, slave States. They believed that Kansas was the field on which the question of slavery should be settled—settled finally and forever. And they were right.*

The battle of Black Jack, while insignificant in itself, was important in this respect,—it was the first field in the Kansas struggle where the free men cast aside the trammels of property interests and marched out to make war upon any and all who came to fight for the establishment or maintenance of the institution of slavery. Men have only been great as they placed all upon the altar and staked

* "Mr. Thayer's plan was an epitome of Yankee characteristics — thrift, and devotion to principle. He did not propose to win Kansas with hirelings, but to show the natural aggressiveness of the Yankee an outlet for his energy at once honorable and profitable. And thus, also, the company he proposed was not to be a charitable labor entirely, as religious missionary societies mostly are; but he asked, Why is it worse for a company to make money by extending Christianity, or suppressing slavery, than by making cotton cloth? The company which he planned was intended to be an investment company, giving and taking advantages with those whom it induced to go to Kansas, and incidentally crippling slavery. . . . While the Aid Company must be credited for something of the high tone of the New England emigrants, it is a common error to suppose that these emigrants came to Kansas expecting to win martyrs' crowns. I have questioned many of them as to their motives, and the uniform answer has been: 'We went to Kansas to better our condition, *incidentally expecting to make it a free State*. We knew we took some risks; but if we had foreseen the struggles and hardships we actually underwent, we never should have gone.'"—*William H. Carruth's "The New England Emigrant Aid Company as an Investment Society," in The Kansas Historical Collection, Vol. VI, p. 90.*

their very lives in the hazard. If anything at all is reserved, it is as fatal to noble purpose as was the hiding of a portion to Ananias and Sapphira. Peoples have been great only as they had a strong faith in God and were actuated by a deep and single motive to live and act up to the highest conceptions of His law. All history teaches this—in fact, it teaches only this. “In this God’s-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, and fling down thy baton, and say, ‘In God’s name, No!’ Thy ‘success’? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark,—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever: What kind of success is that!—It is true, all goes by

approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have the victory, and what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some block-head shall be heard jubilating, 'See, your Heaviest ascends!'—but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first Plan of the World, it has to arrive there. The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,—that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting force! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies: their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peaceful coöperating England may arise. Seek through this Universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourish-

ment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer."

With these old Puritanical doctrines was John Brown deeply imbued,—not from Creed-books and Faith-confessions, but from an absorbing contemplation of righteousness and the principles of liberty. Great men are the result of evolution. First principles of justice and humanity lay hold upon them; they demand that some great reform be consummated—be accomplished; for in the progress of the world, evil institutions grow to such proportions as to seriously menace the good. These men are allowed to see but one great underlying principle; and the strange thing in this world is, that this great right-principle has had to be consecrated anew and dyed in the blood of those who proclaimed it before it was visible to mankind. John Brown was aware of that; it nerved his arm and strengthened his heart when making what seemed so hopeless and uneven a battle in the scrub-bush in the ravines of Black Jack. The United States troops might wrest from him the fruits of his victory, and, while retaining under the bogus laws the prisoners they had, release, arm and set on the path to pillage and arson those so lately taken from it by him, but there remained the example of resistance to cut-throats; and this example was not lost on the free men of Kansas. It marked a new era in the struggle for freedom. Kansas men saw that those who fought for their rights and the lives of wives and children were held in more respect and were accorded more protection than those who preached non-

resistance in the interest of property preservation. These men had the example of Pomeroy and others, who surrendered Lawrence without even a show of resistance, hoping to save the city in a fawning sycophancy and a hypocritical pretension that they would in future not fail to render allegiance to the bogus laws. These Free-State men, who had now resolved to fight for their lives and for their wives and children, remembered that all the humility of leaders did not save the good people of Lawrence from outrage and their fair city from pillage. Free-State men have told me with what scorn and contempt Pomeroy and others were regarded in New England when the people heard that instead of using a cannon donated by them for the defense of Lawrence, they had handed it over to the enemy to be used in battering down Free-State institutions! They have also described to me how the same people pointed with pride to the first defense of Lawrence, when Robinson, Lane and Brown stationed their men like a wall to turn back the ruffians; and how they deplored the absence of these heroes when the hordes again compassed it, bent on its destruction. This first resistance openly made in Kansas to the minions of the slave-power and the current issue that the bogus laws must be obeyed, strengthened John Brown and encouraged him to still fight and hope. It also aroused the Missourians, for it revealed a new phase in the conflict. Whitfield, summoned by Long, the courier sent by Pate, hastened to the field. He was turned out of the Territory by the mild remonstrances of the United States military, but sent his men to destroy and plunder Osawatomie before he departed.

Lane had been sent East by the leaders of the Free-State

men. He was in Washington for some time in the interest of the Topeka Constitution. That instrument was presented to the United States Senate by Mr. Cass, on the 24th of March. Lane traveled extensively over the Eastern States, speaking to the people and describing the true conditions in Kansas. In this work he arrived in Chicago on the 31st of May, 1856; his speech here was one of the greatest ever delivered in behalf of Kansas, and was followed by a remarkable demonstration in favor of the patriots who were struggling for freedom. In all his addresses Lane urged people to go to Kansas, and largely to his efforts was due the remarkable immigration that poured into the Territory in the summer and fall of that year. Many of these were known as "Lane's Army of the North," and in the succeeding years did valiant service in the cause of liberty.

Governor Robinson had been ordered East also, but being delayed by affairs demanding his attention in the interest of the Free-State people, he could not leave the Territory before the closing of the Missouri river to the people opposed to slavery. He was arrested by ruffians and returned to Kansas, and her people lost his valuable services for some four months while he was closely guarded and held prisoner under a charge of high treason.

John Brown remained in the vicinity of Osawatomie. He was at Topeka when the Free-State Legislature was dispersed, and no doubt he believed that the United States troops should be resisted when they interfered with matters which did not concern their true functions. And it is probable that he would have made such resistance at Topeka if he had but been in command of a sufficient

force. He returned to the Pottawatomie and raised a company of Free-State men for the defense of the settlers and for striking a blow at slavery if occasion favored. The "Articles of Enlistment and By-Laws" of this company are preserved, and reveal to us the spirit in which all of John Brown's warfare against slavery was made:

" KANSAS TERRITORY, A. D. 1856.

" 1. THE COVENANT.

" We whose names are found on these and the next following pages do hereby enlist ourselves to serve in the Free-State cause under John Brown as Commander; during the full period of time affixed to our names respectively, and we severally pledge our word and sacred honor to said Commander; and to each other, that during the time for which we have enlisted we will faithfully and punctually perform our duty (in such capacity or place as may be assigned to us by a majority of all the votes of those associated with us: or of the companies to which we may belong as the case may be) as a regular volunteer force for the maintenance of the rights & liberties of the Free-State citizens of Kansas: and we further agree; that as individuals we will conform to the *by Laws of this Organization* & that *we will insist* on their regular & punctual *enforcement* as a first & last duty: and in short that we will observe & maintain a strict & thorough Military discipline at all times until our term of service expires."

To this Covenant are subscribed the names of thirty-five men, with the dates of their enlistment; these dates extend from August 22 to September 16. Among these men were many that were leading citizens of the State for a quarter of a century after its admission. Many of the by-laws are quaint and odd, but they show that morality was considered a part of "thorough Military disci-

pline." And the company was a democracy; its internal affairs were regulated and determined by vote, and offenders were to have trial "by a jury of Twelve." Article XIV provided that, "All uncivil, ungentlemanly, profane, vulgar talk or conversation shall be discountenanced." It is followed by another declaring that, "All acts of petty theft needless waste of property of the members or of Citizens is hereby declared disorderly: together with all uncivil, or unkind treatment of Citizens or of prisoners." Humane treatment of prisoners was made obligatory: "*No person* after having first surrendered himself a prisoner shall be *put to death: or subjected to corporeal punishment*, without *first* having had the benefit of an impartial trial." The use of liquor was prohibited: "The ordinary use or introduction into camp of any intoxicating liquor, *as a beverage*: is hereby declared disorderly."

The organization of this company was after his return from Nebraska with Lane's Army of the North. Soon after the Legislature was dispersed, Brown took his son-in-law, Thompson, who was wounded at Black Jack, to Iowa to remain with friends there until he recovered. All Kansas waited for the coming of Lane's Army; the people saw their hope of deliverance in the patriotic army moving slowly through Iowa to pass into Kansas to fight for freedom. Brown was anxious to welcome this host of liberty-loving people. We shall get a view of him as he passed along.

Among the good men in Kansas in those days was Samuel J. Reader. He lived then near Indianola, in Shawnee county, a town which disappeared long since. Mr. Reader still resides near the old townsite, and is one of

the most respected citizens of the State, a man of great intelligence, and proficient in stenography and drawing. He kept a journal through all the Territorial period, and this record is one of the most valuable within my knowledge. I have been accorded the privilege of examining it, and I make a few extracts from it:

“TUESDAY MORNING, July 29th.—I had been sleeping in the stable loft, with a double-barreled shotgun at my side, guarding our team from predatory lovers of horse-flesh. When I returned to the house in the morning, I was told that ‘Kickapoo Stephens’ had been there a few minutes before, to notify us that a party of Free-State men were at the house of Mr. Fouts, in Kansopolis—about two miles east, or northeast, of where we lived. The object of the party was to march north to the Nebraska line, with the expectation of meeting and escorting into Kansas a Free-State emigrant train, and guard it from possible molestation by the ‘Kickapoo Rangers’—a most lawless and bloodthirsty band of border ruffians. It was also reported that Jim Lane was coming with the train; and that he had expressed the wish to have some of the genuine ‘Kansas boys’ with him when he crossed the line, into our Territory. . . . There was but a single baggage wagon. A very tall young man seemed to have charge of it. Some of the boys were calling him ‘Handsome Hunter.’ But Hunter seemed to take it all in good part, and talked back to them, in a drawling, good-natured tone of voice. ‘Captain Whipple’ was a name I heard more frequently than any other. I was not long in finding out who was the owner of that cognomen. He was a large, burly man; about six feet tall, good-sized head and face, short neck, deep-chested; arms and shoulders full and muscular; and would certainly pull down the scale at 200 pounds. His countenance was pleasant, but firm. He had a way of compressing his lips while speaking,

that seemed a little peculiar. He wore no beard. Complexion clear and fresh; eyes dark gray, and not large; dark-brown hair; large, straight nose, and correspondingly large jaw and chin. At first I thought him a trifle too *fat*; but when I afterwards saw him walk, I discovered that what I had taken for adipose tissue was simply *brawn*. He wore a gray cloth cap on his head, while a summer vest partly concealed his cotton shirt. About his waist was buckled a dress sword; and on his shoulder he carried—not a Sharps' rifle—but a double-barreled shotgun. This was Captain Whipple as I first saw him.

“There was a small party of mounted men. One was our guide—Dr. Root. He was a large, fleshy man; jolly, and affable. Another was Captain Sam Walker, of Lawrence. He seemed to have command of the mounted men. His face was stolid and determined—the very opposite of Dr. Root's. Capt. Mitchell rode with his party, although he commanded none of the infantry companies.

“CAMP ON PONY CREEK, K. T., Sunday, August 3d, 1856.—When I stepped up the opposite bank, I came face to face with two men. They had a covered wagon, drawn by a single yoke of oxen. One was a young man, somewhat above the ordinary height; the other, quite old. Both were walking, and both were dusty, and travel-stained. The team was stopped, and the old man inquired of me: ‘Do you belong to a Free-State party, in camp near by?’ I replied that I did. ‘Where is your camp?’ I pointed in its direction, and told him how he could find it. I was about to continue on my way, when he detained me, by remarking: ‘Your coming has caused a good deal of excitement among the Pro-Slavery men living on the road.’ I said nothing, and he continued: ‘They didn't mind talking with us about it, as we are surveyors.’ He motioned with his hand toward the wagon. I looked, and noticed for the first time a surveyor's chain hanging partly over the front end-board of the wagon. Just behind was a compass and

tripod, standing up, under the wagon cover. It struck me that he might possibly be Pro-Slavery himself, but fortunately I gave no outward expression to the thought. He was talkative—almost garrulous. I answered his direct questions, but ventured to make no remarks myself. I had been cautioned, only a day or two before, to be very careful what I said to men living along our line of march. The ox team naturally led me to suppose that these men were settlers in the immediate neighborhood. ‘Where do you live?’ he asked. ‘Indianola.’ ‘O yes! I know. It is a hard place, and has got a very bad reputation. I have heard of it.’ I ventured no reply. ‘Have you ever been in a fight?’ he next inquired. ‘No.’ ‘Well,’ he continued, ‘you may possibly see some fighting, soon.’ I was silent, but all attention. ‘If you ever *do* get in a battle, always remember to aim *low*. You will be apt to over-shoot at first.’ I told him I would remember, and perhaps I smiled a little, for he added: ‘Maybe you think me a little free in offering advice; but I am somewhat older than you, and that ought to be taken in account.’ He said this gravely and pleasantly. The younger man, behind him, was looking at me, with a broad grin on his face. I was a little puzzled. The old man continued in pretty much the same strain, for some time longer; but I find it impossible to recollect it with any degree of accuracy. The young man had not a word to say, but seemed vastly amused at something. We separated. They forded the creek, and went in the direction of camp, while I continued my hunt. I shot nothing, and soon returned. I met one of our boys, and told him I had seen an old man inquiring the way to camp. ‘Yes,—and do you know who it was?’ I told him that I did not. ‘Well,’ he continued, ‘that was old John Brown; we are to break camp, and move farther on.’ My delight and astonishment were about equal. Even at that early date, John Brown was a very noted man, and was trusted and esteemed by all who held anti-slavery views. I felt it an honor and a pleasure

to have seen and conversed with so prominent a leader. One thing, however, has always puzzled me: why should the old man have spent any of his time talking to a youth, and a perfect stranger? It is possible, my being a resident of Indianola excited his interest, as he might have considered an armed Free-State man from such a noted 'Pro-Slavery hole' an anomaly and a curiosity. But whatever his motive, I shall always remember this little episode with pride and pleasure.

"Between three and four o'clock we formed in marching column, and started forward at a swinging pace. We were all well rested, and a little tired of staying in camp. We had been on the road perhaps an hour or more, when some one in front shouted, 'There he is!' Sure enough, it was Brown. Just ahead of us we saw the dingy old wagon-cover, and the two men, and the oxen, plodding slowly onward. Our step was increased to 'quick time'; and as we passed the old man, on either side of the road, we rent the air with cheers. If John Brown ever delighted in the praises of men, his pleasure must have been gratified, as he walked along, enveloped in our shouting column. But I fear he looked upon such things as vain-glorious, for if he responded by word or act, I failed to see or hear it. In passing I looked at him closely. He was rather tall, and lean, with a tanned, weather-beaten aspect in general. He looked like a rough, hard-working old farmer; and I had known several such, who pretty closely resembled Brown in many respects. He appeared to be unarmed; but very likely had shooting-irons inside the wagon. His face was shaven, and he wore a cotton shirt, partly covered by a vest. His hat was well worn, and his general appearance, dilapidated, dusty, and soiled. He turned from his ox team and glanced at our party from time to time as we were passing him. No doubt it was a pleasing sight to him to see men in armed opposition to the Slave-Power. None of us were probably aware that John Brown's most ardent wish was for a seetional war

between the North and the South—that slavery might die. We supposed his only aim—like our own—was to make Kansas a free State. We proposed to lop one limb only from the deadly ‘Upas tree’—*he* would lay the ax at the root.

“We made no pause in our march, and rapidly left John Brown and his outfit in our rear. At the top of the next ridge I glanced backward, and looked again at that homely, humble figure, following in our wake at a snail’s pace. What man among us could then have predicted that in a little more than three years he would shake this American republic from center to circumference?

“NEMAHA FALLS, N. T., Monday, August 4th, 1856.—I was loitering about camp, when I heard some one cry out, ‘Here comes Brown!’ I ran to the road with the rest of the men, and saw a horseman coming from the south. It was he. Where he got his horse, I never learned. Very likely he had borrowed the animal from some Free-State settler in the neighborhood. Several of our men stepped out into the road, and hailed the old man. He stopped immediately, and seemed very willing to talk. I think our principal spokesman was Wilmarth. ‘Do you find a great deal of surveying to do?’ he inquired of Brown. ‘Yes, now and then I pick up a job,’ replied the old man, with a perfectly grave face. We scanned him closely. His appearance was anything but military. He looked round-shouldered and awkward as he sat on his horse; and his resemblance to an old farmer, that one can see almost any day, was more striking than ever. ‘Do you survey for Government?’ was the next question. ‘No. I am not exactly in that line. My surveying is strictly for private parties.’ I watched him closely as he said this. There was not the vestige of a smile, and the tone of his voice seemed to indicate ‘the words of truth and soberness.’ He could hardly have failed seeing our scarcely concealed merriment; but his own face was long as the moral law.

Our spokesman was equally grave, and plied Brown with many and various questions, but utterly failed in getting the old man to admit his object in coming, or even his own identity. Judging from this conversation, my impression is that when he visited our camp the day before he had not openly announced himself as Old Osawatomie Brown, but had been recognized by some of our men who had seen him before. Brown waited patiently until the questioner was through, and then continued his journey north. Of course he knew that we were not ignorant of who he was; but from policy or force of habit, chose to assume the appearance of a stranger. At the time, I supposed he was indulging in a bit of dry humor. But after-events have proved that even at this time his gray head was teeming with revolutionary schemes, that would have fairly taken our breath away had he divulged them to us. 'The pear was not ripe.'

"NEMAHA, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, Thursday, August 7th, 1856.—It was a nice, warm morning, and we were astir at an early hour. We answered to roll-call, and were about ready to start, when Col. Dickey came over to us and read a paper of instructions from his superiors. There it was in black and white, that armed men should not escort the train when it crossed the line into Kansas. Some heated discussion followed. Dickey urged us to put our arms in the wagons, and as soon as we were across the line we could take them back again. Other men joined the Colonel, and expostulated with our obdurate commander. But it availed nothing. Captain Whipple was standing a few feet in front of our line, and not three paces from where I stood. A horseman rode up in front of him. I looked up. It was Old Osawatomie Brown. He addressed himself earnestly to Whipple.

" 'Do as they wish. This train is to enter Kansas as a peaceable emigrant train. It will never do to have it escorted by armed men. As soon as we are across the line, there will be no objection to your retaking your

arms. Let us all stay together. Your services may be needed.'

"He said considerably more to the same effect. Capt. Whipple said but little in reply. He was striking the ground at his feet with the point of his sword, during most of the conversation. He looked obstinate, and sullen—something like a big school-boy when taken to task by his teacher.

" 'Perhaps,' added Brown, 'you don't know me; you don't know who I am?'

" 'Yes, I do,' exclaimed Whipple; 'I know who you are, well enough; but all the same, we are not going to part with our arms. We came armed, and we're going back armed.'

"I was somewhat surprised to learn by this conversation that Brown and Whipple were strangers to each other. Almost within reach of my arm, stood and spoke to one another for the first time these two self-sacrificing martyrs, whose futures were so tragically blended together,—John Brown, and Aaron Dwight Stevens. Both to battle bravely and hopelessly; both to be stricken down with seemingly mortal wounds, and both to perish on the Slaveholder's scaffold. Brown saw that further entreaty would be useless. He turned, and rode away. It was the last time I ever saw 'Old John Brown of Osawatomie.' "

Lane and Brown left the Army of the North and came in advance to make arrangements for the beginning of an aggressive campaign for the recovery of the ground lost in the campaign against Kansas Free-State men relentlessly prosecuted by the "Law and Order" party in the Territory and Missouri since the early spring. Lane had not seen Kansas since March. He had made a brilliant campaign in the Northern and Eastern States in the interest of Kansas. He had largely contributed in this way

to the assembling of the army which was marching into Kansas to seek for homes, and who were determined that these homes should be in a free State. The coming of Lane's army carried dismay to the Missourians. On the 16th of August their leaders issued a call to arms which showed their anxiety and apprehension:

“ TO THE PUBLIC: It has been our duty to keep correctly and fully advised of the movements of the Abolitionists. We know that since Lane commenced his march the Abolitionists in the Territory have been engaged in stealing horses to mount his men, and in organizing and preparing immediately on their arrival to carry out their avowed purpose of expelling or exterminating every pro-slavery settler. We have seen them daily become more daring as Lane's party advanced. We have endeavored to prepare our friends to the end, which was foreseen, and which we now have to announce—LANE'S MEN HAVE ARRIVED!—CIVIL WAR HAS BEGUN!”

After the sacking of Osawatomie the Georgians near that town became bold, and their thieving and plundering became unbearable. A small force of Free-State men assembled and attacked them. Although in a fortified camp, and out-numbering their assailants, they were routed and fled to Fort Saunders, several miles southwest of Lawrence. Here Buford's Colonel Treadwell was in command, and it was one of the most dangerous and troublesome posts held by the ruffians. Major D. S. Hoyt, of Lawrence, desired to obtain information which would enable the Free-State men to make a successful attack upon this point. It was a dangerous undertaking, and he was urged to relinquish his design; but he was a brave man, and believed he could safely accomplish it. Some

accounts say he carried a flag of truce. John Armstrong, Esq., of Topeka, whose account of this affair I have followed, assures me that he stopped at the fort, pretending that he was going to attend to some business in the little town of Marion, four miles beyond. He believed that no one would recognize him, and went into the fort and asked for a drink of water. After looking the fort over thoroughly he departed. There was a man there who had worked on the ferry at Lawrence; he recognized Hoyt at once, and when he was gone he gave it as his opinion that he was a spy and should be shot. Two men were detailed to do this. They followed Hoyt, and came up with him about a mile and a half on his way to Marion. They shot him, and after burning his face with some corrosive substance, buried him near the road. According to all rules of war, Hoyt had forfeited his life the moment he entered the fort in the capacity of a spy, but his death justly enraged the Free-State men, and they determined to attack the Buford camp at Franklin. The attack was made on the evening of the 12th of August, and was directed by Lane; it was successful, and so panic-stricken became the ruffians that they abandoned a portion of their whisky in their flight. In the annals of Kansas the abandonment of whisky always denotes extreme and desperate demoralization in the ruffian ranks. A cannon was secured.

Lane established a camp three miles from Fort Saunders. As soon as the Chicago party arrived at Topeka, which was on the 13th of August, he ordered them to this camp, where they arrived at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th. In the forenoon of this day the body of Major Hoyt was found, and preparations were made to

advance upon the fort. The Free-State men arrived there at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but the enemy had fled; they left much plunder and some muskets and ammunition; the Free-State men burned the fort. On the 16th Fort Titus, near Lecompton, was attacked by the Free-State men, and the garrison captured. The gun captured at Franklin had been supplied with ammunition by gathering up the type of the *Herald of Freedom* scattered about the streets at the sacking of Lawrence, and casting it into balls. It was used with great effect upon Fort Titus, and its reverberations so terrorized Governor Shannon that he fled from Lecompton, and was found embarking upon a mud-scow to cross the Kaw and escape in the jungles of the north bottoms.

On the following day Governor Shannon came to Lawrence to conclude a peace in the interest of his ruffian friends. The whole summer's harrying of the Free-State settlers had not appealed to him, but after a few defeats administered by these same settlers to his cut-throats he came to plead their cause, and try to retrieve by treaty what they had lost in battle. The treaty was concluded, and prisoners exchanged. But this was not satisfactory to the Missourians who had appealed to the people along the border to gather for an invasion of the Territory. Shannon saw that it would be impossible for him to make any excuse to these when they arrived that would be satisfactory. The Kansas question had entered the campaign for the Presidency. It was plainly seen by Pierce and Buchanan that if the Territory were not speedily quieted Pennsylvania would vote against the Democratic candidate. Shannon was ordered to accomplish this, and the storm of

civil war which he saw ahead of him rendered him impotent; he resigned his office, and fled from the Territory to escape assassination at the hands of his hopeful constituency of "Law and Order" party people. The executive authority now fell into the hands of Secretary Woodson. He was the willing tool of the ruffians; they could not make any request too brutal for him to refuse. It was determined to make clean work of the Free-State settlers in Kansas before the new Governor could arrive and undertake the pacification of the Territory. Atchison, Stringfellow and other Missourians gathered men for an invasion which was to be governed in its object by the motto, "Let the watchword be 'extermination, total and complete.' " About a thousand men were gathered at Little Santa Fe, in Missouri, and from this point moved into the Territory in the direction of Osawatomie. They sent a detachment of some three hundred and fifty men against this town; it arrived on the morning of August 30th.

The battle here was lost by the Free-State men, who were commanded by John Brown, but the defense of the town was so heroic that from that day he was known as Osawatomie Brown. The best account of the battle is his own report:

"Early in the morning of the 30th of August the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Osawatomie. At this place my son Frederick (who was not attached to my force) had lodged, with some four other young men from Lawrence, and a young man named Garrison, from Middle creek. The scouts, led by a Pro-Slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, while he—as I have

since ascertained—supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison, and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead. This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one-half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Osawatimie. I had no organized force, but only some twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered to leave their preparations for breakfast and follow me into the town, as soon as this news was brought me.

“As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, whom we armed with guns; and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about half a mile off, upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy [them], from the timber near the town, into which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush; but I had no time to recall the twelve men in the log house, and so we lost their assistance in the fight. At the point above named I met with Captain Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage, or Marais des Cygnes, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering not more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them (who must have seen the whole movement), and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Captain Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle-shot, we commenced

firing, and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to annoy them. Captain Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

"After the enemy rallied we kept up our fire, until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river. We had one man killed—a Mr. Powers, from Captain Cline's company—in the fight. One of my men, a Mr. Partridge, was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party who took part in the fight are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded; namely, Dr. Upldegraff and a Mr. Collis. I cannot speak in too high terms of them, and of many others I have not now time to mention.

"One of my best men, together with myself, was struck by a partially spent ball from the enemy, in the commencement of the fight, but we were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own as well as their people, was some thirty-one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river, nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work."

The Missourians returned to their encampment. Lane sent a force of about one hundred and fifty men against this camp. After exchanging a few shots with their assailants the forces under Atchison and others returned in great haste to Missouri. But they did not remain there long. Woodson issued a proclamation declaring the Ter-

ritory in a state of insurrection, and calling out all the Territorial militia,—which was in fact an invitation to the ruffians to invade Kansas and complete the “extermination” of settlers opposed to slavery. Governor Geary was hurrying to the Territory, and found companies on their way in obedience to these calls; one company embarked on the Governor’s boat, at Glasgow, Mo., and carried a brass cannon. On his way from Leavenworth to Leecompton he detected a member of the bogus Legislature in the act of plundering Free-State men, and this hopeful legislator advanced upon the Governor’s party with the intention of robbing it, and was only deterred by the appearance of a wagon in the distance.

The invasion of Kansas progressed as favorably as the Pro-Slavery leaders could expect. By the 15th of September there were twenty-seven hundred men surrounding Lawrence, under the command of Atchison, Stringfellow, Reid, and others. The number of volunteers the Free-State men were able to assemble to oppose this army of invasion did not exceed three hundred. Brown was offered the command of these, but declined. He preferred to fight in the ranks. But he was looked upon as the most capable military man present, and the people relied upon him for their safety should they be attacked. Brown assembled them one afternoon and addressed them as follows:

“GENTLEMEN: It is said there are twenty-five hundred Missourians down at Franklin, and that they will be here in two hours. You can see for yourselves the smoke they are making by setting fire to the houses in that town. Now is probably the last opportunity you will have of seeing

a fight, so you had better do your best. If they should come up and attack us, don't yell and make a great noise, but remain perfectly silent and still. Wait till they get within twenty-five yards of you; get a good object; be sure you see the hind sight of your gun,—then fire. A great deal of powder and lead and very precious time is wasted by shooting too high. You had better aim at their legs than at their heads. In either case be sure of the hind sights of your guns. It is from the neglect of this that I myself have so many times escaped; for if all the bullets that have been aimed at me had hit, I should have been as full of holes as a riddle."

Sounder and more patriotic advice was never given a little band gathered to battle for their homes. But Governor Geary succeeded in turning back these barbarous invaders before they could attack Lawrence. He called to his assistance the United States troops and marched to the camp of the Missourians, where he met their leaders. After much grumbling, swearing, threatening, and disorderly wrangling, they held a meeting to devise some excuse to present to their sodden followers for turning back. After resolving that they had come to drive out Lane and his hireling army, they reached the core of the controversy in the following preamble: "Whereas, we have here met and conferred with Governor Geary, who has arrived in the Territory since we were here called, *and who has given us satisfactory evidence of his intention and power to execute the laws of the Territory.*" They returned to Missouri, but their routes were marked with burning homes, plundered farms, and murdered citizens.

So ended the campaign of the Pro-Slavery party of

Kansas and Missouri in 1856 for the enforcement of the bogus laws. Had not political conditions in the East demanded its suppression, the Administration would have assisted it to a successful termination. When the hordes rolled back across the border their opportunity to crush Kansas was forever gone; it was never again in their power to stifle liberty. While many an outrage was yet to be perpetrated upon the Free-State men, freedom was assured when the congregated barbarians turned from the walls of the noble town of Lawrence, whose people were so patriotic and liberty-loving that nothing could subdue or overcome them.

Had not John Brown and his faithful followers lurked in thicket and swamp, like the great guerrilla, Marion, of South Carolina, ready to defend a home or settlement here, and attack a band of murderers there, it is uncertain whether the result could have been attained in this time. The people of Kansas honor the memory of the old hero who without money and without price, at the peril of his life and the sacrifice of his son, alone of the leaders of the people, ranged the land and entreated the harried and discouraged settlers to continue the fight for freedom till help should come, and who exhorted them to charge

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more.”

His fame was great. Pottawatomie and Osawatomie were talked of in every ruffian camp, and the terror of the name of Old John Brown increased all along the border. He believed himself raised up of God to break the jaws of the wicked. He cared no more for political policy than for personal abuse or the laudations of men. He gave no

account to man of his actions. He sought no counsel in the assemblies of men; he cared nothing for their praises or condemnations. He held himself accountable to God alone, and as he understood His will he tried to execute it. He cared nothing for law when it stood in the way of right and humanity. He was a revolutionist as were the fathers of 1776. He was the oracle of the doctrine enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. He believed it agreed perfectly with the Sermon on the Mount, and he believed that it were better that his generation perish than that a syllable of either should fail. Only such men are truly great.

CHAPTER X.

FAREWELL TO KANSAS.

Eleven slaves are now set free,—
A kindly stroke for those who fell,
A just and righteous parallel,—
Their freedom won; and strange to tell,
Kansas has gained her liberty.

Not on far Afric's burning sand,
When age on age has come and gone,
And people searching in the throng
Which passing centuries prolong,
Ask for some hero proud and grand,

The theme for master sculptor's hand,
Whose ancient glory and renown
The waiting multitude shall crown,
Will there remote appear John Brown;—
But will be found in every land

His glory heralded by seers,—
In marble cut; by poets sung;
And his rude image shall be hung
Round the charmed neck, and every tongue
Shall praise him as a saint of years.

—*Joel Moody's "The Song of Kansas."*

John Brown did not intend to remain permanently in Kansas, so far as we now know; it is believed that he did not come with that purpose. It seems that he only "turned aside" for a time from his life-work to take up the sword

for Kansas. But it is by no means certain that he did not finally come to see the possibility of his remaining in the State he helped to redeem and rescue. There is little doubt that he at one time contemplated striking his final blow at slavery from Kansas—that he studied long and seriously the establishment of the stations in the Indian Territory and Texas that he eventually concluded to undertake in the Appalachians. At least three purposes moved him to come to Kansas. The first was, to assist his children in the battle to make Kansas free and in the defense of their lives and property. The second was, to seek every opportunity to attack the institution of slavery. The third was, to gain practical experience in guerrilla warfare. The latter was essential to the success of the great design so long and so devoutly intended by him.

When the hordes from Missouri had rolled back from the walls of Lawrence, Governor Geary devoted himself in good faith to dispersing all armed bands in the Territory. There were indictments against John Brown for resistance to the bogus laws, or treason, and any strict construction of his duty would compel the Governor to bring him to trial; but he did not want the hero of Osawatomie captured, for he did not know what to do with him. To have dealt harshly with him would have aroused the Free-State men to resistance. He intimated to Brown's partisans that he should consider it a favor if they would in some way prevent his officers from meeting him. It is by no means certain that he did not request his friends to induce Brown to quit the Territory for a season, in order that there might remain no possibility of his arrest. By Governor Geary's efforts the cam-

paing waged so persistently and relentlessly against the Free-State men of Kansas for the preceding six months was rendered ineffectual. There was some hope that the settlers would be protected in their homes. Brown consented to go East in September; but he did not relinquish any purpose he had formed in relation to slavery, or even Kansas; on the contrary, he labored diligently in these causes during his absence from the Territory. He left Kansas in September, probably about the 15th. He had his old wagon and ox team, and in this clumsy conveyance he rode much of the time, for he was sick. His progress was slow; and he was pursued for a time by the United States troops, but had no trouble in evading them. He followed the trail over which Lane's Army of the North had marched in.

Brown remained a fortnight at Tabor, Iowa, and when his health improved he continued his journey, arriving in Chicago about the 25th of October. Here the National Kansas Committee purchased him a suit of clothes. He visited the various committees formed in the Eastern States to assist in the settlement of Kansas; he hoped to procure the means to arm a considerable number of men. He had in mind the great work of his life, and never for a moment neglected it; and on this trip he secured the custody of two hundred Sharps' rifles then at Tabor, Iowa, and these he finally carried with him to Harper's Ferry.

The committees were able to do but little for him; and finding this condition of affairs, he determined to make appeals directly to the people. He spoke in many New England towns. In Massachusetts there was a movement to have the Legislature appropriate twenty-five thousand

dollars in the aid of Kansas work. The committee having this matter in charge requested him to appear before them and deliver an address. This he did. He arraigned the Administration, and described the conditions existing in Kansas and the trials Free-State people were compelled to bear in that Territory. He said:

“I saw, while in Missouri, in the fall of 1855, large numbers of men going to Kansas *to vote*, and also returning after they had so done; as they said.

“Later in the year, I, with four of my sons, was called out, and traveled, mostly on foot and during the night, to help defend Lawrence, a distance of thirty-five miles; where we were detained, with some five hundred others, or thereabouts, from five to ten days—say an average of ten days—at a cost of not less than a dollar and a half per day, as wages; to say nothing of the actual loss and suffering occasioned to many of them, by leaving their families sick, their crops not secured, their houses unprepared for winter, and many without houses at all. This was the case with myself and sons, who could not get houses built after returning. Wages alone would amount to seven thousand five hundred dollars; loss and suffering cannot be estimated.

“I saw, at that time, the body of the murdered Barber, and was present to witness his wife and other friends brought in to see him with his clothes on, just as he was when killed.

“I, with six sons and a son-in-law, was called out, and traveled, most of the way on foot, to try and save Lawrence, May 20 and 21, and much of the way in the night. From that date, neither I nor my sons, nor my son-in-law, could do any work about our homes, but lost our whole time until we left, in October; except one of my sons, who had a few weeks to devote to the care of his own and his brother's family, who were then without a home.

“From about the 20th of May, hundreds of men, like ourselves, lost their whole time, and entirely failed of securing any kind of a crop whatever. I believe it safe to say that five hundred Free-State men lost each one hundred and twenty days, which, at one dollar and a half per day, would be—to say nothing of attendant losses—ninety thousand dollars.

“On or about the 30th of May, two of my sons, with several others, were imprisoned without other crime than opposition to bogus legislation, and most barbarously treated for a time, one being held about a month, and the other about four months. Both had their families on the ground. After this both of them had their houses burned, and all their goods consumed by the Missourians. In this burning all the eight suffered. One had his oxen stolen, in addition.”

The Captain, laying aside his paper, here said that he had now at his hotel, and would exhibit to the committee, if they so desired, the chains which one of his sons had worn, when he was driven, beneath a burning sun, by Federal troops, to a distant prison, on a charge of treason. The cruelties he there endured, added to the anxieties and sufferings incident to his position, had rendered him, the old man said, as his eye flashed and his voice grew sterner, “a maniac—yes, a MANIAC.”

He paused a few seconds, wiped a tear from his eye, and continued his narration:

“At Black Jack, the invading Missourians wounded three Free-State men, one of them my son-in-law; and a few days afterward one of my sons was so wounded that he will be a cripple for life.

“In June, I was present and saw the mangled and disfigured body of the murdered Hoyt, of Deerfield, Mass., brought into our camp. I knew him well.

“I saw the ruins of many Free-State men’s houses, in different parts of the Territory, together with grain in

the stack, burning, and wasted in other ways, to the amount, at least, of fifty thousand dollars.

"I saw several other Free-State men, besides those I have named, during the summer, who were badly wounded by the invaders of the Territory.

"I know that for much of the time during the summer, the travel over portions of the Territory was entirely cut off, and that none but bodies of armed men dared to move at all.

"I know that for a considerable time the mails on different routes were entirely stopped; and notwithstanding there were abundant troops in the Territory to escort the mails, I know that such escorts were not furnished, as they ought to have been.

"I saw while it was standing, and afterwards saw the ruins of, a most valuable house, the property of a highly civilized, intelligent, and exemplary Christian Indian, which was burned to the ground by the Ruffians, because its owner was suspected of favoring Free-State men. He was known as Ottawa Jones, or John T. Jones.

"In September last, I visited a beautiful little Free-State town called Stanton, on the north side of the Osage (or Marais des Cygnes, as it is sometimes called), from which every inhabitant had fled for fear of their lives, even after having built a strong log house, or wooden fort, at a heavy expense, for their protection. Many of them had left their effects, liable to be destroyed or carried off, not being able to remove them. This was to me a most gloomy scene, and like a visit to a sepulcher.

"Deserted houses and cornfields were to be found in almost every direction south of the Kansas river.

"I have not yet told all I saw in Kansas.

"I once saw three mangled bodies, two of which were dead, and one alive, but with twenty bullet and buckshot holes in him, after the two murdered men had lain on the ground, to be worked at by flies, for some eighteen hours. One of these young men was *my own son*."

The stern old man faltered. He struggled long to suppress all exhibition of his feelings, and soon, but with a subdued, and in a faltering, tone continued:

"I saw Mr. Parker, whom I well knew, all bruised about the head, and with his throat partly cut, after he had been dragged, sick, from the house of Ottawa Jones, and thrown over the bank of the Ottawa creek for dead.

"About the first of September, I, and five sick and wounded sons, and a son-in-law, were obliged to lie on the ground, without shelter, for a considerable time, and at times almost in a state of starvation, and dependent on the charity of the Christian Indian I have before named, and his wife.

"I saw Dr. Graham, of Prairie City, who was a prisoner with the Ruffians on the 2d of June, and was present when they wounded him, in an attempt to kill him, as he was trying to save himself from being murdered by them during the fight at Black Jack.

"I know that numerous other persons, whose names I cannot now remember, suffered like hardships and exposures to those I have mentioned.

"I know well that on or about the 14th of September, 1856, a large force of Missourians and other Ruffians, said by Governor Geary to be twenty-seven hundred in number, invaded the Territory, burned Franklin, and, while the smoke of that place was going up behind them, they, on the same day, made their appearance in full view of, and within about a mile of, Lawrence; and I know of no reason why they did not attack that place, except that about one hundred Free-State men volunteered to go out and did go out, on the open plain before the town, and give them offer of a fight, which, after getting scattering shots from our men, they declined, and retreated back towards Franklin. I saw the whole thing. The Government troops, at this time, were at Leecompton, a distance of twelve miles only from Lawrence, with Governor Geary; and

yet, notwithstanding runners had been dispatched to advise him, in good time, of the approach and setting out of the enemy, (who had to march some forty miles to reach Lawrence,) he did not, on that memorable occasion, get a single soldier on the ground until after the enemy had retreated to Franklin, and been gone for more than five hours. This is the way he saved Lawrence. And it is just the kind of protection the Free-State men have received from the Administration from the first."

Brown visited his family at North Elba, N. Y., but did not remain long at home; he returned to New England early in March, and continued his work on the platform. He met with some encouragement; eighty dollars was given him in three nights by two towns in Connecticut. One of these towns was Canton, where his father and mother were brought up. The old granite monument of his grandfather, John Brown, of Revolutionary fame, stood in the burial-ground there, though the old patriot had been buried on the banks of the Hudson. The people agreed to send the venerable monument to North Elba, to be there set up and inscribed with the name of his son Frederick, and other names as occasion arose. The monument was sent, and was an object of great interest to the many who visited the grave of the martyr in after-years. At Hartford and Canton Brown read from his manuscript an appeal for assistance; this appeal explains his objects, and shows that he was then contemplating greater things:

"I am trying to raise from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars in the free States, to enable me to continue my efforts in the cause of freedom. Will the people of Connecticut, *my native State*, afford me some aid in this undertaking? Will the gentlemen and ladies of Hartford,

where I make my first appeal in this State, set the example of an earnest effort? Will some gentleman or lady take hold and try what can be done by small contributions from counties, cities, towns, societies, or churches, or in some other way? I think the little beggar-children in the streets are sufficiently interested to warrant their contributing, if there was any need of it, to secure the object. I was told that newspapers in a certain city were dressed in mourning on hearing that I was killed and scalped in Kansas, but I did not know of it until I reached the place. Much good it did me. In the same place I met a more cool reception than in any other place where I have stopped. If my friends will hold up my hands while I live, I will freely absolve them from any expense over me when I am dead. I do not ask for pay, but shall be most grateful for all the assistance I can get."

It was while in Connecticut at this time that Brown contracted for the construction of a thousand pikes, which he afterwards carried with him to Harper's Ferry. He visited many of the principal cities on this second visit to New England, and addressed large audiences. He also made the personal acquaintance of the men most prominent in the work of aiding Kansas; and he met the abolitionists then laboring in their way to free the slaves. Eli Thayer was much impressed with his services to the cause of freedom, and did not ascertain until he was an independent candidate for Congress, in 1860, when he was in opposition to his party, which was then engaging in the mighty conflict for the preservation of the Union, that Brown was a detriment to the cause of liberty in Kansas. He offered Brown a home in a "boom town" enterprise in what is now West Virginia, at the mouth of

the Big Sandy river, called Ceredo, and which was a failure.

Brown received most encouragement from the Massachusetts State Committee. It proposed to obtain an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to be used for relief in Kansas; to organize a force, "well armed and under control of the famous John Brown, to repel Border-Ruffian outrage and defend Free-State men." In the explanation of its objects it was recited that "many of the Free-State leaders, being engaged in speculations, are willing to accept peace on any terms. Brown and his friends will hold to the original principle of making Kansas free, without regard to private interests." This is just what Brown had been doing in Kansas, and what opposition there was in the Free-State ranks in the Territory to Brown came from his strict adherence to these original principles. But with all his efforts, the results in New England was disappointing to him. His chagrin found expression in the following quaint document:

"OLD JOHN BROWN'S FAREWELL

TO THE PLYMOUTH ROCKS, BUNKER HILL MONUMENTS, CHARTER
OAKS, AND UNCLE TOM'S CABINS.

"He has left for Kansas; has been trying since he came out of the Territory to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute-men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas. And he leaves the State with a feeling of deepest sadness, that after exhausting his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffering hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment, and others death; that, lying on the ground for months in the most sickly, unwholesome, and uncomfortable places, some of the time with sick and

wounded, destitute of any shelter, hunted like wolves, and sustained in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause which every citizen of this 'glorious Republic' is under equal moral obligation to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable by God,—a cause in which every man, woman, and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest,—that when no wages were asked nor expected, he cannot secure, amid all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this 'heaven-exalted' people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. 'How are the mighty fallen!'

"I am destitute of horses, baggage-wagons, tents, harness, saddles, bridles, holsters, spurs, and belts; camp equipage, such as cooking and eating utensils, blankets, knapsacks, intrenching-tools, axes, shovels, spades, mattocks, crowbars; have not a supply of ammunition; have not money sufficient to pay freight and traveling expenses; and left my family poorly supplied with common necessities.

"Boston, April, 1857."

John Brown was working with method to accomplish an end—perfecting arrangements to accomplish the design he had cherished for more than twenty years. He had not yet disclosed this plan to anyone—perhaps in its more definite outlines so far as they were fixed, not even to his wife. He made the acquaintance, in April, 1857, of Hugh Forbes, who was an Englishman late from Italy, where he had been a silk merchant and a follower of Garibaldi. In one of the downward turns of the cause of his leader he found it necessary to flee, and, leaving his wife and daughter in Paris, he sought the hospitable shores of America. He was a fencing-master, and claimed an extensive knowledge of military tactics and guerrilla

warfare. He proposed to Brown to translate a French work on street-fighting and other varieties of desultory tactics, and print it for the use of his army. To this Brown was favorable, and he furnished the means to bring out the work, believing that it would prove of great service to his men. Forbes was also employed, or taken on some terms not now well understood, to instruct the army to be raised and equipped by Brown to carry out his intentions. He was to come to Tabor, Iowa, in May, 1857, but did not arrive until the 9th of August. Being dissatisfied, he left there early in November, and went East, where he divulged such of Brown's plans as had been made known to him. These revelations were made to prominent public men, and to persons who had assisted Brown and were in sympathy with his designs.

From Tabor, Iowa, Brown came to Kansas, arriving at the farm of E. B. Whitman, a little south of Lawrence, on the 5th of November. He intended to remain but a short time, and his object was to enlist men skilled in the rough guerrilla warfare of the Kansas border in his army of invasion of Virginia. His presence was made known to few, for it was feared that he might be arrested on the old indictments for treason or conspiracy. From Lawrence he went to the farm of Daniel Sheridan, south of Topeka. There he was joined by John E. Cook, Richard Realf, and Luke F. Parsons. He and J. H. Kagi visited Manhattan. With the persons named, and "Colonel Whipple," or Aaron D. Stevens, Charles W. Moffett, and Richard Richardson, a colored man of intelligence, Brown left Kansas for Iowa late in November. They arrived without incident, and soon afterward the whole company

were moved to the Quaker community at Springdale, Iowa, and were given a heartfelt welcome by the good people of that place. The gratitude and approval of humanity are due the Quakers of every part of America for their services in effecting the abolition of slavery. They were the first body to oppose the institution in both Europe and America, and were ever in advance in this righteous cause as the work for its consummation dragged slowly along. No black man or woman or child fleeing from a crushing and degrading bondage with bloody-fanged dogs crying on the trail at the instance of the minions of the laws of the nation, ever knocked in vain at a Quaker door. The underground railroad ran from one Quaker settlement to another, and was always safest where the Friends were most numerous, and to them the distress-cry of the fugitive black man was a call from God that was never unheeded.

The company of John Brown gathered at Springdale consisted of eleven men,—John Brown, Owen Brown, Aaron D. Stevens, John Henri Kagi, John Edwin Cook, Richard Realf, Charles P. Tidd, William Leeman, Luke F. Parsons, Charles W. Moffett, and Richard Richardson. During the winter George B. Gill, Steward Taylor, Edwin Coppoc and Barclay Coppoc joined the little army. John Brown installed Aaron D. Stevens in the position of military instructor, left vacant by the desertion of Forbes. As soon as provision for his men for the winter was completed, Brown returned East; this was in January, 1858. He stopped in Ohio to see his son John, and from there he went to the home of Frederick Douglass, in Rochester, N. Y. He made his home with Douglass for a time, and while there, drew up his constitution for

a provisional government. He began also to disclose to his friends his plans for the future—very cautiously at first, and by vague hints and suggestions rather than by direct avowal. He inquired of Theodore Parker by letter: “Do you think any of my Garrisonian friends, either at Boston, Worcester, or any other place, can be induced to supply a little ‘straw,’ if I will absolutely make ‘bricks’?” He desired something less than a thousand dollars. “He wishes to avoid publicity, and will not see his family. Meantime he is staying with Fred Douglass under the *nom de guerre* of N. Hawkins. He ‘expects to overthrow slavery’ in a large part of the country,” wrote Edward Morton to F. B. Sanborn. He wrote Sanborn: “My reasons for keeping quiet are such that when I left Kansas I kept it from every friend there; and I suppose it is still understood that I am hiding somewhere in the Territory.” These were his reasons for not going to Boston, or even passing through Albany. He was at the home of Gerrit Smith, near Peterboro, N. Y., February 20th, 1858. Here he was met by Mr. Sanborn, who says that on the evening of Washington’s birthday “the whole outline of Brown’s campaign in Virginia was laid before our little council, to the astonishment and almost the dismay of those present.” The discussion continued till past midnight, “but nothing could shake the purpose of the old Puritan. Every difficulty had been foreseen and provided against in some manner; the grand difficulty of all—the manifest hopelessness of undertaking anything so vast with such slender means—was met with the text of Scripture: ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’ He had made nearly all his arrangements: he had so

many men enlisted, so many hundred weapons,—all he now wanted was the small sum of money. With that he would open his campaign in the spring, and he had no doubt that the enterprise ‘would *pay*,’ as he said.”

On the following day the question was again taken up. Brown carried his point. “You see how it is,” said Gerrit Smith to Mr. Sanborn; “our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course, and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must support him.” He went by the way of Brooklyn to Boston at the instance of Mr. Sanborn, arriving there on the 4th of March. His visit to Boston was made secretly. He saw Theodore Parker, who encouraged him but was not sanguine of the success of his effort. The amount of money required was given him, and he considered his journey successful at every point. He was in communication with Forbes, and seems to have anticipated no serious trouble from his course. When the success of his plans seemed so nearly complete—when, climbing up from the devious defiles of the valley of disappointments and vexations, he saw from the height of his mountain-top the broad plains of peace and freedom unfold in a panorama at his feet, he wrote to his wife and children in the rude home in the frozen forests of the Adirondacks: “The anxiety I feel to see my wife and children once more, I am unable to describe. I want exceedingly to see my big baby and Ruth’s baby, and to see how that little company of sheep look about this time. The cries of my poor sorrow-stricken, despairing children, whose ‘tears on their cheeks’ are ever in my eyes, and whose sighs are ever in my ears, may however prevent my enjoying the happiness

I so much desire. But, courage, courage, courage!—the great work of my life (the unseen Hand that ‘guided me, and who has indeed holden my right hand, may hold it still,’ though I have not known Him at all as I ought) I may yet see accomplished (God helping), and be permitted to return, and ‘rest at evening.’”

John Brown and his son, John Brown, jr., were in Philadelphia, where a conference was held with a number of colored men. They went from thence to Connecticut, and from there, by the way of New York, to North Elba. They remained but a few days, and returned to Peterboro, arriving at Gerrit Smith’s April 2d. Mr. Smith fully approved the arrangements made for the invasion of Virginia, and “was buoyant and hopeful about it, and showed great animation and interest.” From Peterboro they went to Rochester, where they separated. John Brown went to St. Catherine’s, Canada, early in April, writing from that place to his son John, from whom he had parted at Rochester, April 8th. There were many fugitive slaves in St. Catherine’s, and he was probably looking among them for additions to his little army. A certain Harriet Tubman, a colored woman of much influence, was there at the time, and she seems to have aided him in this work. But he did not remain long in Canada. He went to Iowa, and from Springdale wrote his wife on the 27th of April. He had come to transfer his army to Chatham, Canada West, which he accomplished quickly, for he wrote from that town to his wife, May 12th. The Provisional Constitution had been adopted here before the letter to his wife was written. It began with the following preamble: “Whereas, Slavery throughout its entire existence in the

United States, is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens upon another portion—the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment and hopeless servitude or absolute extermination—in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence.”

But at this moment, when it seemed that all things were turning to favor the rapid consummation of John Brown's life-purpose, unexpected developments forced a postponement of the expedition for many months. Forbes continued to talk of Brown's plans. He gave information to Senators in Washington and influential persons in New England. The result was that Mr. Smith, Theodore Parker, Mr. Sanborn and those knowing his full plans wrote him that the expedition must be deferred for a year. Brown met Mr. Stearns in New York about the 20th of May. He went to Boston, where he was assured that he would be furnished two or three thousand dollars for the execution of the plan in the following winter. In the meantime it was believed best for him to return to Kansas, for, as Forbes did not know that Virginia was the objective point of Brown's expedition, his return to the Territory and the resumption of the old warfare there would serve to contradict Forbes's revelations. He left Boston June 3d, “with five hundred dollars in gold, and liberty to retain all the arms,” visited North Elba, passed through Ohio and Iowa into Nebraska, and reached Lawrence on the 25th of June, 1858. He was warmly welcomed by his friends and the people of Kansas generally; among these were the correspondents of the Eastern news-

papers. Redpath records at length a conversation "which lasted nearly the whole afternoon." He was accompanied by Kagi, and they returned to Kansas, as Kagi gave out, because of the betrayal of their plans by Forbes. On Monday, the 26th, Brown and Kagi left Lawrence for southern Kansas to visit Mr. Adair and other friends near Osawatomie, and also to consult with Captain James Montgomery.

The Marais des Cygnes massacre had occurred on May 19th. Trouble had existed in Linn and Bourbon counties for a long time. When the Free-State people settled in the Kansas Valley and northern Kansas in such numbers that the danger from invasions from Missouri ceased and civil order appeared, the worst characters among the ruffians betook themselves to these counties, and made their headquarters at Fort Scott. Among them were Clark and the Lieutenant Brockett who was captured with Captain Pate. In 1858 the Free-State men had increased in Linn county to the point that they could take the initiative. Pro-Slavery men occupying the claims from which Free-State men had been driven were made to leave. The feelings of each party toward the other were very bitter. The leader of the Pro-Slavery people was Charles A. Hamilton. He made up a list of some sixty Free-State men whom he intended to kill. He had lived on a claim near the Missouri line and near the little town of Trading Post, but was at this time living in Missouri. He was the commander of a company of ruffians known as the "Bloody Reds." On the 19th of May he rode over the line, gathered up eleven of his neighbors, all unarmed, and many of them inoffensive and peaceable, formed them

in line in a gloomy gulch and shot them. Four were instantly killed, and all the survivors but one desperately wounded. The ruffians mounted their horses and fled, and Hamilton was never again heard of "by anyone familiar with this bloody crime." A blacksmith named Snyder had saved himself from the same fate by resisting with his shotgun. Brown went to the point where these murders were committed. It was believed for some time that he had purchased the claim upon which Snyder's shop was located, and that he had built a strong fort upon it, called Fort Snyder; but this he never did. He enlisted a few men, among them many of the foremost in the Territory. He assumed the name of Shubel Morgan, and his volunteers were known as "Shubel Morgan's Company." The nine rules for the government of the company are characteristic of the stern and Puritanical character of Brown, and they are yet preserved in the library of the Historical Society. Augustus Wattles and James Montgomery were privates in this company commanded by "Shubel Morgan."

The company saw considerable service during the summer. Governor Denver posted some soldiers in the vicinity of the camp, which was near Trading Post. On the 23d of July Brown wrote that some of the soldiers of this company had offered him their services, and that he had declined them. Afterwards there was an attempt to capture Brown, and this duty was intrusted to the United States troops. There was a sharp engagement between Brown's company and these troops at Fox's Ford, on Big Sugar creek, in which a number were wounded on each side. The troops were commanded by a Captain Farns-

worth. Brown and his men are said to have disguised themselves as stone-masons, and worked for some time on a stone house being built by Augustus Wattles. Farnsworth and his command stopped at the house of Mr. Wattles one day for dinner or water or under some other pretext, but really because they suspected that these stone-cutters were Brown and his men. Brown was then concealed in the loft of Mr. Wattles's cabin. While Mr. Wattles and Captain Farnsworth discussed the desperate courage of Old John Brown he was lying with his eye at a rent in the wall not ten feet away, listening to the young officer, who boasted that he would make him prisoner yet. He remained for more than an hour, and it afforded Mr. Wattles much amusement to keep the officer always on the subject, as he knew that Brown was listening to all he said.

During the summer he was for a time sick with an ague; this so weakened him that he was unable to remain in camp. He went to the home of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Adair, where he was very ill from an attack of typhoid fever. It was the 10th of September when he could again write to his friends. He returned to camp as soon as he was again well enough to bear the hardships of the camp life, but he wrote that he was anxious to reëngage in preparation for the invasion of Virginia.

On Sunday, December 19, 1858, a negro man came from Missouri to Brown's camp and begged that his wife and family be rescued from slavery before they were sold to be carried South. The following Monday night Brown, with a number of men from his company, made a foray into Missouri, and secured these slaves, eleven in number,

and carried them into Kansas. They were carried to the Pottawatomie and kept in a cabin on the open prairie for more than a month, while every ravine and thicket swarmed with people searching for them. No one thought of their being concealed in the deserted old cabin in plain view of a number of houses, and they escaped without detection. This raid was the occasion which caused the writing of the famous communication known as "Old Brown's Parallels," which is as follows:

"OLD BROWN'S PARALLELS.

"TRADING POST, KANSAS, Jany, — 1859.

"GENTS: You will greatly oblige a humble friend by allowing me the use of your columns while I briefly state Two parallels in my poor way. Not One year ago Eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood (Viz) Wm Robertson, Wm Colpetzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell Asa Snyder, Thos Stilwell, Wm Hairgrove, Asa Hairgrove, Patrick Ross, and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work, & their homes by an armed force (under One *Hamilton*) & without trial; or opportunity to speak in their own defense were formed into a line & all but one shot Five killed, & Five wounded. One fell unharmed pretending to be dead. All were left for dead. Now I inquire what action has ever since (the occasion in May last) been taken by either the President of the United States; the Governor of Missouri: the Governor of Kansas or any of their tools: or by any proslavery *or administration man*?

"Now for the other parallel. On Sunday the 19th of December a Negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement from Missouri & stated that he together with his Wife, Two Children, & another Negro man were to be sold within a day or Two & begged for help to get away. On Monday night of the following day Two small companies were made up to go to Missouri & forcibly lib-

erate the Five slaves *together with other slaves*. One of those companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place surrounded the buildings liberated the slaves; & also took certain other property supposed to belong to the Estate. We however learned before leaving that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation as a tenant & who was supposed to have no interest in the Estate. We promptly restored to him *all we had taken* so far I believe. We then went to another where we freed Five more slaves, took some property; & Two *white* men. We moved all slowly away into the territory for some distance & then sent the White men back telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed One female slave took some property; & as I am informed killed One White man (the master) who fought against the liberation.

“Now for a comparison. Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their *natural*; & *unalienable* rights with but one man killed; & all ‘Hell is stirred from beneath.’ It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last named ‘*dreadful outrage*’: the Marshall of Kansas is said to be collecting a posse of Missouri (not Kansas men) at West Point in Missouri a little town about Ten Miles distant to ‘enforce the laws,’ & and all proslavery conservative Free State dough faced men & administration tools are filled with holy horror.

Respectfully Yours,
JOHN BROWN.”

The Governor of Missouri offered a reward for the capture and delivery of John Brown, and this was supplemented by a reward offered by James Buchanan, President of the United States, of two hundred and fifty dollars. Brown immediately had printed a small handbill in which

he publicly proclaimed that he thereby offered a reward for Buchanan, declaring that if any lover of his country would deliver that august personage to him, well tied, at Trading Post, he would willingly pay such patriot the sum of two dollars and fifty cents. It is said that reflection upon the matter afterwards convinced him that this sum was more than the President was actually worth for any purpose.

Brown now prepared to leave Kansas. He was anxious to be on his way to Virginia. He had taken an old wagon from the master in Missouri when he rescued the slaves. This was concealed in a rocky gorge some distance from the old cabin on the prairie where the slaves were kept. It was of a peculiar pattern, and almost covered with chains—chains here, and chains there, chains everywhere—and they made a deafening rattle and clangor when the old wagon was in motion. About January 20, 1859, Brown put his negroes into this wagon, hitched to it the two yoke of oxen taken from the slave-owner, and set out for Canada. He was accompanied for a short distance by some friends from the Pottawatomie; but they soon turned back to their homes. The slaves had little idea of the distance to Canada. Perhaps they expected to arrive there in a day or two.

“Jim, who was driving an ox team, ‘supposed to belong to the estate,’ asked one of the liberators, ‘How far is it to Canada?’

“‘Twenty-five hundred miles.’

“‘*Twenty-five hundred!* Laws-a-massa! Twenty-five hundred miles! No git dar ’fore spring!’ cried Jim, as, raising his heavy whip and bringing it down on the ox’s

back, he shouted impatiently, 'Whoa-haw, Buck; git up dar—g'lang, Bill!' "

The audacity and daring of the man is shown in the commencement of this journey. He was almost alone. A price was on his head. His conveyance was such as to attract attention anywhere, and the slowest known to traffic or travel. His route ran near the capital of the Territory, where he was wanted on many a charge. He had little or no food, and was clad in thin cotton garments worn by him during the summer. But his stout heart knew no fear. He pushed forward, the chains of the old wagon rattling as it rolled over the prairie or plunged into ravines and draws. But he cared not for chains so long as they bound no slave. And he knew where to find his friends. At the house of Major James B. Abbott he tarried for a short time. He avoided Lawrence, and came to Topeka by the way of Auburn, on the Wakarusa. Here he remained a day or two, at the house of Daniel Sheridan, and some supplies of food and clothing were given him. He crossed the Kansas river in the night, and was entertained by Cyrus Packard, Esq., a Free-State man from Maine. He left the house of his friend before daylight, and followed on his way to Canada the old trail made by Lane's Army of the North. Beyond Holton he was threatened by a posse, commanded by Dr. J. N. O. P. Wood, of Lecompton, and numbering some forty men. These were reinforced by some Atchison parties. He sent a messenger to Topeka for help, and some thirty-five men responded, but before they arrived the posse was routed. The last battle fought by the old Puritan on Kansas soil resulted in the ignominious defeat of his enemies. After

having been reinforced by the party from Atchison, they supposed it impossible for Brown to escape them. There were forty-two of them, and they advanced to capture Brown's camp. At this moment Brown and seven men came out of a wood and opened fire. Never were men more surprised. They turned and fled in great disorder; some were unhorsed. These were so terror-stricken that they seized the tails of the horses ridden by their frightened comrades, and disappeared over the prairie "just hitting the high places." Four of the party were captured by Brown. They were retained some days and released on the Nebraska side of the State line. They requested that their horses be returned to them, but Brown assured them that they could well afford to walk back to Kansas. This last battle of the slave-owners with Brown in Kansas was called derisively, "the Battle of the Spurs," by Richard J. Hinton, then a Kansas correspondent for Eastern newspapers, and an ardent Free-State man and champion of freedom. The battle has always been called by the name given it by Colonel Hinton.

Brown passed through the State of Iowa during the month of February. At Tabor he was not well received. At Springdale, on the 25th, he was furnished food and clothing for his fugitives and charged nothing for their entertainment. He addressed "full houses for two nights in succession," and a small sum of money was realized by the collections. His notes for these addresses yet exist, and are characteristic of the man. At Iowa City he was assailed by the postmaster, with the following result:

"In the midst of a crowd on the street-corner a quiet old countryman was seen listening to a champion of slav-

ery, who was denouncing Brown as a reckless, bloody outlaw,—a man who never dared to fight fair, but skulked and robbed, and murdered in the dark, adding, ‘If I could get sight of him I would shoot him on the spot; I would never give him a chance to steal any more slaves.’ ‘My friend,’ said the countryman in his modest way, ‘you talk very brave; and as you will never have a better opportunity to shoot Old Brown than right here and now, you can have a chance.’ Then, drawing two revolvers from his pockets he offered one to the braggart, requesting him to take it and shoot as quick as he pleased. The mob orator slunk away, and Brown returned his pistols to his pocket.”

Brown carried his fugitives through Chicago to Detroit, where he crossed with them into Canada. From Canada he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he sold the horses taken from the enemy in the “Battle of the Spurs.” He explained that the title might be defective, but this did not affect the price secured. When his business in Cleveland was transacted, he went on to his home in North Elba. He remained there but a short time, and went on to New England. He went by the way of Peterboro, N. Y., where he stopped to consult Gerrit Smith. He spent his birthday, the last that came to him in this world, with Mr. Sanborn, at Concord, Massachusetts. Then he went to Boston to begin his preparations to go upon his expedition to attack slavery in Virginia.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KENNEDY FARM.

Are your hands lifted towards the sun,
What time our onsets wax and wane?
Do you see troops of angels run
In shining armor o'er the plain?
I know not; but I know, full sooth,
No wrath of hell, nor rage of man,
Nor recreant servant of the Truth,
Can balk us of our Canaan.

—*Richard Ralf.*

John Brown succeeded in obtaining from his friends in New England and New York a sum of money considered by him sufficient to warrant his moving forward in the enterprise he believed himself called of God to undertake for humanity. He bore the burdens of the poor and oppressed as they groaned in bitter bondage, cried under the merciless lash, and shrieked in the bloody jaws of the fierce hounds which pulled them down in their flight towards a land of refuge and freedom.

The summer of 1859 was spent in moving the arms from Ohio and other points to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, providing a temporary base of operations, enlisting men for his little army, and in becoming familiar with the topography of the country in which he intended to carry on his warfare against the "sum of all villainies."

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, was made the first point

of concentration. This town is some fifty miles north of Harper's Ferry; and at that time there was no railroad connecting the two towns. When the rifles arrived there from Ohio and the pikes from Connecticut, it was necessary to transport them to the rendezvous on the Potomac in wagons. Brown himself drove the teams on many of these trips to remove the arms.

On June 23d Brown wrote his family from Akron, Ohio, and between that date and the 30th of the same month he made his way to Chambersburg; for at that time he wrote to Kagi, "We leave here to-day for Harper's Ferry, via Hagerstown." There were with him at this time his sons Owen and Oliver, and Jerry Anderson. John E. Cook was already living in Harper's Ferry, where Brown and his companions appeared July 3d. He began the search for a suitable location for his rendezvous, and on the 4th was directed by a Marylander to the farm belonging to the heirs of Dr. Booth Kennedy, some five miles from Harper's Ferry, and on the Maryland side of the Potomac. There were two houses on this farm, both standing back from the highway, which was then little used; one of these houses was almost concealed by thickets which grew between it and the road. The place was admirably adapted to Brown's purposes. He represented that he was a farmer, from New York; that the frosts had ruined his crops, and that he desired to come to a country more favorable in climate to his business. He wished to rent a farm until he could become sufficiently acquainted with the country to not be at a disadvantage in buying. He rented the farm until the following March, paying therefor the sum of thirty-five dollars, and agreeing

to care for some live-stock still on the farm, belonging to the heirs. He gave as his name, Isaac Smith, and the transaction was made in the name of I. Smith & Sons.

When the constitution was adopted in Chatham, Canada, a provisional government was formed and its officers elected: Captain John Brown was made Commander-in-chief; John Henri Kagi was elected Secretary of War; Richard Realf, Secretary of State; and Owen Brown, Treasurer. This government was not to become fully operative until after the invasion of Virginia and a considerable number of slaves had been liberated, when it was to be proclaimed in the fastnesses of the Appalachians—in the inaccessible, abrupt and wooded hills of the Blue Ridge ranges. It was never intended to be the government of any body of people in Canada, but was to be the fundamental law of Brown's men and the accessions to their body in Virginia and other Southern States. His plans contemplated an advance from Harper's Ferry, south, through the rugged hills, ultimately into the very heart of the slave territory. A guerrilla warfare was to be waged against slave-owners; slaves were to be liberated, armed, and turned against their masters, who were to be kidnapped and only restored to freedom upon their manumission and release of a stipulated number of slaves. Forts were to be established at points difficult of access and favorable for defense; these were to be in charge of armed men, and as near one another as circumstances demanded,—at first some five miles intervening. The descent upon the plantations was to be made from these fortified camps; their location was to be made known to such slaves as could be safely intrusted with the informa-

tion, and were to serve as asylums or posts of refuge for the slaves who from any cause fled from any master. Slavery was declared by Brown to be a state of war between master and slave, consequently any armed force in the interest of the slave was entitled by the rules of war to support from the enemy if it could be seized. On this theory and this alone did he forcibly take horses, implements, arms and food from the slave-owners and their allies in Kansas and Missouri. In this battle against slavery in the Appalachians he expected to prey upon the masters for food and all other supplies necessary for the maintenance of this warfare and for the welfare of those he liberated.

John Brown believed that the little garrisons of these mountain forts could resist largely superior forces, and if defeated that they could make their way through the pathless woods to another station. He expected that bloodhounds would be placed on his trail in these forays upon the plantations, but he believed they could be killed, and that the pursuit would not be pressed by the planters. He believed he might persuade the planters, or some of them, to assist him and coöperate with him when he had made slaveholding unprofitable because of the uncertainty of value and insecurity of property in slaves. It was his hope to eventually extend his provisional government over all the hill-country of the South,—from Harper's Ferry to Alabama, maintain his position, and carry this guerrilla warfare successfully forward until the abolition of slavery should be accomplished.

The original plans of Brown did not contemplate such attacks as he afterwards made upon Harper's Ferry.

While the movement was to be inaugurated at that point, the attack upon the town and capture of the Federal property there were perhaps not included in the original design. The forts were to be established in the peaks and crags and the warfare commenced by silent and swift movements and sudden retreats similar to his forays into Missouri. The mystery surrounding his movements, the uncertainty of the extent of the conspiracy, the sudden and unexpected development and appearance of it, and the number engaged in it, would have been mighty factors in its favor. While it is certain that he never could have succeeded as he hoped, he might have accomplished much. The value of the Appalachians for such purposes was recognized by General Washington, who declared that if he was defeated on the Atlantic seaboard he would retire to these mountains and continue the war. Brown's determination to attack Harper's Ferry was an error, but this action led ultimately to the accomplishment of all he had hoped for, although in a very different way from what he expected. It was the inauguration of a new and different manner of fighting slavery. It so widened the breach that compromise was impossible—really the first great practical step in the battle for emancipation. It is probable that an examination of the highlands in the immediate vicinity revealed no sites for forts to his liking. It was September before he spoke to his men of any modification of his plans, and first to his son Owen. But Frederick Douglass visited him at Chambersburg in August, at his request. Brown made known to him his change of purpose and his intention to attack the town of Harper's Ferry as the opening or initial blow of his

campaign against slavery in its own country. Douglass tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Brown urged Douglass to join him in the campaign, but Douglass declined to take any part in it. All of Brown's men opposed the new order, and so much was urged against it that John Brown resigned as Commander-in-chief, though he was immediately reelected. From that time, opposition to the attack upon the town and the seizure of the Federal property ceased, and the new plan was acquiesced in.

The Government received warning of the intended invasion of Virginia for the purpose of creating insurrection among the slaves about the 25th of August, but it seems that little attention was given this communication conveying the information, as it was anonymous. And the country had some intimation of what might shortly take place, but neither the Government nor the public comprehended these warnings nor heeded them in the least. And when the blow descended, the country was as much surprised as if nothing had been publicly said of an insurrection.

The little band at the Kennedy farm grew slowly. Additions arrived singly, or by twos and threes. Oliver Brown's wife and Anne, the daughter of John Brown, were brought from North Elba to prevent suspicion, which might (and did) arise at sight of so many strange men on the farm. The women were to keep watch, and warn of danger. The men remained in the upper story of the large house during the day, where they drilled and studied the science of war. Sometimes they read, but time went heavily with them by day; at night they descended from their loft to walk about the fields and over the hills.

Sometimes the girls gathered autumn wild-flowers and made nosegays, which they sent aloft to cheer the weary hours of the grim and waiting warriors. When at the farm John Brown went to church, and held converse with his neighbors when he saw them. He spent much time on the road to and from Chambersburg. He was often at Harper's Ferry, and soon gained a perfect knowledge of the surrounding country. He even visited the armory and gun-factory.

The men composing John Brown's army of invasion were from various places. A brief sketch of them must here suffice.

1. JOHN BROWN, Commander-in-chief.
2. WATSON BROWN, Captain. Son of John Brown.
3. OLIVER BROWN, Captain. Son of John Brown.
4. OWEN BROWN, Captain and Treasurer. Son of John Brown.
5. WILLIAM THOMPSON. Son of Roswell Thompson; born in New Hampshire, in August, 1833. Married in the fall of 1858 to Mary Brown, who was not related to the family of John Brown. His sister Isabel was married to Watson Brown; and Henry Thompson, his elder brother, was married to Ruth, the daughter of John Brown.
6. DAUPHIN THOMPSON. Brother of William Thompson. Lieutenant. Was born April 17, 1838. He was "very quiet, with fair, thoughtful face, curly blonde hair, and baby-blue eyes." Slain at Harper's Ferry.
7. JOHN HENRY KAGL. Born March 15, 1835, in Bristol, Trumbull county, Ohio. His father had come from the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, to Ohio. He was

cold in manner, rather coarse of fiber and rough in appearance, an agnostic, and mentally the ablest man in John Brown's army. Was very brave and determined. Was a lawyer. When he was young his father went to California, but returned and settled on Camp creek in Otoe county, Nebraska. Came to Kansas in 1856, arriving at Topeka July 4th, where he witnessed the dispersal of the Legislature by Colonel Sumner. Immediately identified himself with the Free-State forces, and became one of John Brown's most devoted followers. Bore the title of Secretary of War in the provisional government; next in command to John Brown; was adjutant. Slain at Harper's Ferry.

8. AARON DWIGHT STEVENS. Born in Lisbon, New London county, Connecticut, March 15, 1831. His great-grandfather, Moses Stevens, was an officer in the war of the Revolution, and his grandfather was a soldier in the War of 1812. Served through the Mexican War, and was honorably discharged. In 1851 he enlisted in the regular army, joining the regiment of dragoons commanded by Colonel Sumner, and served in the capacity of bugler; in this service he was in Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, and New Mexico. Struck an officer for brutally punishing a comrade; was court-martialed and ordered to be shot, but his sentence was commuted to three years' imprisonment at hard labor. Escaped, and concealed himself in the Delaware Reserve, from whence he came to Topeka early in 1856. He gave his name as "Charles Whipple," and served in the Free-State forces as Captain, where he was known as Captain Whipple. Met John Brown August 7, 1856, at the Ne-

braska line, when Lane's Army of the North marched into Kansas. Became one of Brown's bravest and most devoted followers. He was an ideal soldier, six feet and three inches high, finely formed, of impressive appearance, very intelligent, and brave as a lion. Unmarried. Captured, and executed in the following March.

9. JOHN E. COOK. Born in Haddam, Connecticut, in 1830. Of an old Puritan family which was quite wealthy. Five feet and seven inches in height, handsome, quick in movement, an incessant talker, blue-eyed, and had curly blonde hair. A devoted follower of Brown, though considered indiscreet. Was the one man who believed that it was best to attack the town of Harper's Ferry. Was sent to that town in advance of others, and lived in the city. Passed much of his time in gathering information about slaves, and perhaps in communication with them, although this is denied by the family of Brown. It is reasonable to believe that he had found that the slaves would not rise at the first appearance of Brown, though he believed they would flock to the standard when the blow had been struck. Was married, and had wife and one child in Harper's Ferry up to within a month of the attack. One of his sisters married a Mr. Willard, who was, in 1859, Governor of Indiana. Cook escaped from Harper's Ferry, but was captured at Chambersburg, returned to Virginia, tried and convicted, made a confession, and was hanged.

10. CHARLES PLUMMER TIDD. Captain. Born in Palermo, Waldo county, Maine, in 1832. Five feet nine inches high, strong and broad-shouldered. Dark eyes and beard, and black hair. Was sharp in retort, and over-

bearing. Came to Kansas in 1856. Was turned aside by the blockade of the Missouri river, and came into the Territory through Iowa and Nebraska. Met John Brown and his sons, Owen and Oliver, at Tabor, Iowa. Was ever after a faithful follower of Brown, and was fully trusted by him. He and Cook were particularly warm friends. Opposed the attack on Harper's Ferry. Escaped, and enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment, in the Civil War, and died in service.

11. WILLIAM H. LEEMAN. Lieutenant. Was born in Maine March 20, 1839. In 1856 he determined to go to Kansas, and left Massachusetts in June of that year, in the party led by Dr. Cutter. Was turned back by the Missouri blockade, and found his way to Kansas through Iowa. Joined John Brown's Regulars, September 9, 1856, and was thereafter one of his trusted followers. Was in the Springdale (Iowa) school of instruction. Slain at Harper's Ferry.

12. BARCLAY COPPOC. Born in Salem, Ohio, January 4, 1839, of Quaker parents, who moved to Springdale, Iowa. Young Coppoc was in Kansas a short time in 1856. Drilled in the Springdale school. Although young, he seems to have been trusted by John Brown. Escaped from Harper's Ferry, and was killed in a wreck on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad caused by rebels, who sawed the bridge timbers partly off.

13. EDWIN COPPOC. Lieutenant. Born near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, June 30, 1835. Elder brother of Barclay Coppoc. Hung in Virginia December 16, 1859. Was brave and generous, "honorable, loyal, and true."

14. ALBERT HAZLETT. Lieutenant. Born in Indiana county, Pennsylvania, September 21, 1837. Came to Kansas in 1857, perhaps as early as May. Located in Linn county, and was an ardent Free-State man. Was a follower of Montgomery. When John Brown appeared there he attached himself to the old hero's little band, and was one of the men who went into Missouri to liberate the eleven slaves. Escaped from Harper's Ferry, but was captured near Chambersburg, and returned to Virginia as William Harrison; tried there, and executed on the 16th of March, 1860.

15. JEREMIAH G. ANDERSON. Lieutenant. Born in Putnam county, Indiana, April 17, 1833. His ancestors were officers in the War of the Revolution, and were Virginians and slaveholders; they removed to Kentucky, and from there to Wisconsin, and finally to Indiana. Anderson came to Kansas in the fall of 1857, and purchased a claim on the Little Osage. He was a strong Free-State man, and bore his part in the troubles in southeastern Kansas. Killed at Harper's Ferry by a bayonet-thrust of one of the marines. "One of the prisoners described Anderson as turning completely over against the wall [to which he was pinned by the bayonet] in his dying agony. He lived a short time, stretched on the brick walk without, where he was subjected to savage brutalities, being kicked in body and face, while one brute of an armed farmer spat a huge quid of tobacco from his vile jaws into the mouth of the dying man, which he first forced open."

16. FRANCIS JACKSON MERRIAM. Born November 17, 1837, in Framingham, Massachusetts. His family had been for a previous generation opposed to slavery. Mer-

riam came to Kansas, but seems to have borne little part in the struggle here, as he did not arrive before 1858. Was ardent in his desire to fight slavery, and solicited service under John Brown. Was educated; had some money. Escaped from Harper's Ferry after the attack; afterwards settled in Illinois, and enlisted in the Union army. Died November 28, 1865.

17. STEWARD TAYLOR. Born in Uxbridge, in the province of Ontario, Canada, October 29, 1836. Left his home to go to Kansas, in his youth, but was seriously ill for some time in Missouri. After he recovered he visited Arkansas, and finally went to Iowa. Here he worked in a wagon factory, and became acquainted with George B. Gill, Esq., who introduced him to John Brown. From Iowa he went to Chatham, Canada, where he attended the convention which adopted the provisional constitution. After this he was one of John Brown's most ardent followers. Killed at Harper's Ferry.

18. SHIELDS GREEN. Fugitive slave from Charleston, S. C. Joined Brown at Chambersburg, having come there with Frederick Douglass, August 19th; was known as the "Emperor," but how he obtained this name is not now known. Was very brave. Captured with John Brown, and executed December 16, 1859.

19. DANGERFIELD NEWBY. Free negro, married to a slave woman living some thirty miles from Harper's Ferry. Became acquainted with Brown in Canada. Was killed at Harper's Ferry. His wife was immediately sold to a dealer in Louisiana, and was living there some years since.

20. JOHN A. COPELAND. Free negro; lived at Ober-

lin, Ohio. Seems to have been induced by friends there to join Brown, and was given money to pay his expenses to Chambersburg. Was captured, and executed on the 16th of December, 1859.

21. LEWIS SHERRARD LEARY. Free negro; married, and lived in Oberlin, Ohio. Said to have been the first Oberlin recruit to Brown's army. Was furnished money to go from Oberlin to Chambersburg, and accompanied John A. Copeland to that town. Was killed at Harper's Ferry.

22. JOHN ANDERSON. A free negro from Boston. Killed at Harper's Ferry. Nothing definite is known of this man. There is a question as to who he was, where he came from,—even that there was such a man in Brown's company.

23. OSBORN P. ANDERSON. Negro; born free, in Pennsylvania. Was a printer, and was working in Chatham, Canada, at his trade, when he met John Brown. Became one of his most devoted followers. Was a man of some ability, and of undoubted courage. Fought bravely at Harper's Ferry, and escaped. Afterwards he wrote an interesting account of the foray into Virginia, entitled "A Voice from Harper's Ferry." It is one of the most reliable and valuable accounts prepared of that invasion. Anderson enlisted in the Union army, and fought through the Civil War; he died in Washington City in 1871.

Others had been expected; they did not arrive in time to take part in the attack. Some of the men afterwards said the assault was made some days before the time first fixed for it, and this prevented the assembling of the full force. John Brown, jr., wrote on the 8th of Septem-

ber: "From what I even had understood, *I had supposed you would not think it best to commence opening the coal-banks before spring, unless circumstances should make it imperative.*" It is very probable that the attack was hastened by some information which made Brown believe that to delay was to be fatal to his enterprise. Francis Jackson Merriam was the last accession to Brown's army to arrive at the Kennedy farm.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEIZURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Our hearts are as nothing—our gashes and scars
Are worn without boastings and shamming:
What have men who have climbed to the steep of the stars
To do with Earth's vauntings and claimings?
But the Altars of Righteousness reared on the mounds
Where our canonized heroes lie sleeping—
Not a stone must be touched while the sun swings his rounds,
And our sabers are still in our keeping!
—*Richard Realf.*

The 16th of October, 1859, was Sunday. The day was cloudy and lowering, and the night brought darkness, cold, and finally rain. John Brown had returned from Philadelphia during the previous Friday night. On Sunday morning "he arose earlier than usual, and called his men to worship." The day was a busy one. The men were assembled in council at ten o'clock, and for some time their enterprise was discussed. The constitution was read by Stevens, and those who had not done so before were sworn by Brown to support it and the new government they were about to undertake battle to establish. Commissions were given those officers who had not before received them. During the afternoon Brown formulated and published eleven orders for the present government of the men in their coming attack. It was a serious, solemn day, and each man realized that grave work lay ready to

his hand, the result of which would be fraught with momentous consequences to himself and others. John Brown had looked for this day and prayed for its coming for a quarter of a century. What it had for him he did not know; he was conscious of his own rectitude; and he held high and noble purposes,—for the result he was willing to trust God.

At eight o'clock the men were ordered to arm themselves, and were told that they were to proceed to the Ferry. Only twenty of the twenty-three went, for by the first of the eleven orders Owen Brown, F. J. Merriam and Barclay Coppoc were left at the farm to guard the arms until they could be removed to the school-house within two miles of the Ferry and on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The wagon was driven to the door, and some pikes, a sledge-hammer and a crowbar were placed in it. Then Brown "put on his old Kansas cap," and climbed into the wagon; after which he said to the men, who were ranked in marching order, "Come, boys." He led the way to the main road, driving down the rugged path, the old wagon rattling over the road-worn stones, making a noise which sounded loud and harsh to the men, now wrought to high nerve-tension. The men marched in couples, each couple a given distance in the rear of that in advance, John E. Cook and Charles P. Tidd leading the column. It was the order that anyone met in the highway should be held until the column had passed on or the men had concealed themselves until the wayfarer could be conducted away from the line of march. If they were overtaken by a traveler the orders were the same. The lonely road, shut out from the dull light of the over-

cast sky by the somber branches of beech and oak draped in autumn mists, proved to be solitary and unfrequented by nocturnal wanderers. The men were unmolested and undiscovered, and they marched in melancholy silence down to the bridge over the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

Harper's Ferry is built in the fork of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. The manufacturing portion of the town is along the river-banks. Here are two streets, one leading up each river. Back of these river streets the land rises abruptly to a considerable height, and forms a sort of uneven plateau, upon a part of which the residence portion of the town is situated. This plateau increases in height as it recedes from the junction of the rivers. At some points its sides are perpendicular, or even overhanging, and a short distance up the rivers it rises to many times the height of the tallest buildings along the water's edge. The whole country bears the aspect of bold ruggedness, and the swift waters of the troubled rivers tumbling over stony and broken beds swirl together fiercely and lend a sense of savageness to the general visage of nature there. The bridge runs from the point between the rivers, with a down-stream diagonal course to the Maryland side. There was a bridge across the Shenandoah, from the town to the bluffs on the opposite side. The armory was near the Virginia terminal of this bridge, with the railroad between it and the Potomac river. The arsenal was a short distance up the Potomac, immediately on its bank, and between the railroad and the river. The rifle-works were on an island in the Shenandoah river, something like a half-mile from its junction with the Potomac, and that distance from the other Federal buildings. The

engine-house was a part of the arsenal and armory, although a little distance up the Potomac. The arsenal yard extended to the Shenandoah. There seems to have been a musket-factory something more than a quarter of a mile up the Potomac.

It was the duty of John E. Cook and Charles P. Tidd to tear down or cut the telegraph wires on the Maryland side of the Potomac during the night, and to do the same on the Virginia side when the town was captured. When for this purpose they left the ranks of the advancing army, Kagi and Stevens remained in advance. These secured the watchman at the bridge, and when the little band entered this thoroughfare, covered and inclosed like a house, they strapped their cartridge-boxes outside their coats and unmasked their Sharps' rifles, which until now they had concealed. Watson Brown and Steward Taylor were directed to guard the bridge and hold it until morning, and until they were relieved. Brown then drove his wagon to the gate of the armory; he was accompanied by his fourteen remaining men, and they arrived at the armory gate about half-past ten o'clock. They forced the armory gate with a crowbar, ran into the building, and secured one of the watchmen there. Brown sent Kagi and Copeland to capture the rifle-works. They were successful, and captured the watchmen at that place; they sent these to Brown, at the armory. The captured watchmen and bridge-guard were guarded by Jeremiah G. Anderson and the younger Thompson. Brown himself mounted guard at the armory gate, assisted by two men. Hazlett took possession of that part of the armory known as the arsenal. By one o'clock of Monday morning, the 17th, Brown had

complete possession of Harper's Ferry and all the arms of the Federal Government then at that place; this was accomplished without firing a gun or shedding blood. He then sent Stevens, Cook, and four others up the turn-pike towards Charlestown, to bring in Colonel Lewis W. Washington and his slaves. As they started upon this errand the night mail train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad came down the Potomac on its way from Wheeling to Baltimore. This train was stopped at the bridge by Watson Brown and Steward Taylor. This was the cause of the first bloodshed. The train porter, a free negro named Hayward, who lived at Harper's Ferry, went out to ascertain the cause of the arrest of the train and to search for the bridge-guard. When he appeared on the bridge he was halted by Brown's men, and instead of complying with this order he turned and fled. He was fired upon by Brown and Taylor, one shot striking him in the back; from the effect of this wound he died in a few hours. The train was detained until morning dawned. This was the first mistaken move of Brown at Harper's Ferry; no wires should have been cut until this train was well out of the town toward Baltimore, and it should have been allowed to pass without any knowledge of Brown's presence at Harper's Ferry.

In the gray light of the dull morning, which broke chill and damp, the expedition sent up the Potomac arrived with Colonel Washington and other slave-owners, and with the Colonel's large four-horse wagon. The Cavalier was met and welcomed by the stern old Puritan who had sent for him. "You will find a fire in here, sir; it is rather cool this morning," was his greeting. The slaves brought

in were armed with pikes, but seem to have done little to aid Brown. Some of them may have remained with him for a short time, but they evidently escaped as soon as possible. This was the first real disappointment of Brown. The slave-owners were added to the prisoners already held; and the wagon in which they arrived was immediately dispatched to the Kennedy farm to remove the arms remaining there to the school-house, two miles from the town, to be from there distributed to the slaves, who it was hoped would come in numbers to the aid of Brown as soon as they heard of the presence of the invaders.

As the morning advanced the people began to move about the streets in pursuit of their daily vocations. As they appeared they were captured and taken to the armory; by ten o'clock these prisoners numbered some sixty. Many of them were workmen who came down to their daily toil in the armory and rifle-works. One was a bartender in a near-by hotel. Brown exchanged this man for breakfast for his men and prisoners.

The train carried the news of an insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and the startling intelligence that the town was in the hands of the rebels. From a military point of view Brown blundered constantly after he gained possession of the armory and town. The first mistake was the capture of the train; the second was to allow it to proceed. Brown said he did this to relieve the anxiety of passengers on the train and their relatives, as well as those of the men in charge of the train. To have made any sort of success Brown should have destroyed the Federal buildings and arms, as well as the railroad and other bridges, and then have fled to the mountains. If he had

done this, his blow would have been surrounded with such mystery and followed by such destruction that, for a time, rumor, magnifying a thousand-fold his forces, pursuit would have been paralyzed. He could have escaped, and from his view the expedition would have been something of a success. His plans contemplated a quick abandonment of the town, and he was urged by Kagi, Stevens and others to comply with this understanding and agreement. Why he delayed to do so he did not himself know. He gave as his reason that he "wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill." "For this reason," he said, "I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on. I did it only to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehensions that you had got here in your vicinity a band of men who had no regard for life and property, nor any feelings of humanity." The real cause of his delay was the failure of the slaves to flock to his standard. He strained his eyes in vain for the sight of crowds of them flocking over the hills and along the valleys to take up arms for themselves. He delayed in waiting for them until it was too late to escape. Perhaps he expected no general uprising; in fact, he says he did not expect or desire that; but he certainly expected a very considerable accession of negroes to his ranks at Harper's Ferry. But his expectation was not reasonable. The slaves were unacquainted with him; they had not heard of him. The negro is suspicious, and the slaves had been ground down for centuries; there was no widespread determination to fight for freedom, perhaps no thought of such determination. The war proved that the negro was

not ripe for rising; the white man forced the issue which gave to the black man his freedom.

At noon, on Monday, it was barely possible for Brown to have escaped; after that his fate was fixed. Troops began to arrive. By one o'clock it was impossible for him to assemble his men, and it was necessary that each man fight from the position he then occupied; he could secure no other. Those in the arsenal just across the street from the engine-house could not join their leader; those on the Maryland side of the Potomac could not come to his assistance. By three o'clock Kagi and his companions were forced to abandon the rifle-factory, and were all killed or captured. Militia and citizens were firing from every point of vantage. Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived from Washington at the close of the day, but only the engine-house remained in possession of the invaders at that time; this was defended by Brown and six men, two of whom were wounded. Hazlett and Osborn P. Anderson yet remained in the arsenal, but could do nothing, and they finally escaped. Upon the arrival of Colonel Lee a flag of truce was sent to Brown, and his surrender demanded. He replied "that he knew what that meant—a rope for his men and himself; adding, 'I prefer to die just here.'" This flag was carried in by Captain J. E. B. Stuart, who had met Brown and detained him a short time in Kansas. Stuart recognized him, and from this meeting his identity became known. Stuart returned at daylight the following morning, but Brown had not changed his mind, and still answered, "No; I prefer to die here." Lee began his attack at once. The door failed to yield to the force of hammers, and a long ladder was

grasped by its rungs by a file of men on each side of it; they battered down the door and pushed back the barricade against it. During this assault upon the door, Brown, seeing the hopelessness of further resistance, cried out that he surrendered. His assailants did not hear him, and perhaps their course would not have been changed if they had. A Lieutenant Green was the first to enter the engine-house, and was greeted with a shower of balls. Colonel Washington pointed out Brown; he "sprang about twelve feet at him, giving an under-thrust of his sword, striking Brown about midway the body, and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, while Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke." Brown was pinned to the ground with bayonets, one of which passed through his left kidney, and he was supposed to be dead.

"The fight was over; the work was done. John Brown was a prisoner, surrounded by politicians, soldiers, reporters, and vengeful spectators. His son, Owen, with his followers, Cook, Tidd, Barclay Coppoe, and F. J. Merriam, as also Albert Hazlett and O. P. Anderson, on their own account, were fugitives. Of these, Cook and Hazlett were captured, tried, and executed. Stevens, Edwin Coppoe, Copeland and Shields Green were hung; while Oliver and Watson Brown, William and Dauphin Thompson, John H. Kagi, William Leeman, Steward Taylor, Lewis S. Leary, Jeremiah G. Anderson, and Dangerfield Newby were killed in combat or as prisoners."

John Brown had failed because he departed from his well-matured plans. He erred when he determined to

abandon the plan of twenty years and make the attack. When the attack was made, some success might have ensued had he kept to his design to abandon the town soon after daylight. By a few minutes past noon all possibility of even escape was gone. All that could then be done was to fight to the end, and desperately and grimly did he do this. Colonel Washington bore witness to his bravery. Governor Wise said, "And Colonel Washington said that he—Brown—was the coolest man he ever saw in defying death and danger. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held the rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible." When John Brown was carried out and placed in the yard with the dead and dying, it seemed that he had failed. For a day or two he may have feared so himself; but this did not long continue.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

He was enabled to see God's hand. "All our actions, even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen, ages before the world was made," he said. When the scaffold was erected before his eyes he saw it erected in God's mercy and in the execution of His plans. He saw that the journey of his life had been directed to it by One that was mightier than he. That unto him it was now to be given to die a martyr for humanity, for his brother, for the poor, the despised, the

bondman, the oppressed. Such an exceeding weight of glory is apportioned to few men in this world. He saw the scaffold baptized in the blood of brave men fighting by his side, and as it arose it was consecrated by the groans and tears of children and mothers and fathers wailing in a bitter thralldom. He had faithfully labored in the vineyard of his Master, and now his reward was come, and a greater reward than has fallen to many other men.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Portia. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Antonio. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—

—*Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."*

John Brown was immediately closely questioned. No mistake can be charged to him after his capture. His mind cleared at once; his duty to humanity and himself stood out distinct and clearly defined. Doubts and hesitation fled. His statements and avowals were frank, very full, and very ingenious. No man ever said more precisely what he intended to say than did John Brown to his inquisitors in Virginia. Interrogators were numerous and of all ranks, and they came at all times, both by night and by day. Governor Wise, shortsighted, and with no understanding at all of what this foray meant, stood in the presence of one of the heroes of the ages with mind now cleared by the revelation of God's purpose, and received plain and simple statements which it took four years of war to make him understand. Vallandigham, the pusillanimous, slimy, cringing demagogue and malignant blatherskite, the Ohio doughface, hurried to Harper's Ferry, broke in abruptly upon the wounded man, interrupted the Southern inquisitors, bullied the old hero for a short time, and retired in discomfiture but with the hope that his zeal for the slave-owners had been noted, and that he should be rewarded by them when they should come to distribute the offices. Having no fixed principles, nor the remotest conception of right, honor and truth, he could have no comprehension of an action growing out of a deep conviction of justice and a desire to sacrifice even one's life for the benefit of humanity. He evidently expected guarded and reluctant replies from Brown, or perhaps a refusal to talk. Then he could have said to the Virginians, "Here is a great mystery. The people of the North, and especially of Ohio, are implicated

without exception other than the Democratic party. I join hands with you in meting out political punishment." But nothing was concealed. Brown was anxious to talk— anxious to have his intentions fully known. Strange man!—incomprehensible! The more he explained his intentions the more did he befog the mediocres and the doughface.

In the long interview he was literally weltering in his blood. His wounds had not been dressed, and he believed himself near death by reason of them. But he was courteous, affable, kind, explicit, sublime.

A bystander. Do you consider this a religious movement?

Brown. It is, in my opinion, the greatest service man can render to God.

Bystander. Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

Brown. I do.

Bystander. Upon what principle do you justify your acts.

Brown. Upon the Golden Rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them: that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God. . . . I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. The cry of distress, of the oppressed, is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

“Never before, in the United States, did a recorded conversation produce so sudden and universal a change of opinion. Before its publication, some, who subsequently eulogized John Brown with fervor and surpassing eloquence, as well as the great body of the press and people who knew not the man, lamented that he should have gone insane,—never doubting that he was a maniac; while, after it, from every corner of the land came words of wonder, of praise rising to worship, and of gratitude mingled with sincerest prayers for the noble old hero. Enemies and friends were equally amazed at the carriage and sayings of the wounded warrior. ‘During his conversation,’ wrote a Southern pro-slavery reporter to a Southern pro-slavery paper, ‘no signs of weakness were exhibited. In the midst of enemies whose home he had invaded; wounded and a prisoner; surrounded by a small army of officials and a more desperate army of angry men; with the gallows staring him full in the face, Brown lay on the floor, and, in reply to every question, gave answers that betokened the spirit that animated him. The language of Governor Wise well expresses his boldness when he said: “He is the gamest man I ever saw.” I believe the worthy Executive had hardly expected to see a man so act in such a trying moment.’ ”

“ ‘Such a word as *insane*,’ said an eloquent speaker, unconsciously uttering the opinion of the people of the North, ‘is a mere trope with those who persist in using it; and I have no doubt that many of them, in silence, have already retracted their words. Read his admirable answers to Mason and others. How they are dwarfed and defeated by the contrast! On the one side, half-brutish, half-timid questioning; on the other, Truth, clear as lightning, crashing into their obscure temples. They are made to stand as Pilate or Gessler and the Inquisition. Probably all the speeches of all the men whom Massachusetts has sent to

Congress for the last few years do not match, for manly directness and force, and for simple truth, the few casual remarks of John Brown on the floor of the Harper's Ferry engine-house,—that man whom you are about to send to the other world; though not to represent *you* there. He is too fair a specimen of a man to represent the like of us. Who, then, were his constituents? Read his words understandingly, and you will find out. In his case there is no idle eloquence. Truth is the inspirer and earnestness the polisher of his sentences. He could afford the loss of his Sharps' rifle while he retained the faculty of speech—a rifle of far straighter sight and longer range."

Some people profess to believe that John Brown was insane. There is no evidence anywhere that he was insane or mentally deranged. Replying to this imputation, he himself said: "I may be very insane; and I am so, if insane at all. But if that be so, insanity is like a very pleasant dream to me. I am not in the least degree conscious of my ravings, of my fears, or of any terrible visions whatever; but fancy myself entirely composed, and that my sleep, in particular, is as sweet as that of a healthy, joyous little infant." One of the most eloquent men ever in Kansas public life says: "All men who rise to the height of purest patriotism and absolute unselfishness, who are ready to die for their principles, have been charged in their day and age as impractical, and mentally unbalanced. This is said of Luther, Melancthon, and Columbus, and inventors like Fulton, Morse, Howe, and even of our own Edison. *It is the explanation mediocrity offers for greatness.*"

John Brown and his men were captured on the property of the United States, by the United States marines, but

they were left to be dealt with by the State of Virginia. On the 19th of October, Brown, Stevens, Coppoe and Shields Green were conveyed to Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson county, Virginia, (now in West Virginia.) The formal committal occurred on the 20th, upon charges sworn to by Governor Wise and two other witnesses, accusing them of "feloniously conspiring with each other; and other persons unknown, to make an abolition insurrection and open war against the Commonwealth of Virginia." A writ was issued to the sheriff, commanding him to summon and convene a preliminary court of examination on the 25th. At half-past ten o'clock on that day the court assembled. It consisted of eight persons,—justices of the peace,—and was presided over by a Colonel Davenport. The prisoners were brought in, "presenting a pitiable sight, Brown and Stevens being unable to stand without assistance." Brown's eyes were almost closed from the inflammation caused by his wounds: his hearing was so impaired that he could hear but indistinctly, and was unable to gather the words or even the import of his judges or his counsel. The only man with a comprehension of what was taking place in that Virginia court was John Brown. He was not deceived with promises of a fair trial. He said—"Virginians: I did not ask for quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; but under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend to my trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment without this mockery of a trial. . . . If we are to be forced with a mere form,—a trial for execution,—you might spare yourselves

that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may be not foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power.” He did not ask that his fate be different from what he knew it must. His only concern was that his objects and intentions should be clearly and truthfully shown.

The court presented an indictment against Brown, containing three counts, as follows:

Conspiracy with slaves for the purpose of insurrection;
Treason against the Commonwealth of Virginia; and
Murder in the first degree.

The trial was set for the following day, October 26th. The attorney for the Commonwealth charged that he was feigning sickness, to obtain delay and gain time. On the report of the jail surgeon that he could endure the ordeal, the trial was ordered to proceed. The court assigned him counsel, two resident members of the bar. The North sent counsel for Brown, but no expectation of fairness was entertained by him, and his attorneys had no hope of accomplishing anything in his favor. He took little interest in the matter, but lay on his pallet with his eyes closed most of the time. When his attorneys thought to benefit his case by filing a plea of insanity in his behalf, he “raised himself up in bed” and repelled it with scorn and

indignation. John Brown was one of the sanest men that ever lived. He said: "I will add, if the court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all, and I view it with contempt more than otherwise. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane prisoners, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity; and if insane, of course I should think I knew more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempts to interfere in my behalf on that score."

When the Commonwealth had closed, Brown asked a short delay, and this was refused. Thereupon his Virginia counsel deserted him. Attorneys from the North arrived, and assumed control of the defense. But no one expected that anything would come of efforts to get him justice. The cause was given to the jury late in the afternoon of Monday, October 31st, and after an hour's deliberation a verdict was returned of guilty as charged in the indictment.

John Brown said not a word.

On the second day of November he was brought into court to hear his sentence. "He still walked with difficulty, every step being attended with evident pain. His features were firm and composed, but within the dimly lighted court room, showed wan and pallid. He seated himself near his counsel, and resting his head upon his hand, remained motionless, apparently the most unheeding man in the room. He sat upright with lips compressed, looking direct into the chilled stern face of the judge as he overruled the

exceptions of counsel. When directed by the clerk to say 'why sentence should not be passed upon him,' John Brown rose slowly to his feet, placing his hands on the table in front of him, and leaning slightly forward, in a voice singularly quiet and self-controlled, with tones of marked gentleness and a manner slow and slightly hesitating, made this memorable speech."

"I have, may it please the court, a few words to say: In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted,—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

"I have another objection: and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case), had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends,—either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class,—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose is

the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further, to 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments,—I submit; so let it be done.

"Let me say one word further.

"I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of the kind.

"Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regarding their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

"Now I have done!"

CHAPTER XIV.

COURT TO SCAFFOLD.

I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest,—that in this world you have no abiding-place or continuing city.

—*John Brown, to his Wife and Children.*

So far as can now be determined, it is believed that John Brown was well pleased to have his trial ended. He expected no different result. There was no disappointment in the verdict for John Brown. He knew from the first that surrender or capture meant “a rope for his men and himself,” and for that reason he preferred to die with gun in hand. It was impossible for Virginia to have done differently with John Brown. The old hero knew this. While he seems to have made no distinction between the forays into Missouri and Virginia, they were, in nature, entirely different. It was his purpose to have remained in Virginia or other Southern States. He attacked, captured, and tried to hold the town of Harper’s Ferry, or portions of it. He was guilty of conspiracy. He invaded Virginia. He slew Virginians. He sent flags of truce and demeaned himself as a soldier, and he complained when he was not accorded the rights of an enemy in civilized warfare. No State can suffer the invasion of its soil by a hostile armed

force. Such a violation must be punished; such invasion suppressed. Otherwise the dignity of the State passes away and authority disappears. It has always been held that such offenses against States should be sternly and relentlessly dealt with. In this instance it was imperative that Virginia do promptly one of two things—execute John Brown and his companions, or free her slaves. There could be no evasion, no hesitation; there was no escape. And while the trial of Brown was unfair, it was as fair as he expected, and as fair as he had reason to expect. Perhaps, after all, there was very little violence done the precedents of judicature in the disposition of political prisoners, or of persons who have assailed political institutions; such trials have never been in exact accord with law. It was not reasonable for John Brown to expect to escape punishment by Virginia. When he said surrender meant “a rope for himself and men,” he certainly expected to pay with his life the full penalty which he knew Virginia would exact. Brown complained that his execution was to be judicial murder. This conclusion must have been reached after the deep contemplation of the injustice done him by the non-observance and non-accord of all the legal rights he felt himself entitled to in his trial. But this conclusion can scarcely be concurred in. Virginia’s action was legally right and morally wrong. The motto of sovereignty has always been:

“You must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

And think it pastime.”

In the state of public opinion prevailing in Virginia

and the entire South, Virginia could not adopt abolition for her slaves. For a quarter of a century the popularity of the institution had been increasing in that portion of the United States where it existed, and the aggressions of the slave-power upon the free territory of the country remaining unpeopled was one of the causes of Brown's presence at Harper's Ferry. And while the execution of John Brown was thus not left to the discretion of Virginia, the saving of the institution of slavery for the time being by this act only postponed the day when the fetters would fall from all the slaves. And this day was made more and more inevitable by the very act upon which the lease of life of the institution temporarily hung. Virginia was compelled to hang John Brown to preserve slavery, but his death did more to forward universal emancipation than his life could ever have accomplished had he had all the successes he hoped for. And while Slavery legally executed John Brown, it could not escape the consequences of that act. It acted by virtue of accredited authority and recognized enactments, which, though ever so wrong in spirit, must be the rule of action for state and municipality until repealed. John Brown struck at the root of the wrong. He acted upon the eternal principles of justice; he brought these principles into conflict—active and aggressive conflict—with an accredited wrong and an evil and injustice which existed by authority. Such has been the burden borne by every reformer in all the ages. The task has been this—only this—nothing more. And it has almost invariably required the blood of the reformer to cause his reformation to take root. "Without the shedding of blood there is no re-

mission," has been the law of human progress. If there was any one great truth, universal in its application, known to Brown, it was the principle contained in this text. So, when the scaffold rose before his eyes, he saw in the temporary victory of Slavery over the powers he had succeeded in setting against it its ultimate defeat and annihilation. He spent the remaining days allowed him in laying broad and deep the lines of this conflict, which he saw was inevitable, and which it was given him to see would end in a triumph for justice and the principles he had devoted his life to forwarding, and for which he gladly and joyously went to the scaffold.

"Christ saw fit to take from me the sword of steel after I had carried it for a time, but He has put another in my hand, ('the sword of the Spirit;') and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever He may send me—not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers," he wrote to his old teacher. With the new weapon given him he continued to fight to the end. The forces of his new warfare ranged themselves under his command, and from the time of his arraignment until his execution he suffered no defeat, but enjoyed victory every hour. He had anticipated all the cost, whatever occurred. In the letter above referred to he says: "And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the *worst event* it would certainly *pay*." Thus was he enabled to go back to his dungeon in the spirit of a conqueror; he had looked at the gallows before he began his work, and the scaffold had no terrors for him. The ancient precept of the Brown family, "An old man should have more care to end life well than to live

long," was exemplified in him. His work, he was in faith, would bear much fruit in the realm of slavery; "I have many opportunities for faithful plain-dealing with the more powerful, influential, and intelligent classes in this region, which I trust are not entirely misimproved," he wrote. The spirit in which he entered the new field is well exemplified in the reply to a Quaker lady who wrote him expressing her sympathy for his condition: "And may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me; but more especially for your fidelity to the 'poor that cry, and those that have no help.' For this I am a prisoner in bonds. It is solely my own fault, in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster. I mean that I mingled with our prisoners and so far sympathized with them and their families that I neglected my duty in other respects. But God's will, not mine, be done. You know that Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case I think He put a sword into my hand, and there continued it so long as He saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas. I wish you could know with what cheerfulness I am now wielding the 'sword of the Spirit' on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves 'mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.'" And to his brother he wrote: "I am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end,—being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose."

He was loaded with fetters—chained to the floor of his prison. Armed guards walked before his dungeon-door day and night, and they had orders to shoot him

at once upon any attempt at rescue. He was wounded and sick; his time to live was limited to a month. He had no expectation that it would be extended a minute; the effort for a new trial he regarded as a mere froth of "attorney-logic." He was without education; of rhetoric he knew nothing. But the world waited for his every sentence, and the words most sought for and hung upon came from the prison at Charlestown, and not from the temple of justice there, nor from the Governor's mansion in Richmond. His words stirred the North. He was known before he went to Harper's Ferry; after his imprisonment there, and his condemnation, his name was upon every tongue. Before, they knew him as a brave soldier fighting ruffianism in Kansas; now, they saw him stand as a martyr for the poor. "I feel just as content to die for God's *Eternal Truth*, and for suffering humanity's, on the scaffold as in any other way; and I do not say this from any disposition to 'brave it out.' No; I would readily *own* my wrong, were I *in the least convinced of it*." In this spirit he spent his last days: "Under all these terrible calamities, I feel quite cheerful in the assurance that God reigns and will overrule all for His glory and the best possible good. I feel no consciousness of guilt in the matter, nor even mortification on account of my imprisonment and irons." He encourages his family in this same letter: "Never forget the poor, nor think anything you bestow on them to be lost to you. . . . Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. . . . 'These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' " And he adds in the postscript: "Yesterday, November 2,

I was sentenced to be hanged on December 2, next. Do not grieve on my account. I am still quite cheerful."

His wife desired very much to visit him. This he at first opposed, on account of the feeling against him in Charlestown and the fear that she would be insulted and insolently treated. But on the 16th of November he wrote: "If you feel sure that you can endure the trials and the shock which will be unavoidable (if you come), I should be most glad to see you once more. . . . If you do come, defer your journey till about the 27th or 28th of this month."

John Brown rejoiced that "he was counted worthy to suffer in God's cause." He wrote to T. B. Musgrove: "Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul. I go joyfully in behalf of millions that 'have no rights' that this great and glorious, this Christian Republic 'is bound to respect.' Strange change in morals, political as well as Christian, since 1776! I look forward to other changes to take place in God's good time, fully believing that 'the fashion of this world passeth away.'" This was his constant theme. He wrote his cousin, the Rev. Luther Humphrey: "I suppose I am the first since the landing of Peter Brown from the 'Mayflower' that has either been sentenced to imprisonment or to the gallows. But, my dear old friend, let not that fact alone grieve you. You cannot have forgotten how and where our grandfather fell in 1776, and that he, too, might have perished on the scaffold had circumstances been but a very little different. The fact that a man dies under the hand of an executioner (or otherwise) has but little to do with his true character, as I suppose. John Rogers perished at the stake, a great

and good man, as I suppose; but his doing so does not prove that any other man who has died in the same way was good or otherwise. . . . No part of my life has been more happily spent than that I have spent here; and I humbly trust that no part has been spent to better purpose. I would not say this boastingly, but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through grace.

"I should be sixty years old were I to live to May 9, 1860. I have enjoyed much of life as it is, and have been remarkably prosperous, having early learned to regard the welfare and prosperity of others as my own. I have never, since I can remember, required a great amount of sleep; so that I conclude that I have already enjoyed full an average number of working-hours with those who reach their threescore years and ten. I have not yet been driven to the use of glasses, but can see to read and write quite comfortably. But more than that, I have generally enjoyed remarkably good health. I might go on to recount unnumbered and unmerited blessings, among which would be some very severe afflictions, and those the most needed blessings of all. And now, when I think how easily I might be left to spoil all I have done or suffered in the cause of freedom, I hardly dare to wish another voyage, even if I had the opportunity."

There were matters of concern to him now (about the 20th of November) taking place in and about Charlestown. Incendiary fires destroyed buildings almost every night. And Governor Wise was in daily receipt of threatening letters. John Brown had no friends in the vicinity of Charlestown, but he felt sure that it would be charged

that his friends caused the fires. They were doubtless kindled by persons who desired to keep the people in a frenzy against the invaders, that a rescue or a pardon would be impossible. Some foolish and mistaken friend in the North may have written letters of ominous import to Governor Wise, but no one regretted it so much as did John Brown.

He retained his interest in the affairs of the little farm in the gloomy woods of the North, and complains that they do not write him whether any of their crops had matured or not. His thoughts were never of himself: "I have no sorrow either as to the result, only for my poor wife and children," he wrote a minister, November 23d. And to this minister he also wrote, "You may wonder, Are there no ministers of the gospel here? I answer, No. There are no ministers of Christ here. These ministers who profess to be Christian, and hold slaves or advocate slavery, I cannot abide them. My knees will not bend in prayer with them while their hands are stained with the blood of souls." He said to the others that the prayers of such ministers were an abomination to his God.

It was made known to John Brown before he died that friends would aid in the education of his children. When consulted about this matter he always made practical replies, and was never once tempted to suggest for them anything more than the useful. The industrious housewife is the foundation upon which rests the Republic, not upon the women of fashion, wealth, ease and leisure. These care for nothing but vanity. They are the butterflies of our country, and are entirely useless. But the wife who bears and brings up children, who cooks

their food, designs their clothing, weeps with them, prays with them, rejoices with them, carries them and their troubles in her own life day by day,—she is the foundation-stone of American liberty. On this subject he wrote: “I feel disposed to leave the education of my dear children to their mother, and to those dear friends who bear the burden of it; only expressing my earnest hope that they may all become strong, intelligent, expert, industrious, Christian housekeepers. I would wish that, together with other studies, they may thoroughly study Dr. Franklin’s ‘Poor Richard.’ I want them to become matter-of-fact women.”

John Brown’s wife visited him; she was permitted to eat dinner with him in his cell. His body was delivered to her after his execution.

There is little more to be said. John Brown died as he had lived—brave, and free from fear of any kind. On the morning of his execution he took a tender but cheerful farewell of his companions in bonds and in arms. He gave them each a small coin, except Hazlett. He visited Stevens last: “Good-by, Captain,” he said; “I know you are going to a better land.” “I know I am,” replied Brown.

John Brown was put into a furniture wagon, in which was his own black-walnut coffin; the jailer, Mr. Avis, who had been very kind to Brown, and the driver, a man named Hawks, being the other occupants. The wagon was surrounded by cavalry, which escorted it to the field where the gallows was standing, something like half a mile away. Here there were a large number of soldiers going through military maneuvers, and assembled to prevent

the rescue of Brown. He was calm, perfectly self-possessed. He was asked if he thought he could endure the ordeal, and replied, "I can endure almost anything but parting from friends; that is very hard." In speaking of fear, on the road to the scaffold, he said: "It has been a characteristic of me, from infancy, not to suffer from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness than from fear." "You are a game man, Captain Brown," said an attendant. He replied, "Yes, I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother; but it is hard to part from friends, though newly made." "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said his friend. The stern old hero replied, "Yes, I ought to be."

The wagon halted at the scaffold, and the troops opened file. Brown descended from the wagon, saluted the Mayor and Mr. Hunter, and ascended the scaffold stairs. I shall let an eye-witness describe the execution.

"His demeanor was intrepid, without being braggart. . . . John Brown's manner gave no evidence of timidity. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved, blindfolded, a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity, was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground!

"Everything was now in readiness. The sheriff asked

the prisoner if he should give him a private signal before the fatal moment. He replied, in a voice that sounded to me unnaturally natural,—so composed was its tone, and so distinct its articulation,—that ‘it did not matter to him, if only they would not keep him too long waiting.’ He was kept waiting, however; the troops that had formed his escort had to be put into their proper position, and while this was going on he stood for some ten or fifteen minutes blindfolded, the rope about his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act; but he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position, and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly, to see if I could detect any signs of shrinking or trembling in his person, but there was none. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Colonel Smith announce to the sheriff, ‘We are all ready, Mr. Campbell.’ The sheriff did not hear or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the same announcement was made. But the culprit still stood steady until the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet severed the rope that held up the trap-door, which instantly sank sheer beneath him. He fell about three feet; and the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes, the terrible partisan of Kansas, the capturer of the United States Arsenal at Harper’s Ferry, the would-be Catiline of the South, the demi-god of the abolitionists, the man execrated and lauded, damned and prayed for, the man who, in his motives, his means, his plans, and his suc-

cesses, must ever be a wonder, a puzzle and a mystery, John Brown, was hanging between heaven and earth."

This was written by J. T. L. Preston, of the Military College of Lexington, Virginia, a few hours after the execution. He adds: "In all that array there was not, I suppose, one throb of sympathy for the offender. Yet the mystery was awful—to see the human form thus treated by men—to see life suddenly stopped in its current, and to ask one's self the question without answer, 'And what then?'"

John Brown's body was taken to North Elba. As it was lowered into the grave the preacher repeated the words of Paul:

"I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me; and not to me only, but unto all that love His appearing."

The South always maintained that the attack on Harper's Ferry was the beginning of the Civil War. On March 30th, 1860, Victor Hugo wrote:

"Slavery in all its forms will disappear. What the South slew last December was not John Brown, but Slavery. Henceforth, no matter what President Buchanan may say in his shameful message, the American Union must be considered dissolved. Between the North and the South stands the gallows of Brown. Union is no longer possible: such a crime cannot be shared."

John A. Andrew was the war Governor of Massachusetts. When John Brown was executed he said of him:

“Whatever may be thought of John Brown’s acts, John Brown himself was right.”

The world acquiesces in the verdict thus rendered, and accepts it as true.

MURAT HALSTEAD’S DESCRIPTION OF THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

[This sketch was written by the eminent journalist, Murat Halstead, for the *New York Independent*. It was published in the *Topick Mail and Breeze*, December 9, 1898.]

The execution of John Brown was on the second of December, 1859; the scene, in a field a furlong south of Charlestown, seven miles from Harper’s Ferry. The sensation caused by the John Brown raid was something wonderful. The excitement of the whole country was out of all proportion to the material incidents. The shock was because the feeling of the people that the slavery question had reached an acute stage and demanded uncompromising attention, was general, and there was apprehension that there were conditions upon the country of “unmerciful disaster”—a public sensibility that an immense catastrophe was impending.

As a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, to write the story of the hanging of old John Brown, I carried letters from Dr. Dandridge, cousin of Colonel Washington, to that gentleman, and from the Hon. George H. Pendleton, to the superintendent of the Harper’s Ferry rifle-works of the United States. On the journey I fell in with the Baltimore police scouts, who by command of the Governor of Virginia had explored “the abolition counties of Ohio” in search of military organizations,

made up in violation of the peace and dignity of the United States, for "another raid on Virginia."

When we reached Harper's Ferry the station was in the hands of the military, and I was driven about at the point of the bayonet for some time before finding a place to stand and wait a few minutes. There was a hole ragged with splinters at the corner of the station-house, constructed of plank, but put together with tongue-and-groove, said to mark the course of "the ball from a yager with which old Brown killed a man." Inside Brown's fort was a plain red stain on the whitewashed brick wall, the blood of Brown when, overpowered, he was wounded with a cutlass and thrust down with a strong hand. There was a curved red streak and a few long hairs where the gashed head of the old man had been rubbed against the whitened bricks. The superintendent of the rifle-works was a cautious official. He took a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania and myself in his carriage, and putting on a belt with two revolvers we were driven along a good turnpike through a pleasant country to the county seat, where Brown was tried and was the next day to be executed. By the roadside there were marks of fire, the burning of stacks, and the explanation, "The niggers have burned the stacks of one of the jurors who found Brown guilty." There was no reference to the fact that the superintendent took his pistols with him for a daylight drive over seven miles of turnpike through a highly cultivated country. That was taken as a matter of course. There was greater alarm among the people of Virginia than could be accounted for by comparison with the experience of communities into which the slave element did not enter.

It was doubtless that deep sense of insecurity that widened into awful alarms at the suggestion of slave insurrections—the fact that society was permeated with stories of West-Indian wars of races, especially the traditions, more terrible than history, of the San Domingo horrors. The town, then and always to be distinguished as the place of the trial of John Brown, and his death, was crowded with the troops of Virginia, and there was a marked absence of the people of the surrounding country. The uniforms of the militia of Virginia were as various as the companies were numerous. There was no uniformity of dress or weapons. There were a troop of cavalry, a battery of field guns, and about two thousand infantry, the whole under the command of General Taliaferro, whose headquarters were at the Washington House. There was the palpable excitement of conscious history-making, and trifling incidents magnified by common consent.

The fact about myself best known was that I had a letter from Dr. Dandridge to Colonel Lewis Washington, and one from George H. Pendleton to the Harper's Ferry superintendent. My connection with an "abolition newspaper" was quite subordinated, but there were many inquiries as to my "views" of the John Brown raid, and I did not insist upon attempting to vindicate the old farmer, so suddenly and strangely a world's hero. Indeed, the close contact with the events of the raid made it difficult to resist the impression that Brown was an unbalanced man, one whose exaltation was akin to insanity. The philosophy, the philanthropy, the martyrdom, the religion of humanity, the spiritual sanctification, and immense romantic and tragic interpretations placed upon the raid

of "The Man of Osawatomie" by Victor Hugo and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the latter declaring that "the gallows was made glorious like the cross," had in the immediate presence of the miserable skirmishing and the shedding of the blood of men who were, by all the customary tests, kindly disposed to be orderly, neighborly, humane, become obscure, belonging to the sentimental, the imaginative, and the impossible.

Late in the evening Mrs. Brown arrived in a dingy hack, escorted by the horsemen who became known in the war that was on two years later as "the Black Horse Cavalry." As the carriage approached the jail the artillery, which had been arranged on either side of the door, was trundled across the street and turned about, the muzzles open-mouthed upon the prison. There was much parade and shuffling of military figures in the execution of this maneuver, and then Mrs. Brown was taken to her husband's cell, when he was reported to have repeated to her often the admonition, "My dear, you must keep your sperrets up"—"sperrets" pronounced as here spelled; but a very strict and close guard was kept upon the pair.

As the evening wore on, General Taliaferro was seated surrounded by his staff, in the public room of the hotel. A young man, tall and lithe, and wearing a military dress, rushed up to him and said hurriedly in my hearing: "General, I am told, sir, and believe, that Henry Ward Beecher is coming here to-morrow to pray on the scaffold with old Brown, and I pledge you my word if he does he shall be hanged along with Brown." The General stared coldly and said with deliberation and severe dignity: "If Mr. Beecher comes, as you say, I pledge my word of

honor, sir, that while I live not a hair of his head shall be harmed, sir; not one hair of his head shall be harmed."

On the morning of the execution the troops were early stirring. The murmur of camps filled the air. There were no visitors trailing along the roads, to be witnesses of the solemn function. It was forbidden. The people far and near were ordered to be alert at home. Therefore, when the hollow square of the military companies was formed about the scaffold there was not even a fringe of civil spectators. There were reporters, surgeons, three or four politicians of distinction, and one woman on the roof of a house nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The Hon. James M. Ashley was in the town with Col. Henderson of Kansas, and introduced him as "the worst of the border ruffians," an announcement usually received with approbation of the humor in it and of the fact also. Ashley had just dropped in from the West, and was held to be of those interested in the case of Mrs. Brown and her Quaker escort from Philadelphia. A story has been largely circulated that as Brown left the jail he kissed a colored child, and there are paintings and poetry to that effect. When he stepped out of the prison there was not a group other than military in sight. I was not on the spot at the moment, but saw the street before the jail filled with guns and soldiers and horses, staff officers and officials, and no one else during the morning. I had walked, before Brown came out, to the vicinity of the scaffold where the militia companies were marching into the positions assigned them. The most striking horseman on the field, Turner Ashley, galloped around bearing orders and giving directions, mounted on a spotted stallion with a wonderful mane and

tail, flowing like white silk from neck and rump, almost sweeping the ground. The Colonel and his horse—and the horsemanship of the Colonel was worthy his steed—were a gallant show. Ashley was killed in battle, defending for his State the Valley of the Shenandoah. There seemed to be no attainable end of the evolution of the troops in preparation for the ceremony. I distinctly remember in the movement the gaunt, severe figure of an officer whose command was a company of bright boys. It was the contrast between the stern man and the gay youths that formed a picture for me, and I heard the word as they passed—"Lexington Cadets." The man was Prof. Jackson, later the Confederate hero, "Stonewall."

The day was extremely beautiful and mild. The highly cultivated farms, the village, the broad landscape, browned by the frosts of November, framed in the ranges of the Blue Ridge—blue indeed, a daintily defined wall, of a blue shade more delicate than the sky. Though it was "the day of Austerlitz" as the days of the season are marked, the clover in the stubble was green, and the ground so warm and dry the reporters reclined upon it with comfort and exchanged observations in the spirit of levity with which the representatives of the press relieve, when witnesses of true tragedies, the strains upon their vitality.

The procession from the jail to the scaffold was brilliant. The General commanding had a staff more resplendent than that of Field Marshal Moltke and King William, when they rode together over their battlefields in France. Old John Brown was seated on his coffin in the bed of a wagon, of the fashion farmers call a wood

wagon, an open body and no cover. He wore a battered black slouch hat, the rim turned squarely up in front, giving it the aspect of a cocked hat. This was that his vision might not be impeded, and he looked with evident enjoyment upon the country, saying it was the first time he had the pleasure of seeing it. His words were repeated at the time. The man I saw as he was in the wagon and as he was helped upon the scaffold—he had about a dozen steps to ascend—his arms pinioned by ropes at the elbows, tied firmly, so that his hands were free while the upper arms were bound at his waist. He wore a baggy brown coat and trousers, and red carpet slippers over blue yarn socks, and stood firmly but in an easy attitude on the trap-door, that was sustained by a rope. Then a stout white cord of cotton, provided by some cotton planters who thought there was propriety in it—something symbolical in it—was placed over the iron-gray, sturdy head, the noose dropped easily around his neck and tightened so that it would not slip, but so as not to give physical discomfort. The face of the old man was toward the east, the morning light on it, and the figure perfectly in dress and pose, and all appointments, that of a typical Western farmer—a serious person upheld by an idea of duty—the expression of his features that of a queer mingling of the grim, and, to use a rural word, the peart. The white cap was pulled down, and still the troops were moving, falling into a hollow square—a formation that had not been rehearsed. This became tedious. Brown asked that there should be no delay. The suspense was distressing, and from the ascent of the scaffold to the fall of the trap and the sharp jerk upon the white cord, the time was nearly eighteen

minutes. This was not, though often stated, with the purpose of torture, but the delay of the military to get into assigned places. Brown's hands gave the only sign of emotion that possessed him. He was rubbing his thumbs hard but slowly on the inside of his forefingers, between the first and second joints, as one braces himself with a nervous grasp upon the arms of a dentist's chair when a tooth is to be drawn. It is no wonder Brown asked the sheriff about the waiting. There was deep stillness as the form of the victim plunged six feet and the rope twanged as its burden lengthened a little and shivered. Then the body began to whirl as the cord slackened and twisted, and the rapid movement caused the short skirts of the coat to flutter as in a wind. About a quarter of an hour was spent by the surgeons climbing the stairs and holding the suspended body to their ears, listening to see if the heart continued to act. One of the reporters was moved to say, as if he had prepared a deliverance and was getting it off contrary to a better judgment, "Gentlemen, the honor of old Virginia has been vindicated." There was no response to the sentiment.

The road to Harper's Ferry was soon filled with carriages at high speed. There was dust flying. In the yard of a farm-house were a half-dozen lads playing soldier, one beating a small drum. This was the highway along which more than any other surged to and fro the armies of the Nation and the Confederacy. Colonel Washington, while on General Lee's staff, was killed in western Virginia by an Indiana sharpshooter, and I remember well his stately presence, not unworthy to represent the name he bore, and his courtesy and kindness to one who repre-

sented a newspaper and held there was no cause more sacred in the world than that of the freedom of the Territories and the extinction of slavery; and the death of Ashley, Pate and Wise seemed a grievous sacrifice of manhood.

Something more than ten years later, August, 1870, in eastern France, I was with the German invaders of the fair land of Lorraine, and one day as I looked upon a division of the Grand Army of the Red Prince, a monstrous mass of men with the spikes of their helmets and their bayonets glittering over them under a vast tawny cloud of dust, I heard with amazement a deep-throated burst of song in English, and it was:

“John Brown’s body is moldering in the ground,

But his soul is marching on.

Glory, Hallelujah!”

The German invaders often sang magnificently while marching. German soldiers in our army in the war of the States returning to the Fatherland to fight the French taught their comrades the splendid marching-song which the legions of the North sang along the historic highways of Virginia, that Father Abraham’s boys were coming and the soul of John Brown was marching on. There is a bust of gold of Brown, presented his widow by Victor Hugo, in the State Museum at Topeka, Kansas, shown by the venerable superintendent, with an apology, for it is a bad portraiture of the Hero of Osawatomie and martyr of Harper’s Ferry. It is the only likeness of him giving the chief characteristic of his countenance on the morning of his last day that I have seen, except in the sketches taken for Harper’s Weekly on the spot, by

Porte Crayon. The French makers of the golden bust must have caught the keen lines of this artist's pencil, showing the weirdness that had crept into Brown's strong face when his eyes beheld unearthly scenes, his mind wandering in the regions on the boundary of two worlds—he must have seen cloud-capped domes not rounded by human hands—invisible by mortal eyes unless introspectively. One wonders whether the old farmer, as he waited on the scaffold, could have beheld as in a dream—as one sees at night in stormy darkness, when there is a flame of lightning, a misty mountain-top—a vision incredible, but not unsubstantial, of his own apotheosis and immortality.

SENATOR INGALLS ON JOHN BROWN.

The following quotation is from the article prepared by Senator John James Ingalls for the *North American Review*. After reviewing the sublime sayings of John Brown, Senator Ingalls says:

“What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in this procession of stately sentences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! No pagan philosopher, no Hebrew prophet, no Christian martyr, ever spoke in loftier and more heroic strains than this “coward and murderer,”* who declared, from near the brink of an ignominious grave, that there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever the hue of its habitation; no impulse so noble as an un-

*This article was written in reply to one published by David N. Utter, in which Mr. Utter had called John Brown a “coward and murderer.”

conquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

“Carlyle says that when any great change in human society is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists, play their parts, but the crisis comes at last through some one who is stigmatized as a fanatic by his contemporaries, and whom the supporters of the systems he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon. The man who is not afraid to die for an idea is the most potential and convincing advocate.

“Already the great intellectual leaders of the movement for the abolition of slavery are dead. The student of the future will exhume their orations, arguments, and state papers, as a part of the subterranean history of the epoch. The antiquarian will dig up their remains from the alluvial drift of the period, and construe their relations to the great events in which they were actors. But the three men of this era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time, as the pyramids above the voiceless desert, or mountain-peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and Old John Brown of Osawatomie.”

“My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish’d which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.—

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell:
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!”

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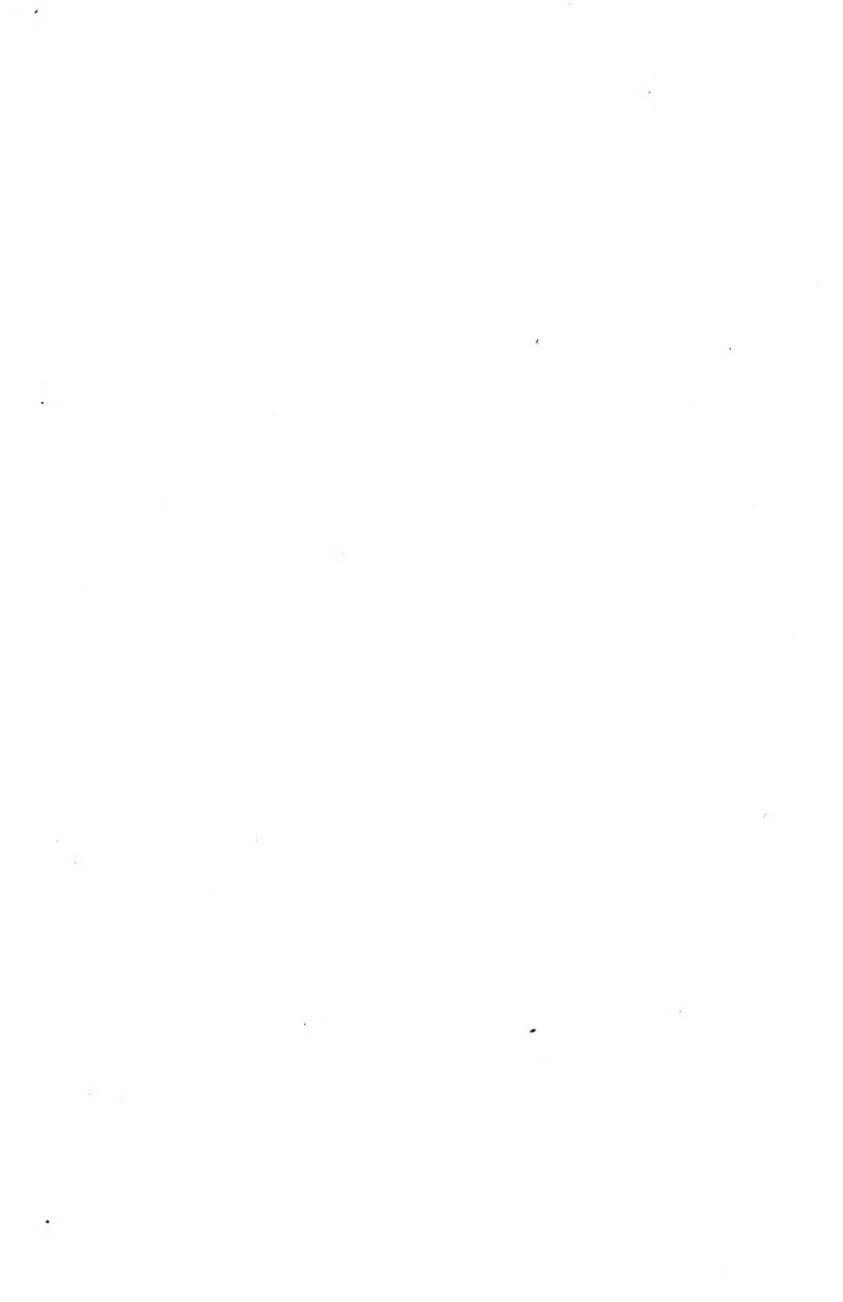
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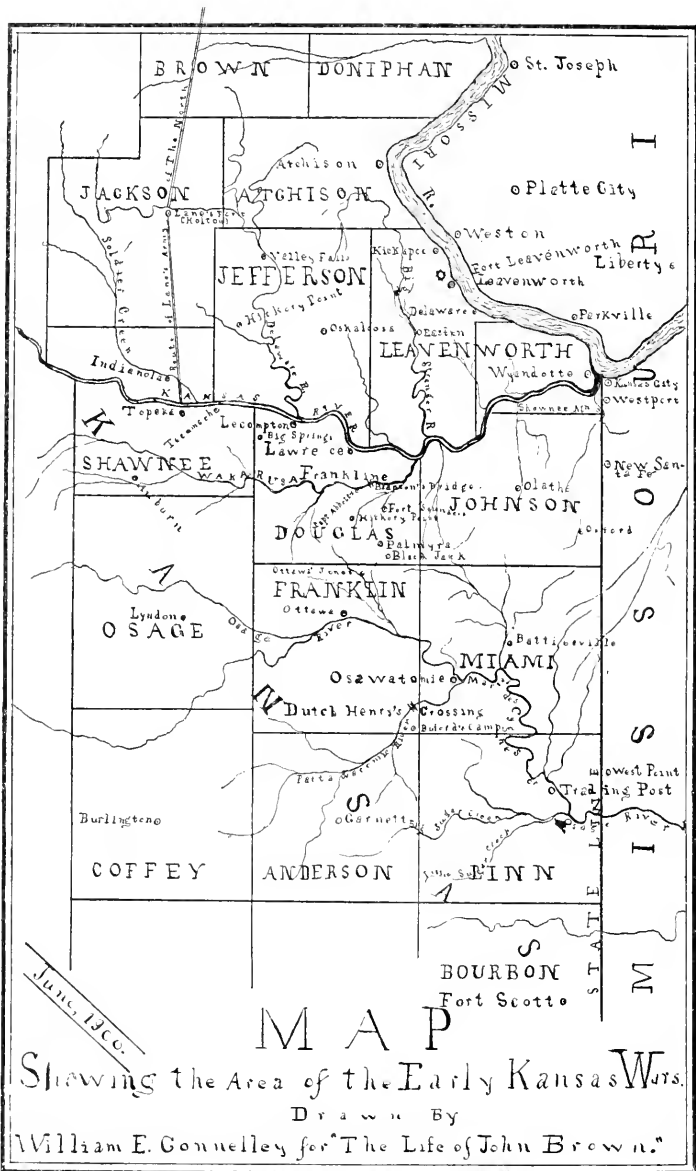




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